

December, 1928

YOUTH'S COMF[★]INION

P. H. PARSONS



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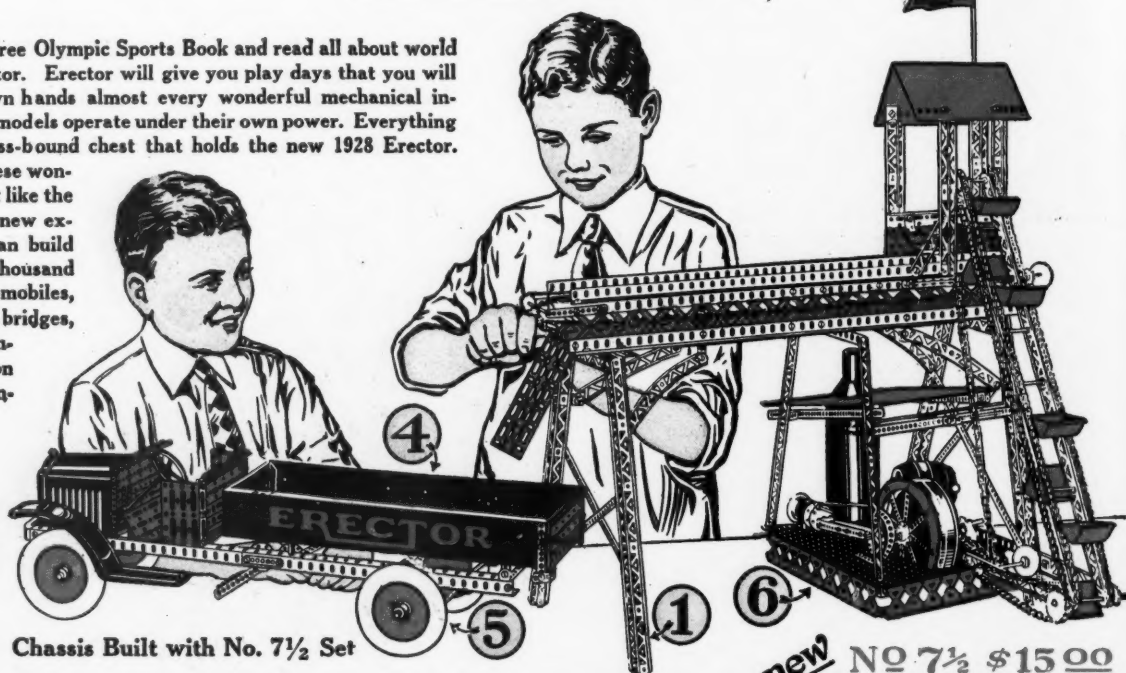
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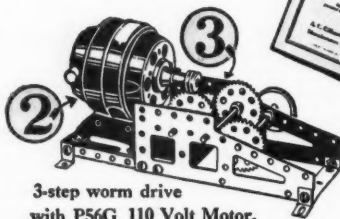
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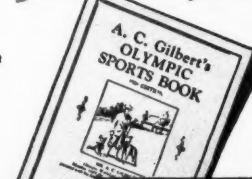
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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NUMBER 12



Roger was furious. "What did you follow me up here for?" he cried out, knocking something over and jumping away from the corner in which he was standing, with a suddenness that was suspicious

[PAGE 660]

The Gale Treasure

The Long Story Complete in This Issue

By Gladys Blake

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

JOSEPHINE knew it was coming. She had been asked the same question so often in the past five years that she could feel it in the air, before her grandfather put it into words.

"Josephine, where is that brother of yours?" demanded old General Gale.

"I don't know, Grandfather."

"Doesn't he know we have supper at six o'clock?"

"He certainly does, Grandfather. I suppose he has been delayed by something. Maybe his horse cast a shoe."

"His horse!" remarked her cousin Roger. "Does Alan call that animal he rides a horse?"

Josephine was a good-natured girl, but when anyone ridiculed her brother Alan her cheeks flushed angrily.

"Yes, and so do you call him a horse when you tease him to let you ride it!" she reminded her facetious cousin.

"Come, come, Roger!" chided her grandfather. "You mustn't say things like that. It's a good enough horse that Alan has bought; and he made the money to buy it himself, instead of trying to wheedle it out of me—as

you might have done. I suggest that we begin supper. There is no use waiting any more."

From General Gale, this suggestion was a command. The Gale family, eight strong, moved to the dining-room at the back of the house. The dining-room was reached by going down three steps from the front hall. Behind it, and lower by another step, were the kitchen and the larder and the servants' rooms. All this old house was unequal; on the second floor there were peculiar inequalities, concealed steps here and there, dangerous until you knew them by heart. When Josephine first came to live with her grandfather in the old family home on the square of a small Tennessee town, she was always falling down unexpected steps, to be picked up and soothed by kindly black hands and soft negro voices. Now she

[623]

could have walked through the Gale house blindfolded, without a stumble.

New faces had gathered around the Gale dining-table since Josephine's arrival. It was the General's pet joke that there were no breezes in the family any more, nothing but full-sized Gales. Josephine was the youngest of all those around the table tonight, and she was fifteen.

The General, sitting at the head of the table, dominated it both by his age and by his nature. At eighty-four he was still a strong and handsome man, large of feature, keen of eye, and with a military personality that could carry successfully even the funny little tuft of white whiskers on his chin, which would have looked ridiculous on some old men. His unmarried daughter, Aunt Em, sat opposite him. Her name was Mary Margaret, but nobody ever called her by it. She was a small, plump, comfortable body, who knew how to manage her men-folks as well as she did her house and servants. She always agreed with her father, and always did as she pleased.

The others who ate supper that night were Josephine's uncle Roger, a widower; his son, Roger Junior; Uncle Andrew and Aunt Virginia, and their son Keith. It was

awkward having four seats on one side of the table and only three on the other. But Alan Gale fitted into the family as awkwardly as his chair did at the table. He simply didn't belong there, people whispered, because he was so little like any of the others.

"He's like his mother's family," whispered the gossips, "and you know who they were!" But it was conceded that Josephine, though she had the same mother, was a nice girl and not a bit queer—a real Gale. But Alan was as "queer" as he was raw-boned and homely. Only Josephine seemed to suit him as a companion. When she wasn't with him, he was always alone. The town admitted that it was touching for the orphaned brother and sister to adore each other so much. But why didn't Alan associate more with those nice boy cousins of his, Keith and Roger? They might have rubbed off his rough spots, and civilized him a little.

Josephine did not enjoy her supper that night. She was worrying over her brother's absence. Alan knew how much it annoyed General Gale when anyone was late to a meal. Not even Keith, the family favorite, who was considered so nearly perfect that he was allowed many privileges, ever dared to be late without a very good excuse. And Roger was much too shrewd a boy, too well aware of which side his bread was buttered on, to risk offending his grandfather. But Alan was frequently late to all meals except breakfast. And he usually ate breakfast before the rest of the family were up. This was just as aggravating to the old general.

Josephine worried all the time about her brother's inability to please the family. "But he doesn't displease them on purpose," she said to herself. "It's just because his nature is so different."

When supper was over, they returned to the sitting-room. Grandfather Gale and the two uncles divided the evening paper among them. Aunt Em took out her household accounts, and Aunt Virginia her sewing-basket. Josephine wandered around, between the fire and the window. "Can't you find something to do, dear?" asked Aunt Em.

"I think I'll go up to my room and study," she said. "When Alan comes, will somebody please tell him that I want to see him?"

She left the parlor, and climbed upstairs to the long hall, which was unfurnished and uncarpeted. Several snug little bedrooms opened on it. The stairs went up another story, with big front rooms which belonged to Aunt Em and to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gale. Uncle Roger had the largest room on the second floor. General Gale, who disliked climbing stairs, had a room on the ground floor opposite the rear parlor. There were rooms for all, accordingly; but when company came, the boys doubled up.

Josephine lighted the fire in her room, pulled her rocking-chair close to it, and filled her lap with school books. But she could not concentrate on them. She was nervous. She wondered why she should always be so nervous about Alan when he was out late. Alan could take care of himself. It was her grandfather's annoyance, and the looks which the uncles exchanged, and Aunt Em's worried air, that disturbed Josephine. Why did Alan let himself sink so deeply into their bad graces? And what was the mystery that seemed to surround both her brother and herself?

The Gales were very kind to Alan and Josephine. They were not rich, but they made a home for the orphaned pair. But did they make Alan and Josephine feel wholly welcome as members of the family? Wasn't there a restraint, a slight coolness, which had been felt on their arrival five years before, and which had never passed away?

Josephine heard Alan's footsteps in the hall. She felt comforted. At least, he was at home now. She could give all her attention to her

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | |
|--|------------------------------------|-----|
| THE GALE TREASURE | GLADYS BLAKE | 623 |
| <i>A full-length story that will mystify and thrill you</i> | | |
| JIMMY TAKES THE LEAD | JONATHAN BROOKS | 626 |
| <i>The Jordan University eleven elects a new captain</i> | | |
| LINDBERGH FLIES ON! | CASEY JONES | 628 |
| <i>A flood of new light on our nation's greatest aviator</i> | | |
| EMPTY BREAKERS | FITZHUGH GREEN | 630 |
| <i>Castaways on a derelict destroyer—and what they did with it</i> | | |
| THE BIGGEST CHRISTMAS WREATH | MARGARET WARDE | 632 |
| <i>A Joan Jordan story of Christmas time</i> | | |
| CHRISTMAS ON BILLY GOAT ISLAND | HARRY I. SHUMWAY | 634 |
| <i>Captain Pen brings the holiday to a discontented island</i> | | |
| DEAD LINE OF FIRE | RAOUL F. WHITFIELD | 636 |
| <i>High adventure—and Lieutenant Price learns a lesson</i> | | |
| JIM DENNIS, CALIFORNIAN | ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER | 638 |
| <i>Marjorie Tremaine makes a Christmas at St. Timothy's</i> | | |
| THE ALL-AMERICA CHRISTMAS GIFT | OTTO SCHNERING | 640 |
| <i>Here is an offer of amazing generosity</i> | | |
| JONESY'S YELLOW SHOES | EDWIN COLE | 641 |
| <i>Jonesy loses his shoes, but captures a horse thief</i> | | |
| WHO WANTS HER DOLLS? | FRED G. JOPP | 642 |
| <i>Lovely Colleen Moore has a Christmas present for you</i> | | |
| HARDER THAN PHARAOH'S HEART | C. A. STEPHENS | 643 |
| <i>Our veteran contributor tells of Cousin Addison's Christmas</i> | | |
| HOW TWO BOYS WON A LIFE CAREER | ERIC HODGINS, S.B. | 645 |
| <i>The inspiring story of the Y. C. Lab Scholarships</i> | | |
| BROKEN WINGS | HARFORD POWEL, JR., & R. G. CARTER | 651 |
| <i>A crashing climax to this great serial of the war</i> | | |

DEPARTMENTS

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| SPORT | 644 | THE Y. C. LAB | 674 |
| <i>The Companion's great new department</i> | | <i>The most interesting society for boys</i> | |
| THE MARCH OF SCIENCE | 646 | MODERN RADIO | 678 |
| <i>The latest word in science and invention</i> | | <i>Developments of importance in radio</i> | |
| THE NEWS OF THE AIR | 647 | GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD FORM | 685 |
| <i>Aviation and its heroes</i> | | <i>Answers to puzzling questions</i> | |
| MISCELLANY | 648 | THE G. Y. C. | 685 |
| <i>Items of interest to all</i> | | <i>The most interesting club for girls</i> | |
| FACT AND COMMENT | 650 | NOW YOU TELL ONE | 690 |
| <i>The Companion's editorial page</i> | | <i>Companion readers tell their best jokes</i> | |
| BOOKS TO READ | 669 | STAMPS TO STICK | 691 |
| <i>The literary masterpieces of all times</i> | | <i>The old and reliable guide to collecting</i> | |
| THE CHILDREN'S PAGES | | 692 | |
| <i>For the youngest members of the family</i> | | | |

lessons, knowing that he would come to her. But many minutes passed before he knocked at the door, came in, and straddled her desk chair with his long legs. He looked more serious than she had ever seen him.

"Nice and peaceful up here," he said.

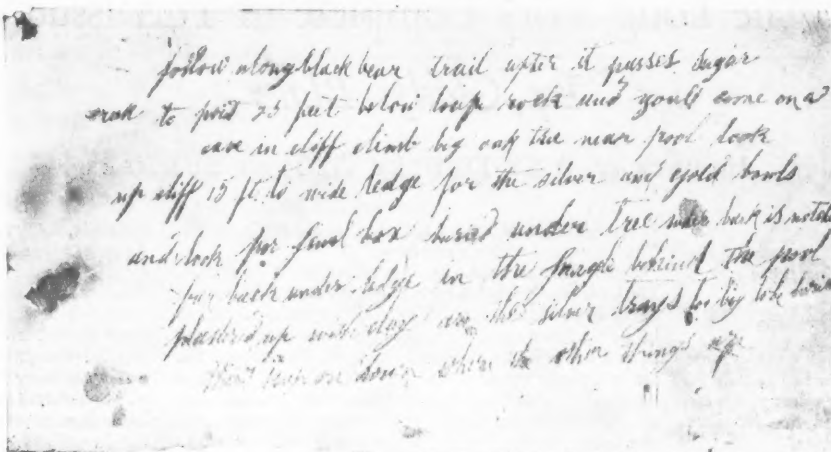
"Wasn't it peaceful downstairs?"

"Not very. Grandfather wanted to know why, in the name of the Continental Congress, and the League of Nations, and a few other organizations, I couldn't get home to supper on time. And as I couldn't tell him the whole truth, I didn't seem to soothe him much."

admitted Alan. "But what I'm getting at is this. The Gales had money, and bought beautiful things with it. They had wonderful jewels, as well as silver and gold dishes and pitchers, and all that sort of thing. But by 1861 there were only two boys in the family—Grandfather and Uncle Ned. Grandfather was seventeen, and Uncle Ned was only about twenty, but they both enlisted at once when war broke out. Before they left home, it was necessary to conceal the store of jewels and plate which were all that remained of the family fortunes."

"Why was that all?" interrupted Josephine.

"I don't know. Apparently they had lost their big land holdings before that. It doesn't make any difference. Uncle Ned decided what to do about the valuables. He had a young friend from the mountains, named Len Throneberry, with whom he hunted and fished. This man promised to hide the treasure in the depths of the Great Smoky Mountains, where he guaranteed that neither the Yanks nor Johnny Rebs could ever find it. Prowling freebooters were sure to follow both armies, and to search industriously for loot near all buildings. So Throneberry packed the jewels and plate into the mountains, and came back with a slip of paper containing full directions for recovering the treasure after the war. Uncle Ned hid the paper somewhere. Then this man named Throneberry went off and joined the Union Army, and he was killed in battle."



This was the faded, crumpled sheet of paper that held the key to the mystery of the Gale treasure. Can you solve it?

"Why couldn't you tell him the whole truth about where you'd been?" "Because—well, I'm going to tell you, and then you'll know why. Jo, I've learned a lot this afternoon about us."

JOSEPHINE caught her breath. There had been some reason for her nervousness after all. She wondered what strange news Alan had brought home with him.

"Since school was out," he began, "I've been scouring the mountains around Sugar Creek to find a woman who, I learned today, is a cousin of our mother's. I found her, and had a long talk with her. She is a mountain woman, can't read or write, lives in a log cabin back of beyond, and is what people call 'a poor white.' But I liked her, and she told me quite a tale. It goes back to the days of the Civil War. It's all about a treasure of jewels and gold and silver. Do you want to hear it, Jo? Or would you rather remain in blissful ignorance?"

"I want to hear it," said Josephine. He got up from his chair, turned it around, and sat down again in a more proper fashion, crossing his long legs. The firelight gleamed on his rough yellow hair, and in his blue eyes, and in the hollows of his lean, rugged face. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror on the bureau.

"The reason I look as I do is because I am the mountain type myself," he remarked, casually. "The Throneberrys—Mother's people—were Southern highlanders. You resemble the Gales, but I'm a Throneberry."

Josephine remembered the rough, lanky men and the lean, overworked women whom she had seen on long rides through the Appalachian Mountains. She comforted herself with the recollection that log cabins have cradled many a person who grew up to be famous. But she knew that the Gale side of her family, with its aristocratic traditions, would never have thought a Throneberry girl a good match for one of its sons.

"It seems," said Alan, "that the Gales used to be very rich, before the Civil War. This town house was just one of their residences. They had a plantation in Louisiana, too, and—"

"Do you think I haven't heard about the family's former prosperity?" interrupted Josephine. "Where do you think I've been living during the past five years?"

"Of course, Aunt Em has told you," "But what I'm getting at is this. The Gales had money, and bought beautiful things with it. They had wonderful jewels, as well as silver and gold dishes and pitchers, and all that sort of thing. But by 1861 there were only two boys in the family—Grandfather and Uncle Ned. Grandfather was seventeen, and Uncle Ned was only about twenty, but they both enlisted at once when war broke out. Before they left home, it was necessary to conceal the store of jewels and plate which were all that remained of the family fortunes."

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CHAPTER TWO

Josephine Pays a Visit

"Where'd you hear all this?" asked Josephine eagerly. "I've heard the story twice in the last few hours," replied Alan. "Once from the woman in the mountains, and later from Aunt Em. She went to the kitchen with me to see if the cook had left me any supper, and while I ate I told her what I already knew, and begged her to vouch for the story. She told me that what I've just told you is true."

"Go on with it, then," urged Josephine. "I know that Uncle Ned was killed before the war was over, and that Grandfather was the only heir."

"Yes. Grandfather came home in '65, to inherit this house, and a piece of paper with directions on it, telling him how to find his fortune. And he gave the paper some attention, you can well believe."

"But of course he never found the jewels, or we shouldn't all be so poor."

"Right! Aunt Em says the directions are perfectly crazy, and nobody can make head or tail of them. So Grandfather decided that young Throneberry had simply walked off with the stuff, and that the paper he gave to Uncle Ned was a joke. The fact that Throneberry fought for the North in the war made it difficult for Grandfather to give him even the benefit of the doubt. That's human nature, you know. So he became convinced that the mountaineer was a thief."

"And then?" asked Josephine, waiting breathlessly for the end of the strange story.

"Then Grandfather married, and when his children were grown up, one of them—our father—went searching again for the treasure in the mountains. But the only treasure he found was a young granddaughter of Throneberry's, who helped him because she wanted to clear her grandfather's name. While they hunted for the treasure, they fell in love and were married."

"Oh!" breathed Josephine.

"He was a Gale, and she was an ignorant mountain girl. From what Aunt Em told me, I think Grandfather must have acted like a powder magazine into which someone has thrown a lighted match. All the family seem to have behaved in the same way. So Father and Mother moved to the West. That's all. You know the rest."

Yes, Josephine knew the rest. When she was ten years old and Alan was twelve, their parents lost their lives in an automobile accident. Their neighbors wondered what was to become of the young orphans, and wrote letters to their relatives in Tennessee. Instantly, it seemed, there sprang up a host of uncles and aunts to take the children to their homes. Alan and Josephine began a new life in the Gale homestead; nor could they have reasonably expected more kindness than they received. Yet there was always a feeling of coolness, of restraint.

"Have you seen the paper with directions for finding the buried treasure?" asked Josephine, breaking a pause.

"Not yet. Aunt Em says that Grandfather keeps it in his safe. If she asked him for it, it would start him to thinking, and make him unhappy for days. But she told me that she had a copy of it, and that she'll let me see it tomorrow."

"And what use are you going to make of it, Alan?"

The boy's jaw set with dogged determination.

"What do you think?" he said.

"I'm going to search for that treasure. I want to prove to Grandfather that the Throneberrys didn't steal his inheritance. If our great-grandfather hid that casket of jewels and the silver and gold somewhere in the Great Smoky Mountains, then the things are still there. I know the mountains better than any other Gale. When I get those directions, I'm going to follow them. They may not be so hard to understand, after all, if one only knows the mountains and the mountaineers."

IT WAS a long time before Josephine went to sleep that night. She thought about the treasure, till her mind was all ablaze with glittering diamonds, and huge gleaming pitchers and bowls of silver and gold. But she thought about Alan, too. Privately, she believed that he would some day be the handsomest of the Gales. Both Keith and Roger were dark. They wore clothes that fitted them perfectly. Alan's arms and legs seemed always to be too long for the cheap suits he was forced to wear. But there was a light in his eye that Josephine never saw in Roger's; and he was much stronger than his delicate cousin, Keith.

At breakfast next morning, Josephine sat later at the table than the other members of the family. Her mind was still full of mingled impressions. She ate biscuits and sorghum in the way she liked best, first boring a hole in the bread with one finger and then filling it with molasses.

"Dat ain't no way for a young white lady ter eat her victuals," the cook protested, coming in with more biscuits.

"Why isn't it, Annie Mary?"

"Cause, honey, you oughter use yo' knife and fork. And my name ain't Annie Mary; it's Annie May."

"I think Annie Mary is prettier," commented Josephine, licking her fingers.

"I ain't sayin' it ain't, but it ain't my name," was the dignified rebuke.

When Annie May had gone out by one door, Keith came in by another.

"Hello, Jo! Started on lunch already?"

"Don't try to be funny," begged Josephine. "I'm still eating breakfast. Isn't this a lovely day? Couldn't we all go hiking this morning, and have a picnic lunch, and not come home till night?"

He shook his head regretfully. "Sounds attractive, but I've got to study. I've three very difficult books to read through this week-end, and I came here to get a cup of coffee from Annie May to see if it would stop a miserable headache, so I can get to work."

Josephine looked at him anxiously as he sat drinking his coffee. His face was drawn with pain. Keith inherited a weak constitution from his charming but always delicate mother, and he was not taking proper care of his health.

"Keith, you are studying too much."

"I know it. But I must keep it up, if I am to win the scholarship when I graduate next June. Everyone expects me to win it, and I can't disappoint Grandfather. He has set his heart on it."

Josephine knew this was true. The old General loved Keith, and counted on him above all the other members of the family. Keith was the grandson who was to carry on the name and tradition of the Gales. He was the shining light of the clan, the flower of the flock. The old General fairly swore by him. If the boy slowed down in his frenzied efforts to come up to all that was expected of him, if he failed to lead his class on graduation and win a college scholarship, it would be the cause of such grief and disappointment to all the older people that Josephine dared not say anything more.

She parted from him at the dining-room door, and went on toward the front of the house. As Josephine passed the stairs, Roger came down three steps at a time, with his hat on his head and a book hugged close under his arm. Roger with a book on a Saturday morning was such a surprising sight that Josephine wondered about it, but he went past her so fast that she could not see what the book was. She was certain that he was not trying for any honors at school, and therefore that he was not going to spend a holiday in study. Afterwards she was to recall that incident very vividly.

Josephine went out on the side porch, where white pillars stood in a soldierly row and steps led down into a garden, and she lingered there, looking around her at the sun-flooded scene. There was no porch across the front of this house; the front steps led straight up from the brick pavement of the street to the Colonial doorway. But the side porch made up for that, and the side garden ran along a hedge that bordered the Square for nearly a block. It was the most valuable residential property in the town, and business firms had tried in vain to buy it. Earnest promoters urged that the business square of a hustling town was no place for a home, even if it had stood there longer than the Courthouse itself. But there as no way to persuade the old general to sell. The Gales continued to live and grow flowers on a block where land was so valuable that real-estate men were contemplating skyscrapers of four and five stories to meet the demand for space. This was one of the things which kept the Gales in the position of the leading family of the town in spite of their growing poverty.

While she was debating whether to spend the morning at home with trowel and hoe among the golden forsythia bushes, the rows of jonquils, and the beds of blue and pink and purple hyacinths, all now in bloom along the paths of the garden, or to go further afield for her holiday, Josephine was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 654]



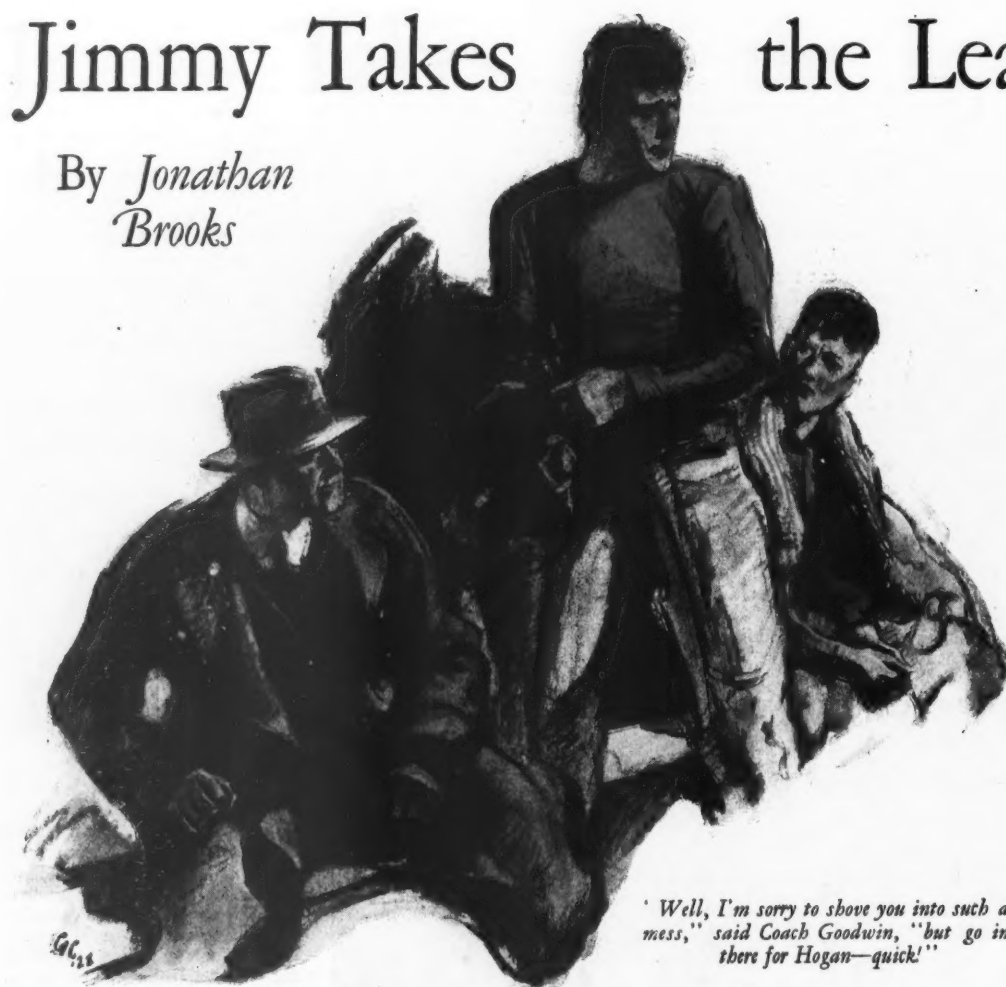
Alan took hold of rock projections with his fingers, clambered up ten feet with great difficulty, then lost his hold and fell backward into the water

[PAGE 668]

Jimmy Takes the Lead

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY
GRATTON CONDON



END of the football season brought a double-barreled crisis into the life of Jim Byers. On his hands, the same Saturday, were a row with the Coach, a misunderstanding with the Dean of the School of Commerce, the toughest game of his career, and the chance of disappointing the two men who had backed both his college career and his choice of railroading as a profession. Double-barreled crisis? No—Jimmy felt as if he were being fired at by an automatic, self-loading, rapid-fire crisis shooter, and before the day was over he—

But the best way to tell his story is simply to tell it. "The situation is just this," explained Dean Warrenden, in his office. Jimmy sat at his left. Facing him was his chum Bill Armstrong's father, President Armstrong of the Universal Metal Corporation, and Mr. Charles J. Allison, head of the Old Stony Railway system, for whom Jimmy worked in summer vacations.

"I have no complaint to make against Byers—none whatever," the Dean went on. "His work under your railroad scholarship, Mr. Armstrong, has been satisfactory. But he is now a first-semester junior, with only a year and a half left to study. I learn he has developed into an athletic star, and games take up much of his time. I feel that he will need all his strength to do full justice to his work. He has not yet chosen his subject for specialization. We should agree on that, organize a course of reading and research, and—"

"Do you want him to quit athletics?" asked Mr. Allison.

"I think it would be wise."

"But I didn't come all the way out here to see him study railroading," protested Mr. Allison, with a smile. "I did come to meet my boy Charley, who graduated here. Charley wanted to come back for Homecoming, and for this game, and so I met him here."

"What do you want to specialize in, Byers?" asked Mr. Armstrong.

"Well, I've thought about the selling end of railroading," Jimmy answered.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Allison. "We need modern selling ideas, of the scientific type. Most of us railroad men think only of running our trains on regular schedules. If anybody wants to ride, or to load some freight in our cars, all right; but the main thing with us old-timers is to run the trains, and there's no money in that alone. We need someone to show us how to sell more haulage—"

"That is precisely the problem," said Dean Warrenden, "and it is how we shall make Mr. Armstrong's scholarship productive in the field of railroading."

"Byers will be no problem to you," laughed Mr. Armstrong. "Instead of studying that selling stuff he ought to be teaching it. He sold me a new traffic scheme that is saving my company about a quarter million a year in freight."

"And he sold my directors an electrification scheme after I'd fallen down on the sale myself," said Mr. Allison. "He's on the right track, Dean. Some of the boys here say you wouldn't have any sort of football team without Byers. That's all right, Byers. Don't interrupt."

"Tell you what we'll do, Dean Warrenden," said Mr. Armstrong. "We'll think it over today and talk with you again this evening. My boy Bill says he has to report at the gym at eleven. I'd like to see him before he goes. This is the first big game of any kind I ever saw."

"You've got a thrill coming then," Allison said. "We'll be at the Alpha Omega house for dinner. Can you come?"

"That's my fraternity," agreed the Dean. "The fact is, I haven't thought of Byers as a fraternity brother—I am very busy, and seldom go there."

"Fine, fine! See you at dinner," broke in Mr. Armstrong, leading the way out of the office.

JIMMY, sick over the possibility of having to give up football and baseball, was relieved when the conference broke up. He felt sure he could continue both games and still have time and energy for railroad study. Of course, football stops with the end of college, and railroading is a lifetime job, and a fellow should be looking ahead. But then—

"What's the big kick in football, Byers?" asked Mr. Armstrong, as they crossed the campus.

"Well, I'd say that it's finding out if you're as good a man as the fellow against you. And even if you're not, making him think you're better, and licking him."

"Good! Just like a lot of other games—including life," said Mr. Armstrong. "Cheer up, Byers. Maybe we'll find some way to convince the Dean you needn't give up the game."

Jim shook hands gladly with young Charley Allison, and bashfully greeted his pretty sister, Aileen. Then he started for the gym with Billy Armstrong, Les Moore, and big Jake Hilligoss. Light-hearted Billy wanted to rave about Aileen, and to tease Jim about her at the same time, but the minds of the others were on football.

"What about this Tippecanoe game today?" said Jimmy.

"Nothing, except I hope we don't get orders to play all of Goodwin's fancy trick plays. Tippecanoe's plenty tough," proclaimed Les. "Ask me. I played against 'em last year."

"Crash 'em down," growled Jake. "We got the power."

"I like the clever stuff myself," Billy said.

"How about it, Doctor?" asked Les, turning to Jim.

"Some of both, I'd say," Jim replied. "Bo Ellis is like Jake—wants to crash all the time. Goodwin wants nothing but the clever stuff. I think we want both, properly mixed."

"Shake well and serve," Billy said. Alone of the Big Four, Billy always approached a hard battle with a smile on his lips and in his heart.

Long before game time, while the throngs of alumni back for Homecoming were only beginning to jostle with the students at the stadium gates, Coach Goodwin called Captain Bo Ellis and the two quarterbacks, Teddy Hogan and Jim Byers, into his private room for a conference. He began by carefully shutting the door.

"Men, we'll talk this thing over," he said. "I've been substituting this year for Phillips, as coach. When the season began, it looked as if he could never come back. I started in with my own system, intending to build for next year, and the year after. My system is a winner if the team does it right. It's very different from your old style of play, I'll admit. Maybe that's why you've not taken hold of it. You tied Ohio with it, tied Wisconsin, and lost to Chicago. You beat Michigan, with Byers calling some old plays. Now we've got Tippecanoe, the strongest team we've met this season."

Bo Ellis nodded, with his brows set in thought.

"You were no good with this new style of football, starting the season," continued Goodwin. "But you've improved with every game. Tippecanoe has never seen it before, and you might win with it. I've got a piece of news for you. Phillips is better, and will be back next year, so my system doesn't have to go through. What will we do today? All our line-up, except Hogan, have been against Tippecanoe before. You know them better than I do. Shall we play the new style or go back to the old. Captain Ellis, what do you say?"

"Coach," replied Ellis, "it's white of you to talk things over like this. Your style would go if we could get it down pat. But we can't. Tippecanoe is big, strong, and clever. My guess would be that we ought to drop it, and go back to a ripping, smashing game, because we've got the power. Sorry to say it, but—"

"That's all right. I wouldn't want you to say anything else, if that's the way you feel. Hogan, what do you say?"

"The new game!" exclaimed Hogan. "We've worked with it all season, and we're improving. The shifts and delays will upset Tippecanoe. They've never seen anything like them. If we try to go back to the old system we'll get all balled up. I say the new game."

"Sounds like sense," commented Goodwin. "Byers?"

After disagreeing with the new coach all season, Jimmy began to appreciate his broad-minded attitude. "I'm not sure I can say," Jimmy began. "I think I'd favor both games. Tippecanoe has been scouting us, and knows what the new plays look like. I'd mix things up, using the old game mostly, with enough of the new to fool them."

Goodwin shook his head. "We'll stick with the thing we've been working on this year," he declared. "Hogan will start. If you men will do your best, our shifts and delayed passes will win. And I'll tell you what I'll do. All your alumni are here for Homecoming, and this is the game you want to win. I haven't made any howling success, though my football is good football. Give it one more try; and if it doesn't go, you can take over the game, Ellis. You're a senior, and captain, and you have the experience."

"It's mighty white of you, Coach," Ellis acknowledged. "Maybe we'll get going with your game—but if not, can we have Byers?"

"Anybody you want," promised Goodwin.

"He knows the old style, and he knows Tippecanoe," Ellis explained.

Then the conference broke up, and the four returned to the Varsity room, where Coach Goodwin gave his program for the battle. He reviewed the season, praised the team for some of its work, and called on the entire squad to fight to the last ditch against the old enemy.

"Your enemy, not mine," he concluded. "You'll be fighting Tippecanoe for years after I'm gone. You've won before and you can win again, if you want to badly enough. It's up to you."



Big Teddy Hogan shot through the gap left by the charging tackle and guard and raced over the goal for a touchdown

For as much as five minutes after the kick-off, it looked as if the great crowd would be treated to one of the traditional battles between Jordan and Tippecanoe. The ball changed hands four times, as neither team could gain. The vast Homecoming crowd of Jordan alumni settled back in anticipation of another classic struggle, hopeful that Ellis and his men would crash through for a victory. Eager Tippecanoe fans, anxious to avenge last season's defeat, roared encouragement to their eleven. Both sides knew the other's strength, reveling in an even battle. But it was only for five minutes. Then the game went to pieces.

Tippecanoe stopped Jordan's shifting attack, with its double and lateral passes, and forced a punt.

"Their tackles are knifing through fast," said Jimmy Byers to Coach Goodwin on the bench. "They're stopping those plays before they unravel."

"Only a good line can protect those plays," muttered Goodwin. "But wait—"

"Look, look!" whispered Jimmy, almost inaudibly. His heart sank.

Tippecanoe, on its own thirty-yard line, had swung a wide formation at Billy Armstrong's end, and two interferers drove him back out of play. The runner cut in sharply, before Les Moore, racing far out to back up Billy, could stop. That left the runner free to sprint through Moore's defensive half position. Teddy Hogan made a brilliant tackle, crashing both the interferer and the man with the ball, but only after a Tippecanoe gain of fifty-four yards. First down on Jordan's sixteen-yard line. Tippecanoe rooters went wild.

As if scenting first blood, Tippecanoe sent three plays hard and fast into the line. Big Jake Hilligoss stopped two of them, but the third made eight yards. Then the Tippecanoe quarterback proved his smartness. He called a formation that looked like another line play. Teddy Hogan and the halfbacks rushed up to meet it, and discovered the trick too late. A Tippecanoe end, slipping into Hogan's territory, took a delayed forward pass and stepped over the line unmolested, for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, amid Jordan gloom. Tippecanoe 7, Jordan 0.

"Outsmarted us twice," thought Jimmy.

Toward the end of the period, after a short rally by Jordan, Tippecanoe started another drive that disdained the use of cleverness. By dint of sheer, crashing power, Tippecanoe carried the ball down to the two-

yard line. Off-tackle smashes and quick-opening thrusts inside tackle netted steady gains of from five to seven yards during this march. The whistle ended the period, and Jordan rooters hoped that the breathing spell would give their men strength and inspiration to halt this crushing attack.

But on this first play of the second period, Tippecanoe drove straight through for a second touchdown. The Tippecanoe band began playing a dirge that was never heard without frenzy by Jordan ears. Score, 13-0. A victory by a single point would have been enough for Tippecanoe; they had not dreamed of this runaway at Jordan's expense. Bedlam reigned in their cheering section, and the quarterback carelessly missed the goal.

Nothing disturbed the Tippecanoe team at this moment, however. Two touchdowns already were theirs, and they showed strength enough to make as many more. They kicked off to Bo Ellis, and he came back valiantly fifteen yards with the ball. Jordan's rooters saw Teddy Hogan, with his team on its twenty-five-yard line, essay another of those double-lateral-pass plays, after a trickily counted shift. A Tippecanoe tackle charged through and nabbed Les Moore before he could pass the ball out to Armstrong. But Jordan's rooters did not see what was happening on the bench.

"Byers," said Coach Goodwin, "what do you say?" He gazed at Jimmy wistfully, hope gone out of his eyes. He had coached and sweated with this eleven, and still it could not work his plays.

"Their tackles are knifing through, but we ought to stop them," Jimmy replied.

"That's not what I mean. Do you want this ball game? Can you take it over?"

"I—I'll see what I can do," said Jimmy, surprised.

"Well, it looks like a forlorn hope, and I'm sorry to shove you into such a mess," said Goodwin. "But go in there for Hogan, quick!"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy eagerly, pulling off his heavy sweater. "If I need a halfback any time, will you send me Hogan?"

"Uh? What? Yes, if you want him," Goodwin promised, wondering why Jimmy wanted his rival in the line-up.

Pulling his headgear into position as he ran out on the field, Jimmy sprinted toward the referee while a cheer went up from the Jordan rooters. The whistle sounded just as Hogan was calling another signal—this time for a punt. He looked around dejectedly as he saw Jimmy race on to the field.

"Byers for Hogan, sir," said Jimmy to the referee.

THINKING fast as he took his position behind the Jordan line, he called the identical play that had failed on the first down. It failed again. Then he called it once more, taking a desperate chance that it would not result in a fumble. Bo Ellis looked at him in surprise, but decided that Byers had some scheme in mind and did not question the play. This

time, with a shift and a double pass from Hilligoss to Moore out to Richwine, the left halfback, the play made five yards.

"Huddle signal!" yelled Jimmy, while the referee spotted the ball.

"Gang," he said hurriedly, "I called that play twice to make 'em think we haven't got anything but these shifts and double passes, see? Now we'll punt. And when we get down there we're going to hold them and make them kick, too. Then we'll travel. What do you say?"

They answered grimly, with short, excited words. Jimmy's presence was steadying them, giving them confidence. They knew that they would have to make two touchdowns and kick both goals to win. They started down the field hard under Les Moore's punt.

The receiver of that punt was downed in his tracks, and the Jordan stands began to take heart again. Three Tippecanoe plays failed, and the ball came soaring back to Jimmy, end over end. He ran it back to his own forty-five-yard line.

"Let's go!" he yelled, even as he was being tackled. "Let's go!" his mates echoed. "Signal!"

Once more he called the fancy shift and double-pass play, and once more it failed. Pretending anger, Jimmy asked for time out.

"Gang," he whispered, "listen. We'll try that again. They'll think it's all we've got. Moore and Richie, don't fumble—don't lose that ball. On the following play, same signal. But Les, instead of throwing to Richwine, stand still a second and then throw to Armstrong. See? Same formation, same motions, but a shot to Billy, who'll go straight down from his end. Billy, your dad's watching. Give him a thrill! Next time but one, remember. Let's go."

The double-pass play, now so perfectly understood by Tippecanoe, lost three yards, but Richwine held on to the ball. Jimmy yelled the same signal again, and there was the same counted shift. Big Jake passed the ball back to Moore, and Richwine—with Ellis interfering—raced to the right, as usual. He faked as if receiving the ball, and two Tippecanoe men charged him, while their end crashed into Ellis. It was the usual fate of this play—but the play was not as it had been.

For Billy Armstrong had sprinted straight down the field, unheeded, and now he leaped to receive a long, high pass from Les. Jimmy had slipped through the hole left

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 680]

TWELVE times in 1929, Jonathan Brooks will write in *The Companion* of the exploits of young Jimmy Byers—who does many more things besides play football. This magnificent series of stories is only one reason among many why *The Companion* makes the perfect Christmas Gift for a friend—boy or girl—who likes stories with character and excitement. Use the order blank enclosed with this issue to

SEND THE YOUTH'S COMPANION AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Editor's Note

AT twenty-three, Charles Sherman Jones, known everywhere as Casey Jones, was Officer in Charge of Flying at Issoudun, France. He served at the front, with the 96th French Pursuit Squadron, from August to November, 1918. Since that date he has finished first or second in about a dozen of the most important cross-country races.

He is head of the Curtiss Flying Service, an official of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company, and with Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Paul Henderson he is a member of the technical committee of the Transcontinental Air Transport. At the time this article was written, he was engaged in establishing the first air-taxi service this country has known.

He is Pilot No. 13 on the license roster of the Department of Commerce.

Beside his desk in his office at Garden City, L. I., there is a silver cup fully two and a half feet high which he won in token of first place in the "On to St. Louis" race in 1923. It was after watching such princes of the air as Casey Jones, that "Slim" Lindbergh decided to sell his ancient barnstorming plane and enroll in the Army aviation school in Texas.

THE story of Colonel Lindbergh has been entwined with and has affected the rapid growth of aviation in the past few years. It is a story which can be told appropriately—and *should* be told—in these pages, because the present generation of Youth's Companion readers should contribute more to aviation than did the Youth's Companion generation to which I belonged.

Certain mental pictures of Colonel Lindbergh remain indelibly written in the public memory. I can assure you that the impressions he has made on flying men are quite as sharp and clear as was his impact on the imagination of the general public, old and young.

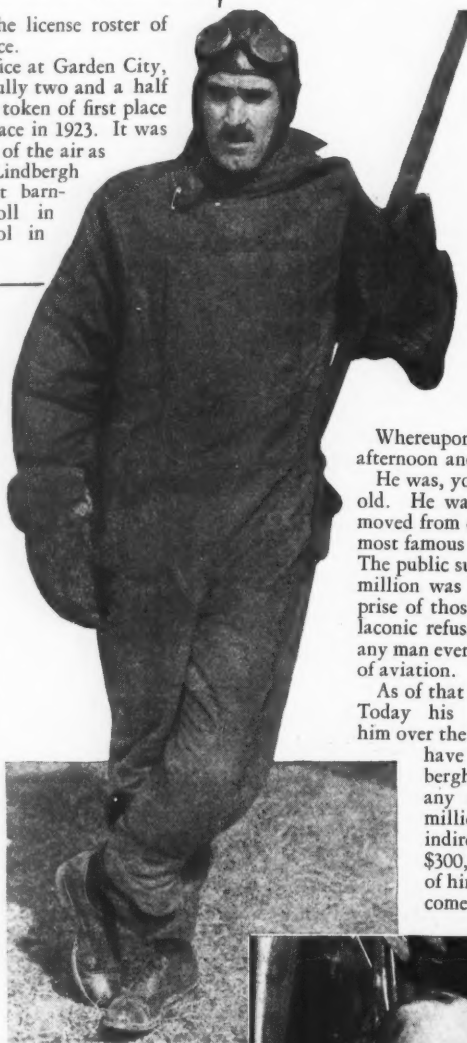
One of the most clearly etched impressions in the public mind had to do with a sum of money. He had been the least considered of the aspirants to transatlantic flight honors. We guessed that he had absolutely no conception of the impression he was destined to make on the imagination of the whole world. We knew that he had carried a letter of introduction to Ambassador Herrick. We knew that he had tumbled into bed clad in an Ambassador's pajamas, and that while he slept a thousand hardy schemes were hatched to make use of this fame he had achieved.

The tidiest plot of all was one to capture the new world's hero for the movies. The prize was to have been one million dollars! Without an instant's hesitation he rejected the offer, with the curt explanation that he was an aviator, and no movie actor!

That was a truly amazing thing to the public, which knew Lindbergh but vaguely, though it is less amazing in the light of what is known of him now. But I can tell you of another scene which to men in the aviation business seemed even more startling.

With a tenacious determination, which seemed to be composed of a mixture of the traits of his Swedish and English grandfathers, he moved through weeks made hectic almost beyond endurance, holding to the theme that his business, and his *only* business, was *flying*. He could not be led into any bypaths, however alluring.

Then one day a group of wealthy men took Colonel Lindbergh at his word. I do not know what this group were worth, but they were prepared to form at least a ten-million-dollar company, though double the amount might have been made available if necessary. Instead of movie agents in Paris trying to lure an air-mail pilot into



Times-World

Casey Jones himself; below, Colonel Paul Henderson discusses a new air-mail route with A. C. Liefer, postmaster of Chicago

the mazes of Hollywood, here were sober men of business in New York offering him the greatest opportunity which could come to a young man of his calling. They proposed to make him president of their company and give him a free hand in establishing passenger lines all over the United States. His reward was to have been of Hollywood proportions.

Lindbergh's reply was concise—and, well, typical. He listened, and said:

"I cannot do what you wish me to do.

"In the first place, I am not competent to undertake such a responsibility;

"Second, it would interfere with my freedom of movement, tie me down to a desk;

"And, third,"—and here his color heightened, as it does when a hint of exasperation touches his decision,—"I am not worth any such sum as you offer."

Whereupon he wished the gentlemen good afternoon and left abruptly!

He was, you will recall, twenty-five years old. He was but three or four weeks removed from obscurity. He had become the most famous man of the year, of the decade. The public surprise at his refusal of a movie million was nothing compared to the surprise of those of us who knew him at this laconic refusal of the greatest opportunity any man ever had been offered in the history of aviation.

As of that date, his judgment was sound. Today his friends would quarrel with him over the third of his "reasons" which I have given above. Colonel Lindbergh is worth to aviation almost any sum you care to name—one million, five, or fifty. Directly or indirectly from his flight, perhaps \$300,000 has come to him—in spite of himself, you might say. This has come from two prize-money checks,

from his book "We," and from newspaper articles. He has given to the aviation industry, and to the nation, many millions of dollars' worth of aid. Let me explain how.

Thought, Plan and Character

By his feat in flying the Atlantic alone, he caught our imaginations. Many thought of that flying in the beginning as a bit of daring; these people chiefly admired Lindbergh's courage. That legend about an alleged "flying fool" cropped up. Gradually the public realized that the New York to Paris flight was not Lady Luck blessing a "flying fool" for his courage, but actually was a result of *hard thought, careful planning and character*—both of the pilot, and of the manufacturers of the plane and the engine. Then it was that the American public really began to be sold on aviation as a solid thing. Then, I suspect, many thousands of boys who had looked upon the feat as something as remote as an adventure by a knight of King Arthur's Round Table began to think about aviation as an *occupation*.

He might, then, have taken his aviation million and set at rest his own doubts regarding his abilities by successfully organizing the great passenger-carrying corporation which was proposed. But he gave more to aviation and to the country by refusing, by doing what he did do.

By the time he arrived in New York, on his return from Europe, he was seiflicted with the adulation of the mob. At Curtiss Field, one night, he explained that he wanted to get away to St. Louis, attend to his business there, then slip away to some quiet spot where he was not known, for a rest.

We were in my office, I think, several of us. The shout with which we received that fairly shook the partitions. The Colonel looked a bit bewildered. He was not inclined to believe us when we told him there probably was no place he could go and escape recognition. It was difficult to convince him that everyone everywhere, had seen his pictures taken from a dozen angles.

During the subsequent three months, thirty million people, it has been estimated, actually *saw* him. He spoke to more than two millions, face to face—or to more persons than any Presidential candidate ever reached in a swing around the circuit. He visited eighty-odd cities in order to tell America that if we were to have aviation we must first have airports—fields on which planes could land.

The dollar-and-cents value to the country of that trip is as difficult to measure as is the "good-will" value of his later trip into Central America. But, wherever you live, soon you will be able to see some of the things Lindbergh has done for the airplane and aviation—if busy airports and humming motors overhead have not told you the story already.

I had been for a long while a constant reader of The Youth's Companion at the time when Charley Lindbergh—then scarcely old enough to tackle the primer—stood craning his neck in Washington watching Lincoln Beachey defy gravity. Beachey was demonstrating to Congress—which included Lindbergh's father—how easily man could fly. That sight left its imprint in a boy's mind—a mark which remained until he left college at twenty to become a flyer.

A year or two later my calling was selected for me when, at the age of seventeen, I had the thrilling experience of a ride, as a passenger, in a plane that had been bought by a schoolmate.

Some such events as these I may assume to have guided the interests of many thousands of readers of this magazine, who are curious about aviation as a career. Therefore some of the "career" phases of aviation will be touched upon from time to time in what follows.

Many years intervened before I learned to fly. Then Uncle Sam taught me. But after the war the nation gave instruction to but a limited number of picked men; and private flying schools were few, and many of them had a rather "thin" curriculum.

"Learning to fly" is relatively easy. That



is to say, you can learn how to operate a plane, the essential things, in a few hours of actual flying, just as you can learn how to operate a motor car in a very short time. But you are not a competent automobile driver after the few minutes required for learning the various simple operations. You learn to be a competent driver by driving—until the actions are automatic. So with flying. And in both cases the comment of a certain instructor might apply.

"We can teach anyone to fly," he said. "But we cannot teach him to think."

There is a great deal more of basic scientific or engineering knowledge required of a pilot than is required for the driving of a car, I can assure you. Some of it, let me add, is hard stuff. It is well to say this, because aviation may be viewed through a veil of romance.

There is no question but that in the near future aviation will become one of the greatest transportation mediums, if not the greatest. There is every reason why any young man whose interest lies that way should investigate the possibilities of aviation as a life work. But all are not fitted to be pilots, just as some persons never become really adept with motor cars. However, there are many branches to the aeronautical business. We do not know yet what the ratio between air men and ground men will be; but in passenger lines it may well be that there will be ten men on the ground for every one in the air—this without counting engineering and manufacturing.

Scores of thousands of new jobs in aviation will be opened up within the next year; the pilots will not be the only pioneers.

How Lindbergh Learned to Fly

When Lindbergh, who has an exceptional physical equipment, decided that he wanted to learn to fly, he had to scrape together five hundred dollars and journey from Madison, Wisconsin, to Lincoln, Nebraska, in order to enroll himself in a "school."

Today, thanks in a large measure to the aviation interest aroused by Lindbergh himself, there is no need to search far for flying instruction. The Department of Commerce lists 307 aviation schools; and an effort is being made to lift the standards above those which were operating when Lindbergh discovered that he was a "natural" flyer.

Training methods, because of the experience gained by training hundreds of flyers during the war, have become fairly well standardized throughout the world. This has practically eliminated the hazard that was formerly associated with the flying training. The school operated by the Curtiss Flying Service, of which I am the head, has soloed more than one thousand students without accident or injury to instructor or student, and many other schools throughout the country have records equally good.

The most dangerous period for the embryo pilot is after he has spent twenty-five to fifty hours in the air by himself and begins to figure that he is a first-class pilot, capable of taking unusual risks. Then he may find that it does not pay to take liberties with Old Man Gravity.

The usual instruction procedure is somewhat as follows:

An instructor shows the student, or group of students, the working of the controls, rudder, wings, etc., explaining why and how they operate. After the explanation, the student is required to demonstrate to the instructor, on the ground, that he understands. Then they take off, the instructor in the controls at the front cockpit, and after arriving at an altitude sufficient to give the instructor time to get the ship out of any position in which the student places it the controls are turned over to the student, who endeavors to remember and follow instructions which have been given to him on the ground. There is a duplicate set of controls, so the instructor can instantly regain control of the plane.

Perhaps the most

remarkable thing about flying is its ease of accomplishment, for all controls work naturally. To descend, the control stick is pushed forward; to rise, it is pulled back; to bank to the right, the stick goes to the right. Within thirty to sixty seconds in the air the average student can keep the plane on even keel and even do gentle turns. Then he is started on landings and take-offs, which require coördination of mind and body, coupled with a close judgment of speed and distance.

After five or six hours in the air the average student is ready to solo. Above all the material rewards the future holds, is that satisfaction which comes with being able to say, "I have just soloed." Like the first money earned, this flight stands out as a milestone of real achievement.

When Lindbergh learned to fly he was deprived of this rare pleasure of a solo flight for almost a year. Lacking the \$500 which it was necessary to post against damage to the plane, he was not permitted to fly alone; and finally he set off across country for a season of "barnstorming" as a parachute jumper and "wing walker" in order to earn the money with which to buy a plane. He soloed in his own plane—and he has confessed that, after he had taxied out onto the field in a "junked" army plane, he decided that a mechanic was right who had



Colonel Lindbergh can fly anything—even an obsolete pusher plane



In flying gear: Colonel Lindbergh with Major Thomas E. Lanphier

said the wind wasn't so good for take-offs that morning. But with the courage of twenty-one years he set out a day or two later, a full-fledged if inexperienced pilot, journeying across country, town to town, giving people airplane thrills at five dollars a ride.

That Bedraggled "Jenny"

His plane was a Curtiss "Jenny," an old, war-time training plane, as outmoded today as a "one-horse shay." His greatest flight problem usually was that of finding a level pasture capable of being used as a flying field. The word "airport" was unknown: some of the bigger cities boasted "flying fields." A plane was a curiosity which would collect big crowds. The government was experimenting with the air mail with a disjointed schedule; but it was a year later before a through schedule, coast-to-coast, with night flying, was established. Old "war stock" was sold to such barnstormers as Lindbergh; manufacturers of planes and engines staggered along precariously on government orders; and the government had no firmly established air program. Many of us were convinced that national security was jeopardized, that America was not developing planes, engines or pilots for defense. And all of this, remember, but five years ago, in the Year One of the pilotage of Charles Augustus Lindbergh. I am summarizing these facts deliberately, because they help us to see, by contrast with today, the growth of both Lindbergh and the airplane—of aviation, as an art, an industry, an opportunity.

Some of us, of course, whipped through the air in crack

ships, and took part in great races whose aim was the development of faster craft and the awakening of the public to realization of the fact that aviation had "arrived." In the year of which we have been speaking, in 1923, I won the "On to St. Louis" race in the fastest Curtiss plane then made; and on the same field "Slim" Lindbergh landed in his bedraggled Curtiss "Jenny." He had completed a long summer of flying under difficult conditions, with antiquated equipment, staking his plane down in open fields against the vagaries of night winds, acting as his own mechanic in grooming his precious steed, laying over for days if a vital part had to be replaced, and sometimes even sleeping in a hammock swung beneath the wings.

That "Jenny" was a sorry sight there amid the sleekest and swiftest ships in America. But when he went aloft in it he proved by his stunts how well he had taught himself "advanced courses" in flying during that year.

Still, I imagine that he looked with envy and yearning upon some of us who flew, as routine, the latest busses out of the factories, and who competed for silver cups and such things. We certainly could not guess that he was destined so soon to outdistance our puny triumphs by such a magnificent margin.

That meet marked the end of the "Jenny" phase of Lindbergh's history, as in a sense it might be said to have marked the end of an uncertain phase of American aviation history.

The following year, while Cadet Lindbergh was "learning to fly all over again" at Army fields in Texas, and learning the hard science of aeronautics in classroom, Colonel Paul Henderson was organizing the famous "night air mail." The nation was surprised, I think, by the discovery that a thirty-two-hour schedule had been established between New York and San Francisco, involving night flying from Chicago to Salt Lake.

Young men listed as their heroes of the hour, in 1924, Babe Ruth, "Red" Grange and the intrepid pilots—mostly nameless—who sped across the thousand-mile plains, guided by giant beacons which pierced the sky at fifteen-mile intervals. In another year the night mail flew from New York to Chicago, so that a postman's "night letter" was as fast as the "night letter" of the telegraph companies.

In this service, expanding as it did, pilots were trained, and a steady demand for equipment spurred the aviation industry on to develop the better, safer and faster ships in which, I have no doubt, readers of The Youth's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 671]



Colonel Lindbergh in a Douglas plane, about to take off on his old air-mail route

Empty Breakers

By Fitzhugh Green

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

THE boat floated alone on a vast and empty sea. Overhead a bright unwinking sun moved with imperceptible slowness across a cloudless sky. The clean line of the horizon was unbroken by any sail. No curious seabird floated above the fragile craft, as a seabird might have done near land.

To a landlubber the picture would have been one of utter emptiness and totally without significance, except that he might have wondered how on earth so small a boat could have been adrift so far out here in the open sea, and whether anyone could possibly be lying in the bottom of it. But a seafaring man could have told, from a dozen different observations, that here was a navy boat that had broken adrift in fog, roughly somewhere east or northeast of Bermuda, off the ocean traffic routes, and that had been blown far away before those who sought her could follow.

This deduction was in some measure confirmed just after the sun had begun to dip toward the west, when a man's head and shoulders suddenly rose up from the boat's waist. He was clad in a naval officer's uniform cap, but the balance of his costume was of rough blue dungarees. He was a wiry young chap with a keen face, which was very sunburned except where it was covered by a stubble of black beard. Quickly he glanced about the horizon. Then,

"Hi, Larry!" he shouted.

At this there rose from aft another man, similarly clad and equally weather-beaten, but plainly cast in a different mold. He was of plump build and jovial countenance.

The speaker paused and, taking a pair of binoculars from the thwart beside him, pressed them to his eyes. For a long time he studied the low fog bank in the west. Then he shook his head.

"Two days of this isn't bad. Thank heaven, we'd just had chow before we left! But now—"

"Fools!" suddenly exploded Larry. "Wait! I'll get the lad who was supposed to see that our breakers were full before we went chasing torpedoes!" He leaned over and picked up a small barrel-shaped water container known to the navy man as a "breaker." He shook it tentatively once or twice and then laid it down. It was empty. With a sigh he sank back and closed his eyes.

Silence fell. There was no use rowing any more. The hands of both were blistered now from pulling all night. Flashes in the south had suggested that the U. S. S. Texas might be using her searchlights to hunt for her missing dinghy. The boat had broken adrift in heavy wind and fog during torpedo practice in the open sea with her two crack young battery officers aboard, Lieutenants Edwin Haines and Lawrence Van Wyck. But the "signals" must have been only heat lighting. At dawn the exhausted pair had curled up in the bottom of the boat and for the second time since going adrift had slept long and soundly.

Now, while his companion took things easy, Ed Haines pattered nervously about the boat. He knew that the sudden blow that had broken up the tow and set them adrift in blinding fog might be repeated. As it was August the hurricane season was at its height. With no food or water, nothing to bail with, and no sort of sail, the outlook was about as hopeless as it could be.

FOR two days and nights no detail of the situation changed, except that both men grew weaker and both suffered wretchedly from thirst.

On the third day the dreaded storm broke suddenly just at dawn. With the oars and two thwarts which they tore out the pair put together a makeshift "sea anchor," which when towed over the bow at the end of the heavy painter kept the boat head to wind. By smashing open the breaker they made a bailing cup. Then, panting, they sat down to wait for the end.

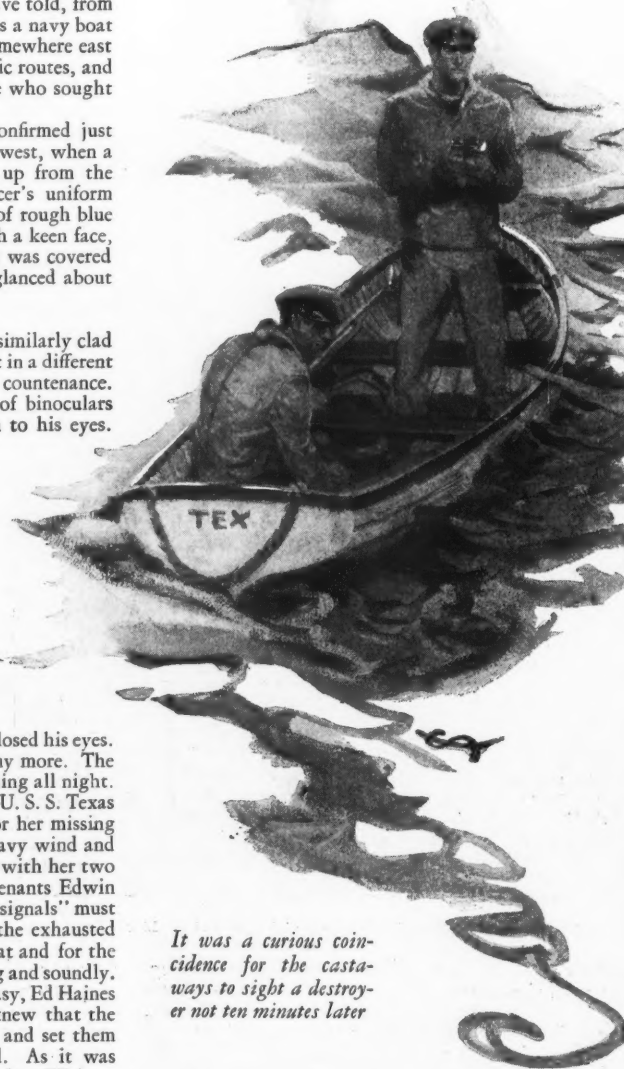
"It's the end, you know," said Ed Haines grimly.

It was a curious coincidence for the castaways to sight a destroyer not ten minutes later. She was hull-down to leeward and headed directly away from them.

"She must have passed us in the dark!" groaned Larry.

Ed nodded agreement, but the next moment exclaimed: "Then why didn't we see her lights?"

Somehow the thought gave him hope. Perhaps the destroyer was searching for them. If so, she would be changing her course at regular intervals in order to cover as much ground as possible.



It was a curious coincidence for the castaways to sight a destroyer not ten minutes later

It took them nearly an hour to get their sea anchor aboard. Ed conceived the idea of splitting a thwart, lashing its two parts to opposite sides of the boat and spreading their shirts between in a kind of crazy sail. This and Larry's rowing gave them good speed toward the distant ship. At intervals they rested, during which they raised one of the oars, with Ed's pants knotted about its blade as a signal. Now and then a rain squall flayed them with stinging drops of water, which their dry tongues craved. But the brine of the sea sprayed over them at the same time and ruined the fresh water before it could be caught. During these squalls the destroyer disappeared from view, and both castaways felt as if they could weep for the hopelessness of their chase.

But when each squall had passed the destroyer was still there. It was clear they were overtaking it. Larry gave no heed to this miracle. He bent his back to the oars and bit his lip when an agony of pain shot through his un nourished muscles. But Ed Haines, despite his exhaustion, was puzzled. He could see now that the vessel had no appreciable way upon her. She seemed to be drifting like themselves. Her propeller kept her stern to windward. Those aboard her no doubt had sighted the dinghy and concluded it was best to lie to and wait.

But why did she lie to stern first instead of bow? And why did she fly no commission pennant? Surely it wasn't very courteous not to spread a signal of encouragement.

As they ran parallel past the destroyer they dared not go too close. Her pitching in the monstrous seas was terrific.

"Give us a line!" they yelled. "Ship ahoy! Heave us a line!"

But there was no response. The ship's decks were empty. Not even a lookout manned her top. However, this was not disturbing, considering the foulness of the weather. Surely there were officers and men on her hooded bridge. Through the rain and flying spray it was difficult to distinguish details.

By superhuman efforts they rounded to near the destroyer's bow. It was heartbreaking that their hails were not answered. But they were too busy keeping the dinghy from being hurled to destruction to devote much thought to the destroyer's astounding indifference to their fate.

"Guess there's no one aboard her," shouted Larry to make himself heard above the roar of the wind. "Nothing coming out of her smokepipes."

"There wouldn't be on an oil-burner."

But as he flung the words into the gale he saw that Larry was right. The destroyer wore hoods over the tops of her smokepipes.

This could mean but one thing: she had no fires in her boilers!

Only two men of indomitable courage could have put up the fight for their lives that followed. The sea and wind conspired to drown and blind them. The destroyer did its utmost to crush them. Physical weakness clutched at their hearts and lungs when at last they abandoned the sinking dinghy and struggled up the dripping rungs of a Jacob's ladder which providentially hung over the starboard counter. They could just make it.

Half-strangled and wholly exhausted, they fell upon the destroyer's deck and lay there unmoving while the merciless rain beat down and the wind and sea roared angrily at their escape.

When later they did stagger weakly to their knees and crawl to the bridge their fears were wholly confirmed. The ship was abandoned, and there was no sign that it had been occupied for many months.

Cautiously both stepped to a small door that should have opened to a ladder leading to the charthouse. It proved unlocked, and led to a tiny room containing a cot on which were blanket and mattress. Newspapers were scattered about. A folding chair lay in a corner, tipped over on its side. In a rough shelf were some books and magazines, a blow-torch and a lantern, with a tin of fuel for each. Apparently the room had been recently occupied. Most precious of all, there was a gallon tin of water, suspended from the forward bulkhead.

With one accord they reached for the tin. It was nearly half-full. They treated themselves to long drafts of the life-giving liquid. There was food, too, of a sort: half a loaf of bread and a leg of mutton which still held shreds of meat.

The food disappeared almost instantly. Whereupon a lethargy descended upon them. A glance outside showed that the wind had abated somewhat, although the seas still ran high. If there was danger, it was no worse than before. If the destroyer held interesting secrets, they could keep. After "matching fists," one took the cot and the other the mattress, and both slept.

WHEN they awoke another dawn had come. Food, water and sleep had in a few hours brought their healthy young bodies into almost normal vigor despite the hardships through which they had gone.

They breakfasted on a swig of water apiece and a few shreds of mutton still clinging to the bone. Then they broke the bone and laid it aside for the future.

Methodically they set about searching the destroyer. Deck by deck they went through officers', petty officers', and crews' quarters, engine-room, fire-rooms and dynamo spaces. Storerooms and magazines were locked. The torpedo-room was bulkheaded up. Heavy planks and shorings prevented their entrance into the chain lockers and galleys. But everywhere the same conclusion was

supported: the destroyer was out of commission when she went adrift. And she had not been in commission for many months.

Most disturbing of all was the fact that there was not a vestige of food or a drop of fresh water to be found anywhere upon her.

"That feast we had must have belonged to the ship's wife," observed Ed ruefully.

In navy parlance the "ship's wife" is the yard watchman.

"Pretty thoughtless of him to leave us so little," snapped Larry. "We'll have to report the man on our return."

"Return where, you chump?"

Larry reflectively scratched his whiskery chin. "Why not Bermuda? That's a nice place to go. Pretty girls and all that."

Ed shook his head. "No use wisecracking, Larry. We're up against it as bad as ever."

"Don't see why. We've got a real ship to travel in now. They're bound to look for her even if they gave us up for lost."

"Yes, but if they do it may take weeks for them to find her. Moreover, we can't tell whether the authorities know this ship is lost."

"Shucks, the Navy couldn't let a whole destroyer go without knowing about it."

"It could, if this one had been sold for junk and the fellow who bought her was taking her somewhere without saying anything about it. Remember we've had several hundred destroyers left over after the war, and most of them couldn't be kept in commission."

"Would a junkman have radio?"

"Sure. But he might have hired a tug and the tug got lost in the hurricane we've just been through. The government couldn't afford to send out looking for an unmanned ship. They'd just wait until she was reported as a derelict."

Larry cast his hands upward in a gesture of exaggerated surrender. "Isn't there water in her tanks?"

"Not a drop. I sounded those I could reach. The others were locked and bolted. Probably haven't been opened since she was decommissioned."

The radio-room offered a tempting problem. As the ship's antennæ were still rigged, it was possible she might be able to receive, if not to send. But the small compartment had only one door, which was heavily bolted. With the blow-torch in the charthouse they might loosen it; but proper tools would be required to free the steel fastenings.

THE immediate need was water. Both were ravenous; but men do not perish soon of hunger. It has been proved that the human body can exist for weeks without a morsel of nourishment. But completely deprive it of water and the end comes in a few days.

Their first move was to ration the water left in the tin that had been found when they came aboard. There was about half a pint apiece. Although the weather was fair, there was always a chance that a sudden rain might come up. To prepare for this they removed the hoods from the smokepipes and after knocking the brine and dirt from the canvas spread them between ventilators on the main decks.

Fishing seemed the only way to secure food. Ed managed to find some short pieces of heavy steel wire, which he hammered and bent into hooks. These he fastened to line unraveled from an old piece of canvas. For bait he used a bit of red muslin that was caught in one of the bridge rails, apparently a bit of an old signal flag.

For four days they fished without success. The schools of porpoise that played about them passed without a nibble. At the end of this time their water was gone. Pangs of hunger had become almost unbearable. And there was no indication that any effort on their part would improve matters.

Not a sail, no smoke, had been sighted on the empty horizon. The days were cloudless and the wretched lack of rain was emphasized by the scorching sun which beat ruthlessly down upon the metal decks.

On the fifth day they made two vital discoveries: Ed found a small bag of workman's tools, such as a plumber carries, jammed behind a ventilating pipe on the berth deck. Larry, prowling for the twentieth time

through the forehold, turned up a small case of one pounder ammunition such as is used for training navy gun-pointers.

Before sunset the problem of food and drink had been solved—temporarily at least. With the tools they wrecked one end of the ice-machine, giving them access to a copper coil. It was a simple task to attach this to their empty water tin. Underneath the latter they placed the blow-torch, which up to now had seemed so useless. By filling the tin with sea water and immersing the coil in one of the smokepipe hoods full of cool brine, a crude but workable distilling apparatus was soon operating. At the end of the first hour they each had a teacup of precious water.

Use of the signal gun was Larry's idea.

"Bet I can get one of those blamed porpoises now!" he exclaimed when he struggled up on deck with the box of ammunition.

With shaking fingers he tried the shells into the small signal gun that had stood so uselessly and silent on the main deck just abaft the bridge structure. They fitted. They threw torn bits of newspapers into the water to attract the fish. In time they succeeded, and a whole school rounded the vessel's stern and came puffing alongside. Because he was primarily a gunnery man Ed Haines did the shooting. As a gleaming body rose to the surface not ten feet from the ship's side the destroyer careened deeply in the same direction. For a long moment she seemed to hang almost directly over the porpoise. Larry had his mouth open to yell "Shoot!" when the roar of discharge came.

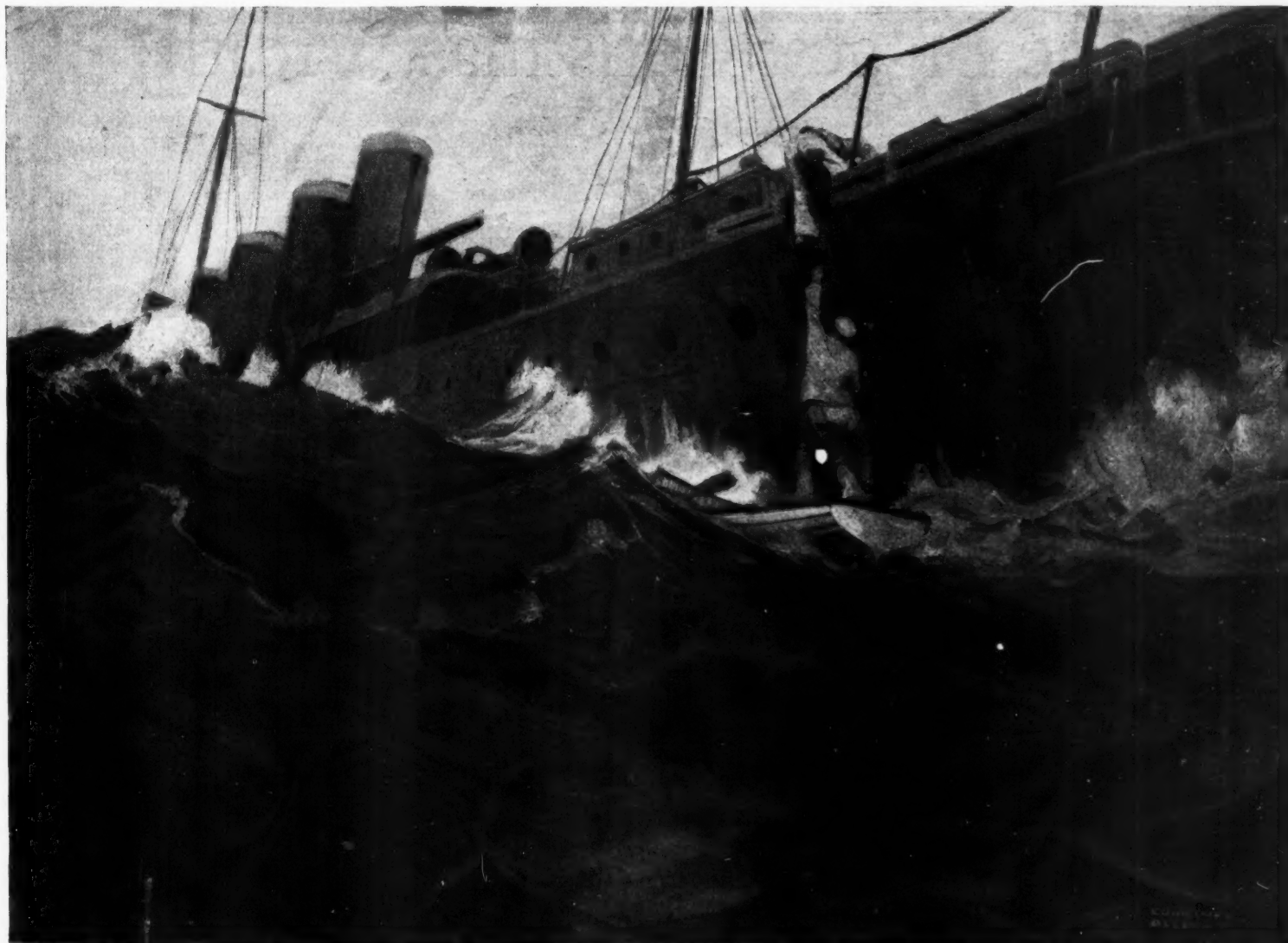
"Got him, Ed! You got him!"

With a wild joy Larry pounded the back of his shipmate, who stood staring at the surface of the sea. For a moment the near-by water was churned into a foam as the school lashed downward in fright at the noise of the gun. Then the foam turned a spreading crimson. When a grapnel failed to recover the body Larry went over the side and towed it close.

They shot three more porpoises and recovered two of them before darkness set in.

To cap the climax the tools enabled them to break

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 681]



Only two men of indomitable courage could have put up the fight for their lives that followed. Half strangled and wholly exhausted, they fell upon the destroyer's deck

A Joan Jordan Story

THERE!" Joan Jordan, in her brother Johnny's old red sweater, stood on tiptoe clutching a huge Christmas wreath, trying the effect of it on the Jordans' white front door. Red sweater, cheeks to match, spun-gold hair, face alight with eagerness against the background of greenery, she looked exactly as if she were posing for the loveliest Christmas card you ever saw.

But Joan wasn't thinking how she looked. It was the wreath she was thinking about, and the burning question was: Was it exactly the right size for Deepdene's front door, or could it be a shade bigger?

Mother, standing on the snowy path, and looking, despite her furs, much too shivery for any sort of Christmas card, was the judge.

"It's lo-o-vely, Joan," she said. The shivers were making her stammer. "I di-didn't know it was such a c-c-cold day. I hope there's enough fire in the f-furnace."

"But, Mummie," Joan began eagerly, intent only on the judge's decision, "it's so dreadfully important, because, you see, it's a sort of ad." Then she remembered how her mother hated advertising. "All right, dearest," she added, hastily. "I'm a beast to keep you out here freezing. Come in this minute, and I'll soon make the chimneys roar."

After all, Joan reflected, as she went out to the woodshed, it was awfully lucky that Mother hated advertising. Why, that was why she hadn't sold Deepdene; she just wouldn't let the agent advertise it. Joan and her cousin, K Blake, had chuckled mirthfully together over the way Mrs. Jordan's absurd attitude towards publicity had played into Joan's hands.

THEIR longest discussion had been in July. "You can talk all you like about advertising," Joan said glumly. "I don't agree with Mother that having to advertise is a disgrace. That's foolish, of course. But neither do I agree with you, K, that it's so wonderful. What did I get out of it?"

"Twenty-seven dollars," returned K, promptly. "You spent forty-five cents for your ad. You gained also the invaluable information that we've got to create a demand here in Hillsboro for your product."

"My what?"

"Your product—whatever you're advertising. In your case it's your talent as a happyfyer. The Aldens hired you more or less by accident. Your 'Miss Fix-It' advertisement suggested to Mrs. Alden that you could get along with her turbulent twins. Well, you could and you did; but the Aldens went off to Europe without spreading the news." K's small face grew suddenly very serious. "You see, Joan, it's not the advertising you pay for that counts; it's the kind you can't pay for, the busy talk of people who appreciate you—that's the advertising that gets results."

"Meanwhile," inquired Joan, "where shall I get the nine dollars a week that I must have?"



"But, Johnny dear," explained Joan, "that's not the way to spell 'remnant'!"

very wonderful hill. Between two peaks on our side of it is a beautiful mountain pond, and around the pond is virgin forest—acres and acres that have never been touched. I must say," she added laughingly, "that I'm fearfully disappointed in that virgin forest. It sounds so beautiful, and really it's very messy with fallen wood and dead trees. Well, it's going to be cut—very carefully and scientifically, with all the little trees left to grow up—by the Ruby Match Company. They will begin in November, and my

husband says they'll leave on the ground, to be cleared away and burned, enough Christmas greens for all the wreaths in all the world. So there's where you can get your materials! And lots of the branches have the most adorable little baby cones on them." Betty Wales Watson smiled her famous come-hither smile again at Joan. "Oh, I wish I'd thought of making Christmas wreaths when I was earning my own living!" she sighed zestfully.

After that the days were gay with trips to the virgin forest and busy with plans for making and selling wreaths. This time the Hillsboro Herald was discarded in favor of a sign in a front corner of Deepdene's yard. Johnny, who loved messing with paint, overruled his mother's objections and demanded that he should make the sign. Having finished it one afternoon when Joan was out, he proudly nailed it to a tree to greet her:

Wremnant Wreaths
for
Christmas
Orders taken Now

"Gee, Joan," he informed her on her return, "that sign is going strong. I got two orders off it already."

"But, Johnny dear," explained Joan, "that's not the way to spell 'remnant'!"

"Oh, I know that now!" returned her brother airily. "But I should worry! A man named W. A. Hicks ordered a dozen wreaths because he liked my spelling. And a woman came, but didn't decide how many she'd have 'cause I couldn't tell her the prices. She said you had a clever sign. So now!"

It was fun planning about the wreaths, exploring Flinders Hill, picnicking by the pond, and hunting for old spruce trees with specially thick clusters of cones on them. It was fun making huge sample wreaths, one of pine and one of spruce, to hang beside Johnny's sign. But in November and December Joan filled orders for dozens and dozens of wreaths, every one perfectly round and beautifully fluffy and strong. And that was work. And packing them was work. And getting them to the post-office was almost worst of all—except maybe running out of boughs long before you expected to and having to pay the Peters boy two dollars for bringing out another load.

Everybody helped—Johnny and Mother, and Gran

The Biggest Christmas Wreath

By Margaret Warde

ILLUSTRATED BY D. S. WENDELL

K paused, and then gave one of her excited little jumps. "I say, Joan, there's a Harding College grad down at the Inn. Her husband owns some forest land up here, and they've come up to see about its being cut over properly. Her name is Betty Wales—Betty Wales Watson. She's rather a celeb., I suppose, but nothing to be scared of. To be perfectly honest, I've told her about you, and I'll bet she's thought of something for you already."

Mrs. John Watson, *nee* Betty Wales, was sitting on the grass in the Inn yard, playing mud pies with her youngest daughter. She was the sort who can play mud pies perfectly satisfactorily with one hand, while discussing the most involved problems of life work with full and unusual attention.

"K's told me about you," she announced, "and I've been wondering if you couldn't have a side line. Call happyfying your profession, but have a trade, as many men do, to help you out while you're getting established. I've even thought of a trade for you. You'll laugh—on this hot, hot day—but it's Christmas wreaths."

"Oh, but where could I get—how could I sell—" Joan began dubiously. "Wouldn't it be a shame to spoil the trees?"

"My husband," explained Betty Wales Watson, "owns a mountain side near here—Flinders Hill, it's called, poor thing! But for all its homely name, it's a

EVERY month in The Youth's Companion, for 1929, Margaret Warde will tell a story about her lovely new heroine—pretty Joan Jordan, bravely facing adversity and struggling to win for herself a career at Harding College. There is not a girl reader of The Youth's Companion who does not love her. If you know a girl who likes good reading,

SEND THE YOUTH'S COMPANION AS
A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

most of all. Winding the wreaths reminded her, she said, of the time when she had four little children at Deepdene, and they always made the biggest wreath ever for the door. "That was before they were so common," she explained. "We were proud of our wreath, and didn't mind if that, and a big fire on the hearth that we called our Yule fire, was all the Christmas we had."

Well, this year it was going to be just about like that at Deepdene. Joan had been very stern in insisting that all family presents must be made of materials on hand, or else bought at the ten-cent store. The wreath for the door—the biggest and best she could achieve—was her present to Gran. But, because everybody in Hillsboro knew about Joan's business venture, it couldn't but be advertising too. Gran would have loved it no matter how it looked, but Joan felt that for the reputation of Wremnant Wreaths it must be just exactly right.

Hanging the big wreath, hustling to make up the fires for Mother and Gran, piling on the chimney cupboard floor the big logs for tomorrow's Yule fire, helping with the Christmas cakes, Joan forgot that she was tired. Really, she reflected, it was almost nicer to go light on the gift side of Christmas, because then you could give more time and thought to the greens and the candles (every window of Deepdene was to be lighted that night) and to the cakes and the candies and the carols.

All day Joan worked at home affairs and the finishing of a few last-minute orders, and in the evening she went caroling. Christmas dinner was at the Blakes'. When it was over Joan confided to K that she was going to slip away at once.

"I'm too tired to be sociable," she explained. "And besides, I do want to tote up my accounts, and see what Wremnant Wreaths has actually done for the family budget."

At home Joan coaxed the fire into a cozy little blaze, and sat down in an easy-chair with her "profits and expenses" book and a sharp pencil. For half an hour she worked busily, her bright head bent low over the rather untidy accounts.

Eighty dollars' balance! But that couldn't be right. No, she'd forgotten the last trucking charge and the postage on Mr. Hicks's big order. But, to offset that, Mr. Alden hadn't paid her for his last-minute order.

Eighty-two dollars! Nine dollars a week for nine weeks, and nearly all of it in the bank! Warm and drowsy and happy, Joan shut her account book and lay back in her big chair, dreamily considering the future career of Miss Fix-It. Maybe, now that Christmas was over, somebody would want something—something confidential, something exciting, something with a thrill in it for Miss Fix-It. Oh, bother Miss Fix-It! What Joan wanted this Christmas afternoon was a thrill all her own—a wonderful letter, a present she didn't expect, a carol sung under her window, something delightfully mysterious and romantic, right now, before the rest came home!

A knock on the door. Joan went to answer it, sternly resolved not to make another wreath for anybody, and to get rid of neighborly Christmas callers as soon as she decently could.

She opened the door carefully, because of the big wreath. On the steps stood a strange young man, a good-looking fellow—oh, quite thrillingly tall and straight and handsome, and dressed with negligent good taste in knickers and a sheepskin coat. When he saw Joan, a distressed, almost frightened, look came into his face.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a voice that matched his clothes and eyes for good quality. "Could I see—someone older? I—I am—lost—and"—he smiled a twisted, mirthless smile—"you had the biggest Christmas wreath, so I stopped to ask—to trouble you. . . ."

Joan, watching him as he spoke, saw that he was cold, as well as exhausted; his lips were blue, and his teeth chattered.

"Come in," she urged, "by the fire. There's no one older at home just now. But I've always lived here; I can tell you how to find your way to where you're going."

"You're very kind. I am—cold." He followed her into the warm

library. "But I'm afraid you can't help. It will take a more—experienced person to do that. Because I've forgotten where I'm going, and also my name and where I live. Please don't be frightened. I'm quite sane, but I can't remember—anything."

WHEN the family came home, Joan met them in the hall with her story.

"Why, Joan!" whispered Mrs. Jordan, aghast at the risks her daughter had taken, "You shouldn't have let him in!"

"Mother, you won't say that when you've seen him," insisted Joan. "I think he's had some sort of fright or shock. Gran, dear, you'll know what to do!"

Gran's prescription was bed and ginger tea; and Doctor Blake, when Mrs. Jordan telephoned him, warmly seconded her.

"If he's not all right in the morning, we'll—oh, we'll do something," the doctor assured his perturbed sister. "Tonight's Christmas!"

But when morning came the Christmas guest was not all right, or near it; Doctor Blake pronounced him a very sick man.

"Complete nervous exhaustion," he explained. "We can't risk moving him. Suppose I send you a good nurse—or, no—Mary Ellen Chase is the best nurse in Hillsboro, and she's right on hand. Send her in here, and I'll give her her orders."

After that Mary Ellen Chase did Doctor Blake's bidding in the sunny guest-room upstairs, and Mrs. Jordan and Joan—but principally Joan, because she felt that this was her affair—did Mary Ellen's work, and in addition made invalid soups, squeezed orange juice, cooked thick succulent steaks, and concocted dainty milk-and-egg desserts for the nameless guest.

Nameless he remained, and for a week almost speechless. Then one day he made Mary Ellen jump by a peremptory summons. "Get the pretty girl. I must speak to her at once."

"I've made you far too much trouble," he told Joan, "just because you have the biggest wreath on your street. You see, I was going home for Christmas, and home is—" His smile faded and once more terror filled his eyes. "I've forgotten it all again."



Joan wasn't thinking how she looked. It was the wreath she was thinking about, and the burning question was: Was it exactly the right size for Deepdene's front door?

Joan hurried right over to tell Doctor Blake. "Poor boy!" he said. "He'll pull through, thanks to Mary Ellen." He put his hand in his pocket. "Joan, you must be financing him by now. He didn't have much money in his clothes, I suppose, if he had no papers of any sort."

"He had a dime and six pennies," chuckled Joan. "But—you can't afford extras, Uncle Doctor, any better than we can. I've got plenty of ready money right now, and it will be simpler for me to pay everything. When we find out where he lives—"

"Oh, he's got money in his bank," agreed Doctor Blake. "He'll square all this ultimately. But meanwhile I hate to think how somebody is worrying about him."

"They must be hunting," said Joan. "He's certainly the kind that would be hunted for. Isn't it queer that they don't advertise in some way—that you can't get any clues?"

"I shall today," Doctor Blake announced confidently. "I wired the police in New York and Boston."

But the day passed without news.

Next morning Doctor Blake permitted his patient to go downstairs. "He's well rested now. Perhaps a change of scene may bring back the lost past. If not, we'll resort to a city specialist and a hospital."

One afternoon, with Mrs. Jordan off at a party, and Gran taking her long afternoon nap, the task of caring for the invalid devolved upon Joan. It was her business, of course; weren't her wreath and her desire to be hospitable responsible for this complete upset of the Jordan household routine? But aside from that, Joan was thrilled by the mystery and the pathos of their guest, and welcomed a chance to see more of him. Today he talked as cheerfully as any guest might—of the weather, the long tramp Joan had taken that morning, and Johnny's lack of a bump of mathematics.

"Funny," he said, "I couldn't do arithmetic either. And now I'm a banker!"

Joan sat very still. His memory was coming back again. After a moment she decided that, to avoid any strained attention to his personal affairs, she could divert his mind to hers; and she began telling him about Miss Fix-It and the Wremnant Wreaths. He was keenly interested in her narrative.

JOAN had been nervously crumpling an old newspaper; now she threw it on the fire. The headlines stood out clear black in the flare of the flames: "Courtney Mitchell, Jr., Falls from Plane into Sound. Body not yet—"

The Christmas guest reached forward, grabbed the paper, stamped out the fire, read the charred remnant—only the headlines and a December date. He turned to Joan. "But that's a fake!" he said. "I didn't fall from any airship. I'm Courtney Mitchell, Jr."

Breathlessly Joan waited for more.

"I—remember now," he went on presently. "I was going to Boston with Pete Marsden in his new flying boat, and then—I was dog-tired from working on the Balt-Wilson consolidation, and I just longed to go home to Mother and Dad for Christmas; so at the last minute before the take-off I hopped out. I stumbled and hit my head—not much of a knock. After that—I think—I walked to the station, and then—it's all a blank—until I saw your big wreath, and felt sure that the big-hearted folk who'd hung it would—fix me up."

"I must wire my father at once," he went on, "and then—this is Hillsboro, you say. Is it nearer to Williamsboro or Sunderland? Then please phone the Rollin Mitchells there—he's my cousin—to send a car at once."

Joan scurried from desk to telephone, trying to keep up with Courtney Mitchell's demands. She was dreadfully worried lest his eagerness bring on a relapse. She tried to get Doctor Blake, but couldn't reach him. She consulted Gran, who said, "Dear boy, of course he's excited! Wouldn't you be?" and turned over for another nap. So when the Rollin Mitchells' car came flying up Hillsboro Street there was only Joan to speed the parting guest.

"Remember, please," she begged, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 682]

Christmas on Billy Goat Island

By Harry Irving Shumway

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



Cecil went to work, and I'll say that sailorman was a born doll-maker

THE atmosphere of the Hammer and Chisel Club in the Freedom barn was charged with unusual industry. Whistles and grunts were the only sounds other than the noises of working tools. Capt. Penhallow Freedom, coming into the doorway, grunted approvingly at the sight of his four young friends, so intently engaged.

"Wonderful!" he nodded. "And they say the modern youth is lazy. My, my, if they could only see this—er—young factory under full steam."

"We're working on Christmas presents," observed Skeet Somerville.

"Well, boys, I'm glad I didn't have to tackle anything like these masterpieces when I was stranded on Billy Goat Island one Christmas time. I guess I'd have been in the soup—in more ways than one—"

"Soup! Do you mean—there were cannibals in this place? Oh, tell us about it. Come on, Captain!" cried the boys.

"Hum. Well, I don't know if they were cannibals or not. I had my suspicions, especially when I landed, but anyway—You're sure your industry won't suffer if I spin this yarn?"

"No, sir, we can keep right on working."

"Fine. That'll make it more lifelike. Of course, these tales I tell you now and again might seem like a little bit of proud-talkin' to some, but most folks like a mite of embellification, so to speak. I always aim, though, to speak—"

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" squawked Napoleon, the parrot, from his cage overhead.

THANKS, Nappy. Well, boys, it happened like this (began Captain Pen). Quite a spell back I was mate on the three-master, Pride of the Billow, as ornery a ship as ever sailed. I never saw a craft so full of tricks; kept me busy all the time, keepin' her where she belonged. Ought to have been called the Buckin' Bronco.

Off the west coast of South Africa we ran into bad weather—mighty bad. It rained and blew, and the seas looked like big green volcanoes. It was on the third day of this awful storm that the Pride of the Billow lost all her pride and decided she'd end it all. She did—in the middle of the darkest night I ever saw she ran herself on a ledge.

The sea quieted down when the sun came up—at least it quit jumpin' up into mountains—and we prepared to leave her. Luck had turned—because there in front of us, sparklin' like the head jewel on a king's hat, lay as pretty an island as ever you saw. Green and gold she was, and quite good-sized.

There were only three of us left, after the battle with that storm—Andy Podmarsh, a sort of Yankee genius

from some place down on Cape Cod named after an oyster, and Cecil Peevey, a little English chap—who didn't look at all like his name sounds.

We got a boat over, and as there was some room in it Andy and Cecil insisted on takin' what they could. They heaved over a packin' case, without knowin' what was in it, and I picked up a good box of tools, thinkin' they might come in handy. The Pride of the Billow was fast breakin' up, and we shoved off just in time.

"I say," piped up Cecil. "What do you suppose we're runnin' our bloomin' noses into? I see huts—and there are people about. What, ho!"

"Yes," I said. "And they're pretty dark-lookin', too. By Bingo, I hope they're not cannibals!"

We made a cautious landin', ready to sell our lives at a good fat price if need be. But nobody molested us. The town or settlement seemed to be on a sort of plateau, so we started towards it. There were lots of dark-brown children, all ages, playin' about. I like 'em, no matter what their color may be, so I spoke up real sociable.

"Hello, sonny," I called to a boy about ten years old. "How's your pa and ma—and where are we?"

By Bingo—he stuck out his tongue at me and almost growled. "G'wan," he said in English. "Don't you know where you are? Why, you're here!"

"Yes—but where's here?"

"Here's Billy Goat Island. What's that on your chin?"

"That's a beard, you young imp," I said, nettled. "Where's the boss of this island?"

"You'll find out all right," he snarled. "King Aiti. He's up there in the royal hut."

We moved along. And all the other boys and girls we met were as surly and ill-mannered.

"My word!" said Cecil. "Did you ever see such children? My word!"

Our arrival must have been noted, because as we approached the hut pointed out, which was bigger than the others, a group of ugly - lookin' savages came runnin' up to us. They were armed with spears.

Inside the royal hut King Aiti sat on his throne—and when I caught a look at it I nearly burst our laughin', serious as the occasion was. The throne was a dentist's chair, all steel and leather. It must have come off some ship.

But King Aiti was a rough-lookin' customer. He was a sort of deepish mahogany shade; and he was fat and dour-lookin', as if his breakfast hadn't agreed with him. He snarled and roared.

"Who are these people? What are they doing here?" he shouted.

"Your Highness," I began, "we were shipwrecked off your beautiful coast last night in the storm—"

"I don't allow shipwrecks off my coast!" he bellowed. "Where do you come from?"

"The United States," I said. "All of the good ship Pride of the Billow. She's under the billows by now."

The King eyed us all, and the expression on his face was empty of everything we wanted to see in it. Cold and ugly.

"Humph!" he growled. "You're good and fat; and the little man is—ah—plump. But the tall one—bah!"

We trembled in our shoes. I want you to know that when you're facin' real cannibals it's a terrible sensation. I could feel Andy shakin' against me. And poor Cecil was breathin' through his nose like a race-horse. The King barked to his men.

"Take these men away. Lock them up in the pen—and have the Chief Butler look them over!"

I felt like I don't know what, but when I got a spear-point in the back I began to march. Hep, hep, hep! On we went through some trees, every now and then gettin' a poke from a sharp spear. We came to a big hut, made of bamboo and reeds, and with a grass roof, and the guards shoved us inside. Then they barred the entrance and went away. The people along our march had been most unsociable, glarin' at us, and generally ugly.

We looked out, and there were several warriors near by. All avenues of escape were guarded.

We passed that awful day in horror. At sundown they brought us a big bowl of fish soup, which wasn't so bad, although there was no salt in it. We were famished, so we were glad to get it, anyway.

Night fell. We were safe for the present, but no knowin' what was goin' to happen to us the next day. Not a soul came near us as the evening wore on. I couldn't sleep, and neither could Cecil nor Andy.

IT might have been around midnight when we heard a slight noise outside like somebody walkin' cautiously. It came nearer, and soon we saw a big black shadow in the doorway against the moonlight outside.



Inside the royal hut King Aiti sat on his throne—and when I caught a look at it I was. The throne was a dentist's

"Shush!" said a voice. "Don't be afraid. It's only me—the King!"

We nearly fainted. He sounded so affable. We invited him in.

"I thought I'd call before—before tomorrow," he said. "You see, I had to put on a heavy front before my subjects this morning. I did not wish—"

Here he sort of sighed, like a man full of woe and regrets. He slumped down in the doorway.

"You see before you the saddest and most distracted man in the world," he went on. "This island, up to a few months ago, was the happiest place in the world. Everybody was so gay and care-free, while now—"

He choked, and I thought he was going to cry.

"Tell us what's wrong," I said. "What is it? Sickness, or what?"

He sighed real heavy and shook his head.

"No. It's this Christmas idea! They've just found out about it!"

"What?" we almost shouted.

"Shush!" he warned. "They may hear us—and if they do! Listen and I'll tell you all about it. You see, the people on Billy Goat Island have never had any sports or good times. You notice we all speak English. That is because an early explorer, an Englishman, was shipwrecked here and taught us the language. That was long ago. But all we do is fish and hunt. What knowledge we have has been handed down to us from that early explorer—and our medicine man.

"The present trouble and change in my people all came about through a trunk being washed up on the shore a few weeks ago. It had some clothes in it and a book. This book is what caused the trouble. You'd be surprised. It told about Christmas—how people gave presents, and about Santa Claus and the festivities. My people devoured the book; everybody read it. They talked about it—and the more they talked about it the madder they got at me."

"At you!" I said, surprised.

"Yes. I'm the King. They blamed me for not telling them about it. And I couldn't tell them I had never heard about it, because I am supposed to know everything. Tell me, what are dolls?"

"Dolls?" I said, staggered. "Why, they are little stuffed things that look like babies—all gold curls and blue eyes."

"Oh!" said the King. "And sleds? What are sleds?"

"Hum. They're made of wood, and boys use them to slide on the snow."

"Snow?"

"Yes. Snow is—rain so cold it gets hard and slippery."

"Are you—honest with me?" asked the King.

"Absolutely.

You see the temperature's always around eighty degrees in this latitude, but where our boys and girls celebrate Christmas we usually have snow."

"It mentioned those things in this book," said the King. "I wish we could get some. I can tell you my kingdom hangs by a thread. The people are ugly; they feel they have been cheated out of something all these years, and if—"

Here he shivered. I thought it "was about time I put an oar into the sea."

"Look here," I said. "What are you going to do with us?"

"Don't ask me," said the King, shivering again. "I don't want to think about it. My people are in a bad mood. The children are so upset that it has affected the parents and—"

"If we help you out of this hole," I said, "will we be set free?"

"You mean—if you can bring this Christmas idea to Billy Goat Island? Oh, I feel perhaps the people would change."

"All right," I told him. "Tomorrow have our cargo brought in here—the tool chest, and there's a box of something or other. Then—let's see—let's see now."

"Yes, yes," urged the King, excited.

"Dolls. What can we make them out of?"

Cecil had an idea. "Coconuts!" he cried.

"Great! We can make the heads out of coconuts, dress 'em up with grass and palm leaves, and paint the faces. But how about sleds? And snow?"

There was a question. The King left us to solve that before mornin'. You see, it was December 10 then, and there was a whole lot to do, with only three of us to do it.

The next mornin' a couple of warriors brought in our tool chest and the big box. We broke it open, hopin' hard that it held tin horns, drums or somethin'. What do you suppose was in it?

Stockin's! Stockin's of all sizes and colors. Men's and women's and children's stockin's. There were golf stockin's, silk stockin's, sober and hilarious stockin's. And I guess we could have fitted any age or size in the world.

"Eureka!" I hollered. "We'll give 'em all a stockin', and have 'em hang 'em up the night before Christmas—"

"Yes—and then when they wake up in the mornin' and find 'em empty, what then?" asked Andy. "The defense will look bad with the plaintiffs holdin' empty stockin's, I'm thinkin'."

"We'll fill 'em," I said. "Get those tools ready. We'll send for a lot of coconuts, some palm leaves and grass. Cecil, you make the dolls' heads—sort of smooth off the bark and paint faces on 'em. And let's see now—this sled question has got to be settled."

WELL, we started on this herculean task. We didn't know how many children there were on the island, or grown folks either; and if we left any out, we knew it would be a bad Christmas for us. Cecil went to work, and I'll say that sailorman was a born doll-maker. He painted the faces real pretty and dressed 'em up in a sort of yellow grass. It began to look as if we might make a hit with the little girls of Billy Goat Island.



King Aiti sat down on the bamboo slide, and the bead medicine man gave him a push. Away he went with a zip



nearly burst out laughin', serious as the occasion chair—all steel and leather

But what could we do about snow in a place where the temperature was around ninety? I chewed this over until I had indigestion. And then I got the idea.

"We can make a short of chute out of bamboo or something—build it up high and wide. Then we can make some sleds, grease the chute, and if they don't slide I'll eat 'em."

"If they don't, they'll eat us," observed Andy. "I never saw such surly folks."

So Andy and I set to work on the sleds. I tell you there were some shavin's made in the few days we had. Those shavin's made a lot of trouble, too. Cecil kept yellin' at us to make 'em smaller. He was usin' 'em for hair on the dolls!

By the 20th of December we had three hundred dolls and two hundred and fifty crude sleds made. King Aiti paid us a visit to see how we were comin' along.

"How many girls and boys are there on the island?" I asked him.

"About two hundred girls and some three hundred and fifty boys."

"Then some of the boys are goin' to play with dolls Christmas day," I said to the monarch. "What do you think of the dolls, King? Pretty nobby, what?"

He picked one up. "Wonderful! So this is a doll? May I have one for myself?"

"We'll make you a special one, King. Cecil, here, will you turn out one made to order. And now, King, Andy and I have got to have some help. We've got to build a big chute."

"You shall have help in plenty," agreed the King.

To make a long story short, I'll just say that in four days we built a chute of split bamboo, two hundred feet long and about two feet wide. It had railings, so the sleds wouldn't fall off, and the pitch was made by a natural slope we found. The bottom end was tilted up a little so that it acted like a brake, and we figured the sled would jump off this into a pile of grass.

That was the jumpiest night before Christmas I ever went through. Everything was to be a surprise to the natives. The King thought it would work better. He said his people were getting unruly and morose with so

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 685]

Dead Line

By *Raoul Fauconnier*
Whitfield

ILLUSTRATED BY
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS



The Lieutenant released his hold on the strut, and the plane seemed to slide away from him. He commenced to count slowly

THE inspection which Lieutenant Arthur Price gave to the plane assigned him on the morning of this story was more than usually careful. His expert fingers jerked at the taut wires; he slapped every strut sharply with his right palm. Narrowly he watched the mechanics busy at his engine. In twenty minutes he was due to get into the air for a half-hour of target-towing.

Target-towing did not appeal to Lieutenant Price. For that matter, it was singularly lacking in appeal for all other officers at Haley Field. It was part of their duty, and a very necessary part, but there was danger attached—danger of a particularly disagreeable kind. Regardless of the care the pilot used in maneuvering his ship, regardless of the skill of his fellow officers of the air, there was always present in target-towing the pleasant possibility of being shot down by a friend.

A target tower, let it be explained, is the name given to the fairly large, slow plane used to tow through the air a large cylindrical bulk of white silk at which the pilots in small, swift pursuit planes attempt to shoot volleys of bullets from their machine guns, when the target is released, on its three hundred feet of cable, from the rear cockpit.

Sergeant Dane, at work on the delicate task of rolling the target for storage, glanced up at the sky. The Texas air was very still and hot. It would be bumpy up above, he knew, and bumpy air meant that the shooting pilots would be much less accurate in their aim.

Lieutenant Price frowned at the Sergeant. He had worn his shoulder bars only two weeks, and was feeling the responsibility of his silver wings rather heavily. "You've got three hundred feet of cable on the target?" he asked. "We don't want that cloth too near us, Sergeant."

"Three hundred feet on the coil, sir," the Sergeant replied. "And I'd be better pleased if there were six hundred feet."

Lieutenant Price nodded. Already three diminutive planes, one-seaters, were taxiing out upon the level field. The hot sun glinted on the barrels of their machine guns, which would soon be pouring bullets between the blades of the rapidly-whirling propellers.

In a moment the baby ships got off into the air and climbed steadily upward into the cloudless sky. The bullets, falling after their force was spent, would endanger no lives over the barren section of country selected for this test.

Then Sergeant Dane took a delicate matter upon his own shoulders. Strictly, it was none of his business.

"How about your parachute, Lieutenant?" he asked. The smile faded from Price's face. He knew perfectly well that regulations required that he go aloft with the unwieldy bulk of silk and cord strapped to his shoulders. But every young officer disliked this regulation, for a parachute is an uncomfortable rig, and it may be needed only once for every ten thousand times it is worn. Veterans are never foolhardy, but Lieutenant Price was still too young a pilot to realize that proper caution is always the mark of experience. His voice had a hard, steely edge when he answered Sergeant Dane.

"Attend to your own work, Sergeant, and I'll handle my own end of it without any help from you."

No older officer would have rebuked a veteran noncom for an entirely proper remark. Sergeant Dane's face turned red, but nothing not countenanced by regulations escaped from his tight-drawn lips. "Very well, sir," he muttered, and went back to his work.

IT was Lieutenant Price's turn to be uncomfortable a few moments later when Major Lucas strolled toward the waiting plane. The Major was a martinet. He looked the target tower up and down. He did the same to the Sergeant. Then he did the same to Lieutenant Price.

"Parachute in shape, Mister Price?" he snapped, emphasizing the "Mister" with which senior officers address those below the grade of captain, when they feel like taking them down a peg.

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Price, raging inwardly at the thought of what was probably going through the grizzled sergeant's mind. And then, of course, there was nothing he could do but reach into the forward cockpit, drag out the heavy parachute, and strap its harness about him. But the Sergeant, whatever he may have thought, went about his work apparently oblivious to the Lieutenant's predicament. His own parachute had been in place some five minutes.

Still boiling, the young pilot climbed into his cockpit. Sergeant Dane climbed into his. Silently, they both adjusted the head sets, consisting of ear phones and mouthpiece, through which they would communicate above the roar of the motor while the ship was in the air.

After the Lieutenant had thoroughly tested the motor, the noncommissioned officer in charge of the ground crew took away the blocks, and Lieutenant Price taxied the ship slowly out upon the field, heading it into the wind for the take-off.

He got the target tower into the air with ease. She was a good ship, and had one of the steadiest engines on the field. She handled a little slowly—much more slowly than the one-seaters that were now circling and banking several thousand feet above. The little ones were capable of doing one hundred and twenty miles an hour, and the target tower could make only seventy-five.

The Lieutenant waited for several seconds, and then glanced to the west. All three of the single-seaters were flying near, circling and diving, zooming and then waiting anxiously for the release of the target and for the flag signal to commence firing.

"All right, get her ready!" Lieutenant Price spoke sharply. "All set?"

"All set back here, sir!"

"Let her go!" Lieutenant Price called, and zoomed the plane almost straight upward.

Sergeant Dane flung the bundle of silk out into the air. The rush from the propeller shot it behind them like a white streak. The ship had been zoomed so that there would be no danger of the target's



of Fire!



fouling in the rudder or elevator.

Above the roar of the engine, which resumed a steady tone as Lieutenant Price leveled the ship off again and the strain of the zoom ceased, sounded the shrill whining of the well-oiled steel drum on which the wire cable was coiled. The bundle of white silk had opened itself into a long sleeve, closed at the rear end. The air was rushing into it, carrying it farther and farther away from the plane.

"Coming all right, Sergeant?" The pilot shot the question through the mouthpiece of the telephone connection.

"Fifty feet more and she'll be all out, sir. I'm braking her down already," Sergeant Dane replied.

The whining of the spinning drum sounded fainter, and in a few seconds stopped. Lieutenant Price kicked on right rudder and skidded the ship slightly, twisting his head round and glancing toward the tail of the plane. Almost three hundred feet behind the ship, and at a slightly lower level, owing to the natural sag, followed the sleeve target, twenty feet long, and almost six feet in circumference. It had something of the appearance of a great white fish. Lieutenant Price nodded.

"O. K.," he said. "Give them the flag and let them see how full of holes they can shoot it."

Sergeant Dane stood in the rear cockpit and waved the checkered flag. The nearest of the baby planes, flying several thousand feet above, dived instantly, sweeping round and heading straight at the sleeve. Above the steady beat of the tower's engine Lieutenant Price heard the sharp crackle of the machine-gun fire. He smiled grimly.

"Watch them," he said. "If they seem to be shooting from the wrong angle, let me know. These three pilots have only run off one shoot in the air previous to this one. They may get a trifle excited. Keep a sharp watch."

"Yes, sir. Number 683 shot well to our rear." Lieutenant Price inspected his instruments. They were flying at an altitude of a little more than five thousand feet, with an air speed of seventy-one miles an hour. There was very little wind, and what there was blew from the north.

As a cadet Lieutenant Price had heard many tales of accidents that had occurred during target-towing. Some of them he doubted, but many, he felt, had a basis of fact. It was certain that his present job was risky, and for this reason. The lieutenant pilots of the three planes now engaged in shooting at the target were forced to "lead" the white sleeve—that is, aim ahead of it. They couldn't shoot directly at it with any chance of success, for its speed would leave their stream of bullets in the rear. And their "lead" distance had to vary according to their own speed and the angle of approach.

They had ring sights on their machine guns, and a definite set of calculations to guide them, but often theory was lost in practice. And a trivial mistake, a very slight miscalculation, might send a stream of bullets crashing through the fuselage of the target-towing ship. That was the great danger.

For several minutes Lieutenant Price held the target tower on her course. And then, glancing below, he noticed that they were approaching the end of the

stretch of barren land. A house was not far distant.

"Give them the flag," he instructed the Sergeant.

"I'm making a right-hand turn."

"I'm waving them off, sir," the Sergeant informed him. "There are no ships in position for a shoot."

"Very good." Lieutenant Price banked the target tower round in a wide turn, so that there was no danger of contact with the silk that trailed gracefully behind.

The sharp rat-a-tat-tat of machine-gun fire sounded intermittently as the towing plane now headed back in the direction from which it had come. Sergeant Price listened to the reports from the Sergeant, glancing from time to time at his wrist watch. They had been in the air twenty minutes when he saw that it was time to make a turn to the south again.

"Wave them off," he said.

"I'm banking her around again."

"It's clear behind,"

the Sergeant replied.

"Two ships just shot

from a zooming

angle. I can't see

the third. Guess

she must be—"

Lieutenant Price moved the joy stick; his right foot pressed the rudder bar, and the target tower went over in a graceful bank. And then suddenly the Sergeant's voice sounded loud and clear in the pilot's ears.

"Number 685 is zooming at the target, Lieutenant! She didn't get my signal! We're in a dead line with her fire. Bank her away—"

"Wave her off!" Lieutenant Price shouted back, and nosed the target tower downward, shoving the joy stick forward and opening the throttle wide.

Even as the plane dived, he heard the first clatter of the Lewis gun mounted before the pilot of Number 685. And almost simultaneously with the crackle of the bullets the struts on his right wing spurted splinters of wood into the air.

"We're hit, sir!" The Sergeant's voice was in his ears; at the same instant he heard the snapping of a wire somewhere behind.

Lieutenant Price knew what had happened before he tested the plane. The stick came back too easily in his grasp; the ship did not respond. The wires, or at least one of the wires, connected with the elevator had been severed by a bullet from the machine gun. He could not pull the plane out of her plunge toward the earth. He could use the rudder, but that would only put the ship into a spin.

THERE was a second of panic, and then his brain cleared. The wind was rushing through the ship's rigging in a shrill song. The speed of the dive was terrific.

"He hit a control wire," he shouted. "I can't pull her out of the dive!"

"Let's get away from her, Lieutenant," the Sergeant's voice replied, calmly.

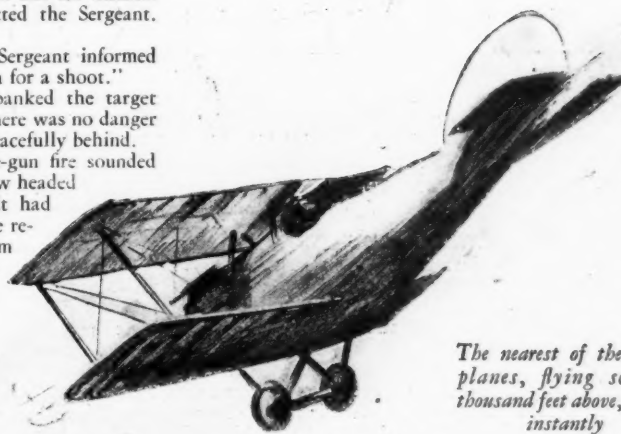
Lieutenant Price ripped the head set from his helmet. He snapped loose the patented lock of his safety belt. As he rose from the leather-cushioned seat, he parted the parachute pack that hung on his back just below his shoulders. Twisting his head, he saw that the Sergeant was already on the edge of the fuselage. The earth was rising up toward the screaming ship in a blur of green and brown.

"Jump!" the Sergeant called. "Don't wait any longer!"

The Lieutenant turned a set face toward him in time to see the Sergeant's body detach itself from the plunging ship and float away.

Lieutenant Price found it more difficult to get off from the front cockpit. Seconds seemed eternities. He was forced to crawl out upon a wing, and the diving position of the ship made it a difficult job. He twisted his body about, fumbling for the small ball on the end of the wire that hung from his parachute pack. His fingers touched it and he poised himself. He had one instant of sickening fear; then he released his hold on the strut, and the plane seemed to slide away from him. He commenced to count slowly.

At "seven" he jerked the wire sharply. He heard the flapping of silk as the small lead parachute opened, and then came the sharp crackling of wind-caught cloth as the large parachute jerked from its pack and spread over his head in a white arc. The harness tightened below



The nearest of the baby planes, flying several thousand feet above, dived instantly

his armpits; he felt the pull that told him he was safe, that the chute had opened.

Glancing below, he saw the Sergeant dangling like a dummy below his supporting circle of white. A crash, and then a dull sound like the bursting of a drum drifted up to him. The target tower had battered into the earth. There came the roar of its gasoline tank exploding, and then there was silence again.

Lieutenant Price drifted lower and lower beneath the graceful curve of the chute. He flexed the muscles of his legs in preparation for the landing. A tall row of trees loomed beneath, but a gust carried him over them by ten or fifteen feet. He dropped none too gently almost in the center of a level field.

The force of the drop brought him to his knees, but he was up in a flash, and dodged the white silk as it fluttered to the earth. As he disentangled himself from the harness he saw Sergeant Dane coming toward him.

"All right, Lieutenant?"

"All O. K., Sergeant. How about you? No damage?"

"No, sir."

The Sergeant was about to turn away, toward where the wreckage of the target tower lay smoldering in the tall grass. It was then that Lieutenant Price showed himself to be a brave man—a man with courage to make an apology for injustice and unfairness. He reflected afterward that it took just as much nerve to ask the pardon of this old soldier as it had to jump from the wing of a spinning plane out of control two thousand feet above the ground. He laid a shaking hand on the oil-stained sleeve of Sergeant Dane.

"Wait a minute,

Bill," he said. "I

was a pretty big boob

back there on the

field, and I guess you

knew it."

"That's all right,

Lieutenant," said the

Sergeant. "Everybody has to learn once."

There was

nothing patronizing or surly in his tone. He knew

what the Lieutenant was trying to find words to say.

"I knew you were right, a second after I'd answered

you, back there," Lieutenant Price went on. "If Major

Lucas hadn't come along, I think I'd have told you so.

I hope I should. But then I got it from him, and that

just made me twice as mad. I could have put it over

on him if you hadn't spoken first, and if I had—there's

where I'd be now." He indicated the wrecked ship

with a wave of his hand. "You've got a lot more sense

than I have, and I'd like to ask you to shake hands."

Shake hands they did, just as the pilot of the baby

plane that had been the cause of the wreck came and

circled low above where they stood. Both men waved

to him, and he, relieved to see that the accident had not

been fatal, waved back, banked his ship over, and

headed back toward Haley Field.

The Sergeant chuckled. "I ought to be pretty good

at 'em by now," he said. "This is my fifth jump. It's

not so tough, when you have to."

"No," said the young officer, slowly, "it isn't. But

it's only my first. And it might have been my last.

I've got a long way to go."

"You've gone most of the distance already. You're a

member of the Caterpillar Club, now."

Young Lieutenant Price's shoulders squared up per-

ceptibly at the thought that he now belonged to the

proud company of airmen who had made forced parachute

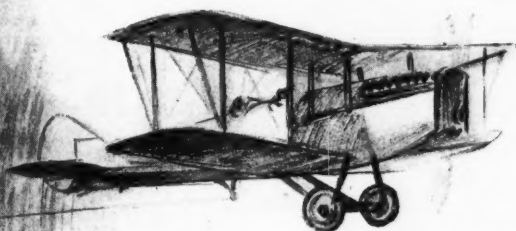
jumps from planes.

"This Major Lucas, now," said the Sergeant. "He

don't belong."

And in the face of another gross breach of army prop-

erty, the Lieutenant and the Sergeant laughed again.



Three hundred feet behind the ship, followed the sleeve target

Jim Dennis, Californian

By *Arthur Stanwood Pier*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN F. THOMAS

GOING to St. Timothy's School was a greater adventure into the unknown for Jim Dennis than it was for most. He came from Southern California. He made the long journey alone, and arrived wide-eyed, eager and curious about the new life.

"You know," he said to Dick Tremaine at breakfast on his third day in the school, "until I came here and heard you Boston fellows talk, I never in my life heard anyone say 'pawss' and 'glawss' and all that kind of thing."

"Really," said Tremaine. "Until I came up here and met some of you Westerners, I never realized how awful the English language can be made to sound."

As Jim was the only newcomer at the table, his readiness to comment on all occasions seemed deserving of rebuke, and it was usually Dick Tremaine who administered the rebuke. Jim was never easily put down, his good-nature under fire was rather engaging, and as time went on the fellows came to like him and respect him, even though in most discussions he constituted a minority of one. It was the West against the East; and the subject of controversy was usually the superiority of one region over the other, its advantages in climate, scenery, sports, cities, hotels, roads, and especially the quality of its inhabitants. Harry Bennett, who came from New York, but had once spent six weeks with his family in California, sided with Jim sometimes for the sake of airing his knowledge of the country, but whenever Jim began to be at all successful in scoring points Harry deserted him and went over to the enemy.

Of all the boys at the table, Jim liked best, not his occasional supporter, Harry Bennett, but his unrelenting antagonist, Dick Tremaine. A downright person himself, he did not resent downrightness in others; and Dick not only had that quality, but had also quickness of wit and good looks and high spirits.

In the football season Jim early won his place at left tackle on the Corinthian eleven. Dick Tremaine played right tackle on the Pythians, the other intraschool eleven, and Harry Bennett was their left halfback.

"He's good, you know, that boy," Harry remarked to Dick one day after they had watched the Corinthians practice.

"I'd kick myself around the block if I let that new kid

put it over me," was Dick's comment. "If he does, he and not you will make tackle on the school eleven," said Harry.

At luncheon the day before the game between the Pythians and the Corinthians, Dick was more genial than usual. "All of your Corinthian crowd have been trying to scare me this last week, telling me how good you are," he said to Jim. "I'm going to find out this afternoon for myself."

"I'm looking forward to a mighty good scrap," Jim answered.

In the first half each side scored a touchdown and a goal. As for Jim and Dick, they left the field at the end of the half with the question of superiority still unsettled.

In the last period of the game, with the score still a tie, the Corinthians carried the ball to the Pythians' twenty-five-yard line. Their quarterback shouted the signal that called for Jim to open a hole at his left for Caldwell, the right halfback; the ball was put in play, and Jim, charging forward, with head and shoulders down, thrust his right leg in between Dick Tremaine's legs. Dick struggled to get by him and seize the runner, and Jim, struggling to prevent it, slipped a little and fell forward so that his right arm for a moment swung down behind the hinge of Dick's right knee, brushing against it. Jim drew it up instantly, and Dick twisted away and rushed past him—too late to make the tackle. Caldwell plunged through the hole that Jim had opened up, and by a brilliant run scored a touchdown.

While the Corinthians were still shouting, Dick Tremaine ran up to the captain of the Pythians, John Barnard, and then the two went to the umpire, Mr. Chalmers, and began to talk to him earnestly. Mr. Chalmers shook his head; then Dick crouched and illustrated against Barnard the manner in which he had been kept out of the play. Pressing with his right arm, he locked Barnard's leg with his elbow against his own leg.

Mr. Chalmers shrugged his shoulders, and then, as if unwilling to dismiss the charge without giving those who made it an opportunity to prove their case, he consulted the referee and the linesman. By this time the Corinthians realized that their touchdown was disputed, and Crane, their captain, ran up to take part in the con-



Jim shot over the forward end of his sled

ference. Jim looked on, at first with curiosity, then with indignant comprehension. As he saw Dick Tremaine again giving a demonstration of the illegal action that he charged, Jim had an impulse to run forward and show just what had happened; but he stood silent, feeling sure that the umpire would question him if his testimony was desired.

BUT no question was put to him. Neither Mr. Keep nor Mr. Murray supported Dick's claim; the umpire allowed the touchdown, and the Corinthian spectators broke forth again into cheers. Crane kicked the goal.

On the first line-up after the kick-off Jim realized that Dick Tremaine was facing him in a different spirit from that which he had shown throughout the game. "You know you held me," he said.

"I know I didn't," Jim retorted.

Anger may have caused Dick to play harder, but it enabled him to play no better than before. The game ended with the Corinthians victorious by a score of 14 to 7. But all Pythians, incited by Dick, believed that, if Mr. Chalmers had seen what really happened in the critical play of the game, he would never have allowed the Corinthians' second touchdown. Dick assured all his teammates, and many others, that, if Jim Dennis hadn't held him illegally, he would have tackled Dan Caldwell before he had made a yard.

As a result of Dick's charge and Jim's denial, the situation at the table at which they sat became unpleasant. They spoke to each other as little as possible. The day after the game Jim was given the place on the school eleven that Dick had coveted. He had assumed now an importance in the school that made it impossible any longer for anyone to treat him as a new boy who was on probation. But the prestige that he derived from being on the school eleven proved to be not very great. A week later St. Timothy's played their annual game with St. John's and were beaten by a score of 28 to 0, one of the worst defeats in their history. Neither Jim nor any other member of the St. Timothy's team distinguished himself, and the football season at the school closed in gloom.

And for Jim, there was one specially unfortunate occurrence in the game. Trying to block his opponent by the same method that he had employed against Dick, he again lost his balance, and in the effort to regain it inadvertently locked his elbow for an appreciable moment against the knee of the St. John's player. The umpire saw the play, and penalized St. Timothy's fifteen yards. On either side of Jim was a Pythian who had accepted Dick's account of the similar episode; they told Dick afterward that Jim Dennis wasn't always able to get away with that trick. So among the Pythians Jim's reputation for sportsmanship suffered seriously.

A WEEK after the football season closed the weather turned cold, and one morning the word was passed round that the ice on the pond was thick enough for skating.

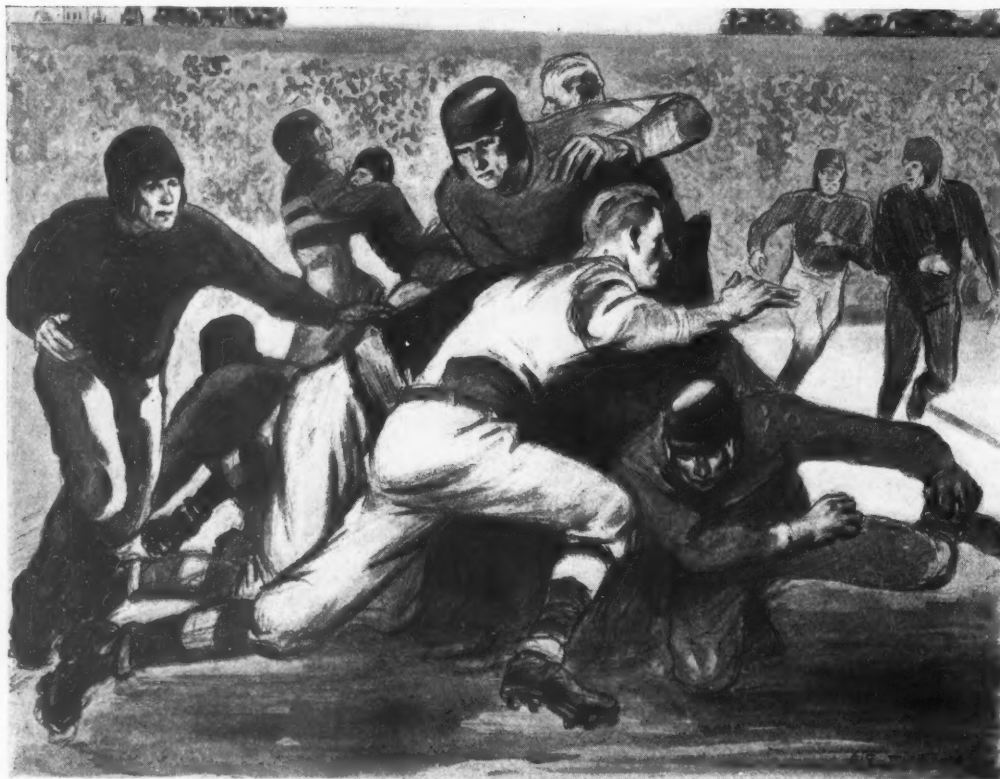
"We've got fifteen minutes before chapel," said Harry Bennett, as he rose from the breakfast table. "Come on, Jim; get your skate shoes."

"Haven't any," replied Jim.

"You'd better buy a pair pretty quick. Come along, fellows."

A few moments later Jim saw them and many others racing down to the pond behind the study, carrying their skating boots, to which their skates were attached. He followed eagerly; he had never even seen anyone skate.

Standing at the edge of the pond, he watched the skaters—skaters, of all degrees of skill, from Harry Bennett and Dick Tremaine, who sailed and swooped and floated with a maddening ease and grace, down to stumbling and tumbling little twelve-year-olds. Envy and desire filled Jim's heart; he must learn to do that thing. At noon he got himself a pair of skate shoes,



The quarterback shouted the signal that called for Jim to open a hole at his left for Caldwell, the right halfback

and after luncheon he accompanied the fellows from his table to the pond. They were all curious to see how he would get along—quite friendly, all of them, even Dick, in offering advice. "It's just a matter of having perfect balance," said Harry Bennett. "I guess if you can do anything on a horse you can do anything on skates."

"I don't see that it follows," remarked Jim. He had just put on his skate shoes, and he stood up cautiously. He started to strike out, lost his balance, and fell down. Laughter from the lookers-on and cries of "Attaboy! Attaboy!" greeted him. He got to his feet, tried again, and scrambled rather than skated; his ankles turned under him, his arms described convulsive gestures in the air. The others skated round him for a few moments, offering encouragement, and then swung away to play a game of hockey.

Jim struggled for a while, with discouraging results. His ankles buckled under him, and he scraped along on the sides of his shoes. After a while he rested and looked on at the hockey game. There was a game that he could play if he could only skate!

At supper Harry Bennett and some of the others told him that of course he couldn't learn to skate right off, and that his ankles would behave better after he had used them a bit. But after staggering about on the ice for one more afternoon he was disposed to welcome the snowstorm that made further skating for a time impossible. He thought that he could at least have as much enjoyment out of coasting as anyone else; no expert knowledge or skill was necessary to that sport.

So he appeared with a sled at the top of the long coast down Hedges' Hill. When he arrived there Dick Tremaine and Harry Bennett were pulling their sleds up to the starting-point; they stood by and watched while he made his preparations. He placed his sled with care in the middle of the track, then extended himself prone upon it, gave a push with his toes, and was off—with incomprehensible laughter from the observers ringing in his ears. A moment later Dick flashed by him on one side, then Harry on the other.

When Jim reached the end of the coast and stood up, Harry called to him, "Good work! We never thought you'd get here," and Dick and three or four others laughed. Then Dick gave a little exhibition for the crowd. He placed his sled before him on the snow, carefully lowered himself upon it, asked anxiously, "Is she pointing straight?" kicked frantically with his toes, and shouted, "We're off, boys; we're off!"

When Dick stood up, puffed out his chest, and said, "Well, boys, here we are—safe and sound after our perilous journey," the others all laughed.

"If I can learn to ride a horse, I bet I can learn to ride a sled," Jim addressed the group defiantly. "When I get to the top of the hill I'll let one of you fellows show me how."

So at the top of the hill Frank Metcalf volunteered; he raised his sled aloft, ran with it for a few paces, then flung it down and himself upon it with one motion and no loss of speed.

"I get you," said Jim—and he hoisted and poised his sled, and then made a rush and hurled the sled and himself forward, hard but clumsily. As the runners struck the snow the rope that Jim had held too loosely fouled them and stopped the sled short; Jim shot over the forward end of it and scraped along on his face, to the delight of the spectators. He picked himself up, grinning, though his nose bled, and looked on while one after another of those who had watched him took a run and a dive and darted down the slope.

He tried again, with no spectators, but, though he got away without mishap, he knew that the effort had not really been successful.

FOR several days he had no opportunity to acquire greater skill in either coasting or skating, for the weather turned mild with rain. The talk was now all of the Christmas holidays, which were drawing near. It was a discussion in which Jim could not very cheerfully join, for he was not going home; the vacation period was too short and the distance too great to make the trip worth the expense. Harry Bennett asked him one day at supper what he was going to do, and he answered, "I guess I'll stay here and try to learn to skate."

"That's a terrible thing to do," said Harry. "Can't



"Marjorie told me over the phone," Dick said. "I can't find anything that's enough to say to you. And in one way that makes it all the worse"

you go to New York, or even to Boston, and have a good time."

"Oh, I'll have a good time," Jim answered.

Going out of the dining-room after supper, Jim was aware that Harry and Dick, walking ahead of him, were arguing hotly. They paused at the stairs, and as he passed them to go up to his room they suddenly ceased their discussion in a manner that made him suspect he had been the subject of it. Then as he slowly climbed the winding staircase Dick's voice came up to him: "He's a washout at all sports; he'll spoil everything."

"I guess it's me, all right, that he's knocking," thought Jim. "Why should I care? It's not more than half true, anyway."

Nevertheless he did care; the idea that anyone should talk so about him rankled.

The next day Harry Bennett came into his room—somewhat awkwardly and hesitantly, Jim thought.

"I wanted to ask you," Harry began, "if you wouldn't join a house party I'm getting up for part of the Christmas vacation. My family have a camp in the Adirondacks, and we're going up there the twenty-seventh to stay over New Year's. There'll be eight or nine of us—Joe Randall, Jack Monroe, Dick Tremaine—the regular crowd. You'd better come too."

"It's mighty good of you to ask me," said Jim, "but I think I'd better stay on here; I've got all my arrangements made."

"Oh, you'll be awfully lonely here; you'd better come with us."

Jim remained firm; he felt that these fellows were pitying him.

Dick Tremaine did not appear at dinner that day. Someone said that he had gone to the infirmary with a bad cold. When he did not appear the next day, Harry Bennett and one or two others called at the infirmary to inquire about him. They learned that he had a high temperature and was really sick. Two days later they learned that he had pneumonia, and that his mother had been sent for.

There were sober faces at the table with the vacant place as the days passed and Dick's condition continued grave. Four days before the end of the term Jim came in to luncheon to find his

friends looking more depressed than usual. They were all so silent that in a hushed voice he asked Monroe, next to him, what the matter was.

"Harry stopped at the infirmary; Dick's awfully low."

"They're afraid—"

Monroe nodded. "His father and his sister have come."

To Jim, as to the others at the table, the food that day was tasteless. He had no particular reason to like Dick Tremaine, but the thought that he might be dying was too overwhelming.

Although there was skating that afternoon, none of the boys at Jim's table took part in it. They talked together in their rooms, and took a walk—which brought them home by the way of the infirmary, at which they gazed with anxious eyes. Jim, after writing a letter to his mother, went to the library, but Dick's face and voice often came between him and the book.

The next morning at breakfast the news was good. Dick's respiration was better, his fever had subsided; the doctor said that he had passed the crisis.

Three days later it was still dark outdoors when Jim was awakened by the sound of cheering. The boys were giving their farewell cheer before climbing into the motor-buses that were to carry them to the train. Jim realized with a sort of homesick feeling that he was now left all alone. He went to sleep again, and got up at the usual hour. When he went to the dining-room for breakfast, he found that he was alone.

IT was a fine December morning, cold, windless, with the sun shining. Jim took his skates and went down to the pond. He had it all to himself for a little while, but then, to his embarrassment, a girl whom he had never seen before, a girl of about his own age, appeared at the edge of the pond, seated herself, and put on her skate shoes. Jim retreated to a remote cove and tried to make it appear that he moved slowly from choice rather than from awkwardness.

The girl came floating out on the ice, describing the most graceful curves, leaning now to this side, now to that, skimming the surface with never a wobble or a scrape of her skates. To Jim, who had watched the boys skating on hockey skates, but who had never seen a figure skater before, her performance was miraculous. She went through a set of complicated but beautiful figures.

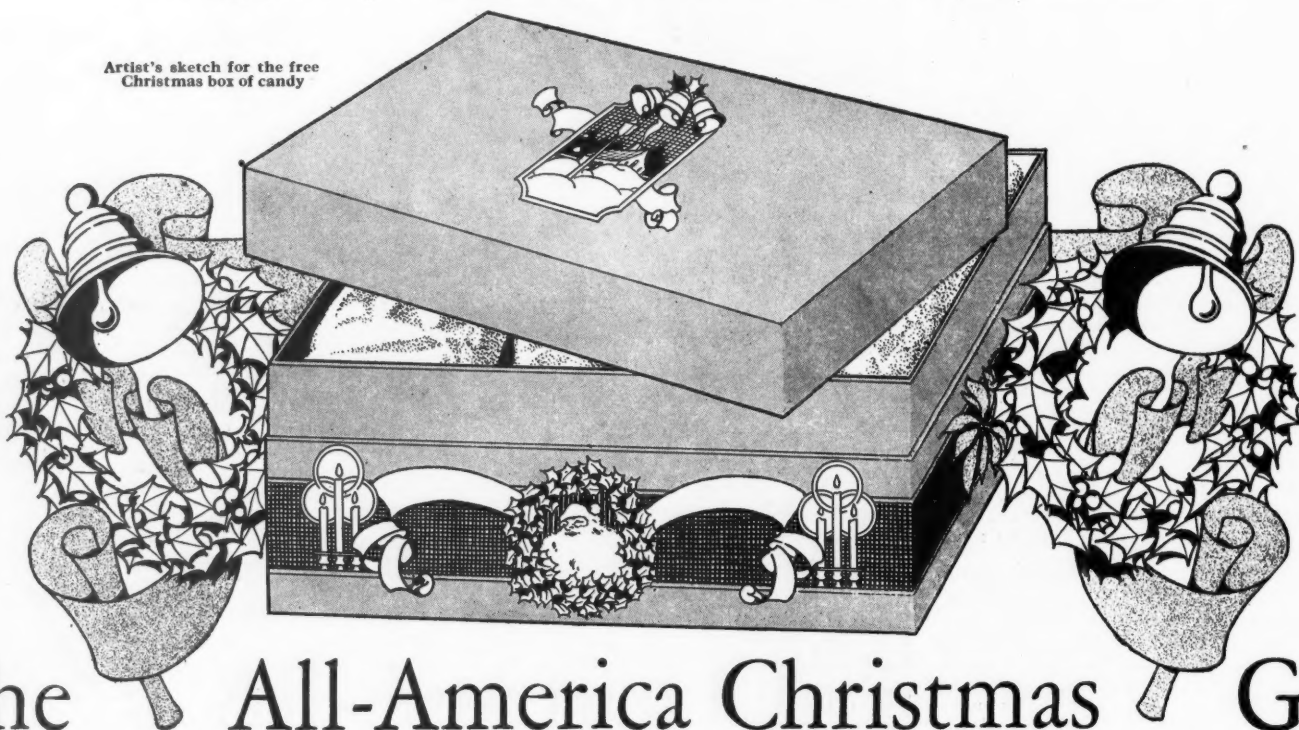
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 684]



After that, he looked on at the hockey game

Every poor boy and girl in the United States will receive this beautiful Christmas box of candy, free of charge, if The Youth's Companion readers will each send one name

Artist's sketch for the free Christmas box of candy



The All-America Christmas Gift

By Otto Schnering

President, Curtiss Candy Company

WOULDNT it be a wonderful thing if we could make every poor boy or girl in the United States happy on Christmas Day?

There are thousands of youngsters to whom Christmas will mean just another day. They will not have a tree, trimmed with lights and decorations, in their homes. They will not hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve and find them full of presents and goodies the next morning. It is not at all surprising that these unfortunate children do not believe in the spirit of Christmas, because Christmas never comes to their homes.

We can reach many of these children. I have given considerable thought to various plans to make as many of them happy as is humanly possible.

Now I have decided on a plan that, with the help of my good young friends of The Youth's Companion family, will bring happiness and Christmas cheer to thousands of homes throughout the country. I need your coöperation, boys and girls, because my plan can not be much of a success without it.

Here's what I want to do. Christmas without candy and nuts wouldn't be Christmas at all, would it? All right—I will furnish the candy and nuts at my own expense, if you will send me the name and address of one boy or girl of some poor and needy family in your neighborhood.

To this poor boy or girl I will send, as a Christmas gift from you and me, an attractive box containing one Baby Ruth and one Cocoanut Grove candy bar, and also several packages of my new product, "Chicos," which are specially prepared salted Spanish peanuts.

In the box will be enclosed a neat card, with a Christmas greeting from you and me to the poor boy or girl who receives it.

Only One Box in Your Name

Just think how many poor children will be made happy if you carry out your end of the program! Thousands and thousands of boys and girls read The Youth's Companion. I hope each one of them will send me the name and address of one boy or girl of some poor family, so that we can spread the Christmas cheer as far as possible.

Use the convenient coupon that is printed on this page—or copy it on paper, taking care to spell the name of the poor boy or girl correctly and give the address completely and accurately, so that the Christmas Box will be delivered on time.

they will be received by Christmas Day. The sooner you send in your selection the better it will be.

Read These Directions Carefully

There are certain things we must take into consideration to make this Christmas gift distribution a far-reaching success. Such a thing has never been tried before, so far as I know. I dare to try it now because I am sure that Youth's Companion readers are intelligent and honorable.

First, please use your best judgment in choosing the boy or girl who is to receive our gift. There are many children who will not even have a substantial meal on Christmas Day. By a little investigation, to ascertain the true condition, we shall be able to do the most good by sending each box to a boy or girl who would otherwise have no Christmas cheer at all.

Second, please don't take the trouble to write me a long letter. I shall be too busy with this distribution, between now and Christmas, to read it properly. The information on the coupon is all that is necessary—I rely on your judgment and your good-will.

Third, please don't give your own name or a brother's or sister's name, as the recipient of the Christmas Box, because it will not be sent to you if you do. Find a poor boy or girl who really needs this gift.

Fourth, please remember to be quick! Give me as many extra days, before December 5, as you can.

Fifth, all names and addresses must be inside the United States—there will not be time to mail boxes to foreign countries.

Sixth (to teachers), I shall be glad to hear from members of an entire class, if they are all readers of The Youth's Companion. But each one must use a separate coupon, or write a separate letter.

Who will be the first of all to send me a poor boy's or girl's name? I am waiting and watching for it. I am depending solely on the boy and girl readers of The Youth's Companion to assist me in making Christmas a very happy day for a very large number of children of poor families in all sections of the United States. There can be no reminder, no other way in which I can jog your memory—so please use the coupon immediately; cut it out now, before you turn over this page. And if you are sure you have chosen the right poor boy or girl, mail your coupon or letter today.

I am depending on you, and I know you will not fail me.

This Is the Coupon

Tear It Out, and Fill In The Names, or Copy It

Mr. Otto Schnering, Curtiss Candy Company
750 Briar Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Schnering:

I am a Youth's Companion reader. My name is _____

Age _____

Street and number
or Route _____

City or town _____ State _____

Please have your free Christmas Box of candy and nuts mailed to:

Name _____

Street and number
or Route _____

City or town _____ State _____

I certify on my honor that this is a poor boy or girl who may not have a merry Christmas unless this Christmas Box is received.

Mail this coupon, or a copy of it, at once, so that Mr. Schnering will receive it before December 5, 1928, and will be able to deliver the Christmas Box on time, with a special card bearing your name.

Jonesy's Yellow Shoes

By Edwin Cole

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. SANFORD HULME



You are some liar or some soldier," drawled Bill. His glance lingered at Jonesy's feet. "Stole your shoes, too, didn't he? Took 'em off your feet, and you didn't even know it"

JONESY, the bugler of Troop X, wheedled a pair of new shoes from the supply sergeant. They were gaudy yellow things that stood out from among their more sober-tinted brothers as if conscious of this individuality. The supply sergeant was glad to part with them, because Jonesy had the smallest foot in Troop X and was the only man that could wear them.

When the captain ordered him to ride over to the Home Ranch and tell Baldwin, the manager, that he would be pleased to accept an invitation to dinner that evening, Jonesy discarded his weather-worn shoes and put on the new ones, for he knew he would see young Alice Baldwin, who always examined Jonesy's uniform in detail and commented freely on it.

But new shoes are new shoes, and the best of them need a gradual acquaintance with the foot to promote good feeling. By the time Jonesy had reached the Santa Cruz, which here was a river in name and a brooklet in fact, his feet ached with an ache like an aching tooth. So Jonesy had dismounted on a bit of sward beneath a cottonwood, removed shoes and stockings, and padded across the hot sand to the scarcely less hot water of the river, leading, or rather holding back, old Prince, his mount.

Prince threw up his head in disgust after a mouthful of the tepid desert stream. He had no objections to trying it externally, however, and had already gone down on his knees to roll when his master looked up in time to save a wet saddle. Jonesy jerked the ancient war horse to his feet with a "Get up, you old cayuse. What do you think I spent two hours polishing that saddle for?"

Old Prince looked apologetic—and a minute later tried to roll again. Jonesy led him out of the stream. "Come on, old skate," he observed disconsolately. "It don't feel any better than it tastes."

When he was back under the cottonwood Jonesy looked for his shoes and stockings. He could not find them.

Now there were several cottonwoods along the bank, and, although Jonesy knew as well as he knew anything that this was the one beneath which he had taken his shoes off, he nevertheless wandered barefoot among the other trees, looking for his truant shoes.

As he continued his search his anger grew. "P'raps I didn't wear 'em," he said aloud with heavy irony. "P'raps I started off barefoot from the old man's tent."

Jonesy had left Prince "tied to the ground" with dangling reins under the first cottonwood. Now, looking in that direction, he saw to his amazement that the horse had disappeared!

The bugler put his hand to his forehead. "Crazy with the heat!" he murmured.

He turned back to the first cottonwood. Perhaps Prince had returned to the stream to roll in it! The bank would hide him from sight.

But the stream came into view, and there was no horse. Jonesy stood beneath the first cottonwood. He knew it was the first now, for he noted an old curve in the bole, like the blunt nose of an Indian, that had caught his attention while he had sat removing his shoes, and there were wet hoofprints on the turf where Prince had been standing.

Jonesy looked about him with growing uneasiness. The river bed was perhaps two hundred feet wide, with the stream trickling down the middle of it. On

either bank marched the cottonwoods for a considerable distance up and down stream. Back from the lines of cottonwoods was the desert, with here and there a mesquite thicker or a stalking cactus to break its monotony. To the west whence Jonesy had come there was sign of neither man nor horse. Nor was there cover to hide a horse. Therefore Prince must have crossed the river or gone up the bed of it—one or the other, or else Jonesy would have seen him.

HE unbuttoned the flap of his holster and ran down the bank to the river bed. There were hoofprints of horses there, too many of them, for it was a common crossing. They gave him no help. He crossed the stream, his eyes searching its upward course. There was nothing in sight, and a bend a few hundred yards off hid further view.

Jonesy crossed the bed to the further bank and looked out over the desert. Nothing there, and no near cover. Upstream then! Hot though the semitropic sun was, he ran back to the stream bed and followed it along the edge. Rounding the bend, he saw another empty stretch between the two sentinel lines of cottonwoods, with a reverse curve of the river restricting his view. But here was news at least: fresh hoofprints ed from the water to a point beneath the right bank of the river bed. A shod horse had made them; Jonesy did not doubt that it was Prince. He followed them with his pistol out of its holster and a thumb ready to throw off the safety catch.

For he knew that old Prince had neither the brains nor the desire to lead him this chase; besides, these hoofprints sank deep, as with the weight of a man on the horse's back. The thief had not mounted the bank, but had ridden on in the shelter of it.

Jonesy, breathless, rounded the second bend. The

river bed stretched before him straight as an arrow for a full mile, empty of horse or man. That Prince could have covered this distance since the time of his disappearance Jonesy doubted. Then the thief must have mounted the bank. The little bugler climbed out at once, ran through the cottonwoods, and searched the desert with eager eyes. It was empty.

So he returned to the trail and followed it, with bare feet burning in the hot sand. Prince had made better time than he had given him credit for. The thief's rowels had urged him on, no doubt, Jonesy thought savagely.

But the horse had not covered that long straight stretch of river bed after all. Before Jonesy had gone half the length of it the hoofprints left the river bottom and broke sharply up the bank. Nor was that the only sign of the end of the search. A coughing moan came from a tangle of brush on the bank above.

Tense with excitement, Jonesy mounted the bank and picked his way into the thicket. Some large animal was thrashing about in it, and Jonesy, peering through a small grove of willow, saw a horse on the ground vainly trying to get to its feet. But it was not Prince; it was a Mexican cayuse. Bloody foam flecked its muzzle, and the creature was dark with sweat. It had been ridden until it had dropped in its tracks.

Jonesy's wonder grew till his eyes caught sight of an object on the sand near by. It was a saddle, an army saddle. And as Jonesy, searching each tree for a possible enemy, moved forward he saw that it was his own.

Here was some light on the mystery. Someone had ridden the horse to death, and taken his in its place.

"Lucky he didn't put a bullet in me," muttered Jonesy. "P'raps he didn't have a gun. But where has he gone?"

He made his way through the thicket to the desert beyond. It stretched away to rising ground bare of any moving object.

"Must have followed the river," decided Jonesy disconsolately. He gazed compassionately back at the dying horse. "Ought to put him out of his misery," he decided. Distastefully he sighted and shot the poor animal through the forehead.

Then, as if this were a signal, there were shouts and the sounds of many hoofbeats, and a band of horsemen came crashing through the willows from the river bed. In a moment Jonesy found himself surrounded by the black muzzles of a dozen pistols.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 683]

FULL-LENGTH stories complete in every issue; stirring serials; short stories of mystery, sport, humor and adventure; articles that tell you things you cannot learn elsewhere; departments that are famous all over the world—no other magazine for young people can offer you as many fascinating features.

SEND THE YOUTH'S COMPANION AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT.



Miss Moore in her library, with her famous lilacs in the background. The next two pictures show her taking some of the exercises which help to keep her fit



In the picture above Miss Moore appears with some of her favorite flowers. Can you guess what they are? Insert, a new studio portrait, with her arms full of lilacs

Who Wants Her Dolls?

By Fred Gilman Jopp

WHO hasn't exclaimed at the breathless beauty of a flower garden? It may make us a little sad to realize that the lovely blooms we admire so much live their brief lives without knowing how much they add to the beauty of the world. But flowers look so bright and gay that it is hard to be sad for long when we think about them. A great poet who was a lover of flowers wrote:

"Would that the little flowers were born to live
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

Of all the beautiful flowers there are, I like lilacs best. And recently I was fortunate enough to see a garden of glorious lilacs in one of the most beautiful settings you can imagine. Better still, it was Colleen Moore who invited me into her garden—the garden for her famous picture, "In Lilac Time."

The film was being made a hundred miles from Hollywood, near San Juan Capistrano, the home of one of the oldest of California's old missions. This place was chosen not only for its beauty, but because it had sufficient room for a flying field.

Although it was not yet nine o'clock when I arrived, they were already at work, and the air was full of planes. Colleen waved me to a place near the cameras, where she watched the flying with intense interest. One of the planes slipped down from the sky and in settling into a landing lurched suddenly, nosed over and capsized with a sickening crash. Horrified, I leaped from my chair, only to discover that the "accident" had been deliberately planned. But more satisfying was the fact that the stunt man operating that plane was not even scratched.

While the cameras were being focused on the wrecked plane, Colleen took me on a tour of inspection. There was a huge tree-bordered field, with camouflaged hangars along one side, representing the landing field of a British air squadron behind the lines during the war. At one end was a stone wall, surrounding a picturesque French farmhouse, in which the young flyers were supposed to have their living quarters. There was a wooden doorway in the wall, through which Colleen ushered me—and there I saw a sight that I shall not soon forget.

Everywhere were lilacs! The space between the wall and the house seemed veritably choked with them. And that delicate tint of lilac bloom



—something partly blue, pink and lavender—was set off to advantage by the gray walls of the courtyard. An indescribably sweet fragrance filled the air.

As I stood in the midst of this beauty, I thought of the lines the poet had written—of the unhappy fact that flowers cannot know the pleasure they give. For certainly they add immeasurably to the beauty and gladness of the world. Imagine how colorless this old world would be if all flowers were taken away!

Colleen explained that the lilac bushes had been transplanted from the studio nursery, where they had been carefully cultivated for the purpose of appearing in her picture.

"Did you know that lilacs are Persian flowers?" she asked me.

I had to admit my ignorance.



Here are the prize dolls

they are wonderful! She has had their faces sculptured by a famous studio artist, and she made their dresses herself. There are no other dolls like these in the whole world, and no more will be made. So they are truly exclusive. The contest is limited to girls of fourteen or younger. Write a letter of two hundred words or less, put your age after your signature, and mail it before December 10 to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Colleen Moore's two dolls will be sent to the winners in time for Christmas!

This Is Colleen Moore's Letter

Dear Youth's Companion:

Don't you think that among the thousands of girls who read *The Companion* there would be two who would like to have two dolls of mine, dressed in costumes exactly like one I wore in "Lilac Time"?

If you do, I should like you to offer these two dolls as first and second prizes to the girls who write you the best letters on the subject of their favorite flower, and why they love it best of all.

I think we should do all we can to encourage people to enjoy the marvelous beauty of flowers. Please judge the letters, and decide which win my dolls. Most sincerely,
COLLEEN MOORE

EDITOR'S NOTE: We gratefully accept Miss Moore's kind offer. She has sent us the dolls, and

they are wonderful! She has had their faces sculptured by a famous studio artist, and she made their dresses herself. There are no other dolls like these in the whole world, and no more will be made. So they are truly exclusive. The contest is limited to girls of fourteen or younger. Write a letter of two hundred words or less, put your age after your signature, and mail it before December 10 to

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Miss Moore with one of the prizes

Colleen Moore Has These Lovely Gifts for You

"Neither did I," she confessed, "until I looked it up in a book on flowers. The funny part of it is that lilacs have grown much better in Europe and America than they did in Persia. Nearly four hundred years ago the first lilacs were taken from Persia to Vienna by a Flemish scholar named Busbecq, who was an ambassador to Turkey from the court of Ferdinand I. They were so beautiful that everyone cultivated them, and before long the lilac bush had become one of the most popular shrubs in Europe. When the French colonized America they introduced lilacs to a new world."

"But I thought dolls and doll-houses were your hobby," I remarked.

"And flowers, too," came her reply. "But don't get me started talking about my doll-houses and my dolls, or I am sure that I will bore you."

I refused to be frightened at the prospect, and asked Colleen Moore which she liked the most—dolls or flowers.

"That is not a fair question," she answered. "I like them both. Perhaps I value my dolls more, because they would be so difficult to replace, but I am awfully proud of my garden."

I had seen the doll-house of which she spoke—a mansion in miniature, with tiny furniture, rugs, drapery, pictures, little books with microscopic type, and everything else a home includes, reproduced on an amazingly small scale. Her dolls—some forty in number—are equally interesting, being of all sizes, representing numerous ages, and each marvelously dressed. Some walk, others talk, one sings, and another looks exactly like Colleen, the face having been modeled by a noted artist. There are little Japanese dolls, French dolls, and others that represent many nationalities.

"Two dolls are going to be dressed exactly like me, in this picture," Colleen told me, eagerly. "What can I do with them?"

"Add them to your collection," I said. "Or give them to a museum, somewhere. But I wish you could give them to girls."

"Yes, it would be much nicer," said Colleen, "to give them to girls who would appreciate them. I have so many dolls, and some girls have so few. How would it be to give them to the girls who read *The Youth's Companion*? I wonder how we could find two girls who would really like them best?"

"Find two just like yourself," I suggested. "Ask all the girls to tell why they love flowers. Give the dolls as gifts, next Christmas, to the girls of fourteen, or younger, who write the best letters on 'My favorite flower, and why I love it best of all.'"

"That seems," said Colleen, "like a good idea."

I know she thought it was, for she put a gorgeous bunch of flowers in my car as I was about to leave. "For giving me such a grand idea about girls, and flowers, and dolls," she explained, waving me a gay farewell.

Addison went out to look at the slag that had been dumped down a bank. He had to remove the snow and dig into it

REMEMBER telling you a year ago of a Christmas on the Old Farm—in the days when the town in which we lived had the "biggest Christmas tree," and the young inhabitants of the town on the opposite shores of the lake came to scoff, but how an accident dissolved enmity and brought into the hearts of all of us the spirit of Christmas cheer, which always lies so near the surface. This is the story of a very different kind of Christmas, but one, it seems, that is no less interesting. To my cousin Addison, this particular Christmas may have seemed at the time a drab day that he spent on a disabled train in the Berkshires. But ever since, it has come back to him as the beginning of his life career—when ability was rewarded by generosity in a manner most fitting to the season.

MY cousin Addison was a born naturalist, if ever there was one.

He had a love for Nature and an absorbing interest in all her works. It is said that one naturalist instinctively recognizes another. It is reported that when, at the age of eighteen, Addison presented himself at Cambridge, in company with eleven other applicants, for practical instruction under Professor Louis Agassiz, the bluff, sometimes choleric old professor ran his eye over the group and, singling out this youth from Maine at a glance, said, "I will have you, for certain," and set him to work that very morning to skeletonize a heron.

Two or three years later Addison received an appointment as instructor at Yale University. There he was largely concerned with zoölogy, but he lost nothing of his penchant for mineralogy, or of his liking for specimen hunts.

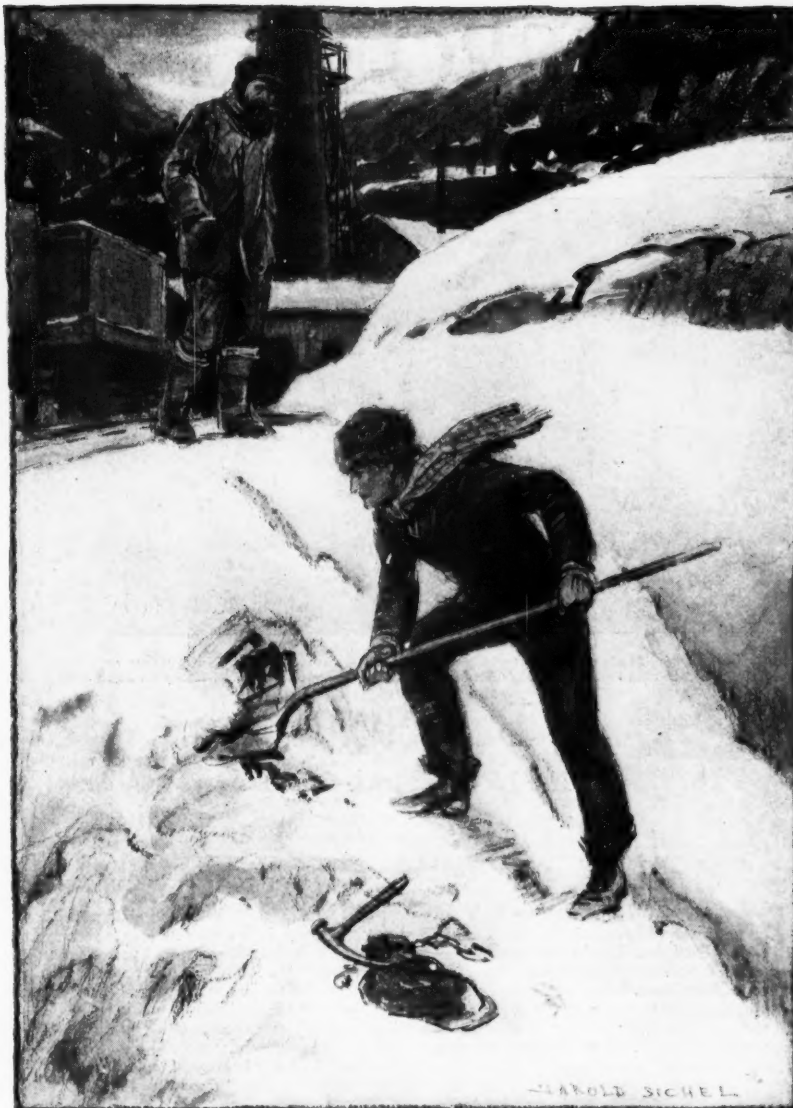
At that time the great iron industries of the United States were still in their infancy, not yet united and consolidated in profitable, all-powerful combines as at present, but consisting of a great number of scattered blast furnaces and forges, wherever ore had been discovered. These small concerns were worked either by local companies or by individual owners, who smelted what they could and sold as the market demanded.

One such isolated furnace was situated in the Adirondack region of northern New York, far up toward Mt. Marcy, and had been operated to some extent by a pioneer of that region, who had labored very hard to make a start with it. He had died suddenly the previous season, however, and his heirs, who lived in Philadelphia, had advertised the mine for sale. In a prospectus that they issued they quoted a price of four hundred thousand dollars.

Industrial iron was high-priced in those years, following the Civil War; but the disadvantages of scattered, private ownership were already apparent, and larger companies were forming. One of these, having headquarters in New York City, had recently secured a charter to operate a number of furnaces in New York State, under a single management.

Millionaires were not then so numerous as they are now, and capital for industrial enterprises, however promising, was not as easily obtained. The principal partner of the new company—Mr. John Bushrod—had property to the value of two hundred thousand dollars, all of which he was willing to invest in the manufacture of iron, and on learning of this furnace and mine for sale in the Adirondacks he employed a well-known professor of mineralogy in one of the state colleges to investigate its value.

The professor journeyed to the place, spent a day or two at the mine, and reported favorably—in effect, that the lode was very extensive, and the ore magnetic iron of unusually high grade. The location, too, he said, was highly advantageous to operation, in every way. The works were so placed that the ore could be brought downhill to the furnace; and, what was of still greater advantage, there was a crag only a hundred feet



Harder Than Pharaoh's Heart

By C. A. Stephens

away, where limerock could be broken out for the flux.

On the strength of the report Mr. Bushrod obtained for himself and his partners an option of thirty days for the purchase of the mine, at the price named above, and he made shift to raise the purchase money. The transaction meant much to him; his all was about to be invested.

IN spite of the professor's report, however, in spite of all that was claimed for the mine, Mr. Bushrod felt vaguely uneasy as to its true value. He said afterwards that he could never quite explain why he felt so. He had made up his mind to buy the mine, yet this vague sense of uneasiness pursued him and kept him awake nights. The option expired on the twenty-eighth of December, and it was now the eighteenth of the month.

He was acquainted with Professor Dana of Yale University, the well-known author of "Dana's Geology," and a day or two later he went to New Haven to talk with him about this Adirondack lode and the prospects of success with it. In fact, he greatly desired to get the venerable professor himself to go and see it.

Professor Dana was interested, but declared that it was inexpedient for him at his age, with his other engagements, to make so long a trip to so bleak a region, at that season of the year.

"It might take me over Christmas," he said. "My other duties make it impossible. But I think I can get you a man to go," he added.

"Who is it?" Mr. Bushrod asked quickly. "I want a very good man."

"Well, it is a young fellow from Maine who has lately been appointed instructor here at the college," Professor Dana explained.

"A young man?" Bushrod questioned doubtfully.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD SICHEL

"Yes; but what he doesn't know about minerals isn't worth knowing," Professor Dana remarked. "He is your man, I think. And I think he would go."

They looked up Addison, and Professor Dana introduced him to Mr. Bushrod. The latter stated the case in detail, and mentioned the usual fee for the services of mining experts at that time—namely, twenty-five dollars a day and expenses.

"I should be glad to go, sir, if I can get excused from my classes," Addison replied. "But, Mr. Bushrod, I have no experience. I have never undertaken anything of that sort in my life. It seems to me, sir, that you ought to have an expert of large experience for this."

"I've had one," Bushrod replied. "I am not satisfied with his report. It may be all right—I hope it is—but I'm afraid of it. I'm afraid he didn't go to the bottom of things up there. You see, I'm risking everything on this deal, and that option expires in eight days. I'm in a corner."

"Now, I want you to go up there and keep an eye to everything you see about that mine," Bushrod went on very earnestly. "Don't take anybody's say-so about it, but test it right down to bed-rock facts, and tell me exactly what you find."

"Well, sir, I'll go. I will start tomorrow morning, if I can get off from my c'ass work," Addison added. "And I will give you my best judgment on it, such as it is."

Professor Dana aided Addison to get leave of absence from the faculty, and he set off next day, taking blowpipe, acids, hammer, and hand drills in a small valise. At the end of the railway, at Irondale, he hired a man and buckboard to drive the remainder of the distance, thirteen miles—and they nearly perished of cold. The weather

was bitterly bleak; the wind blew furiously all the way, with frequent whirling snow squalls, straight off Mt. Marcy, which whitened the hard-frozen ground. But they

rumbled on, and reached the mine at last with their horses nearly done up.

The place was in a rocky valley; and Addison's first glimpse of the tall furnace chimney was through a cloud of swirling snowflakes. They found Matthews, the superintendent of the mine, there. He and his wife lived in a little new cottage near the furnace; and he had three men at work, blasting out limerock.

"Come to look at the mine, have ye? Wal, you're the fourth scientific feller that's bin up here," Matthews said, laughing. "This time I see they've sent a young one." He appeared amused, but he and his wife entertained their guest very hospitably.

After Addison had got thawed out a bit, he began to look around, asking no questions, but listening all the while to the fine accounts Matthews gave of what the mine had previously produced, and what it might do in the future.

"Biggest deposit of iron in this state," Matthews asserted. "And the cheapest-worked. Ore enough out there to keep ten furnaces runnin' a hundred years! And look at that limestone. No long hauls—you can wheel it on wheelbarrows right down to the furnace doors. Wood enough, too, for charcoal right out there within a stone's throw."

Addison, saying nothing, made up his mind that Matthews was for some reason greatly interested in effecting a sale of the mine; but that might be because he hoped to keep his situation as manager under the new owners; for Matthews told him repeatedly that the heirs were "a lot of women-folks" who cared nothing about making iron.

IT was so bitterly cold, and the snow squalls drove so fiercely, that he did not attempt to go to the mine itself that night, where the deposit of ore cropped out from the mountainous side of the valley; but he did so

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 682]

This department of The Youth's Companion is dedicated to all wholesome sports in season and to the upbuilding of true sportsmanship. "Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard!" —THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SPORT

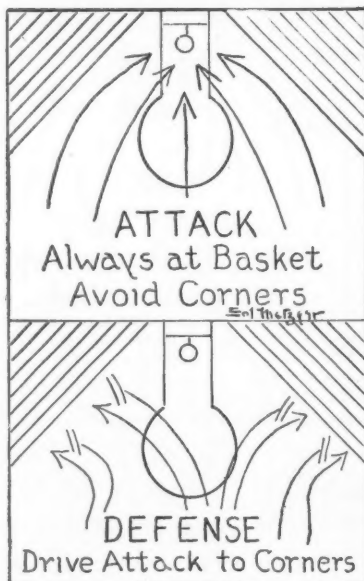
EDITED, UNDER DIRECTION OF OUR SPORT ADVISORY COUNCIL,
BY SOL METZGER

ADVISORY COUNCIL: E. K. Hall, Chairman Football Rules Committee; Julian W. Curtiss, rowing authority and referee; Dr. James E. Naismith, inventor of basketball; Watson Washburn, former Davis Cup tennis player; Robert C. Zuppke, football coach; John T. Doyle, American Sports Publishing Co.



Times Wide World

New York Collegiate Institute versus McAnlis School in the finals of an interscholastic basketball tournament. Note player on defense who is apparently about to guard from rear while offensive player is shooting; if this foul is made, offensive player is awarded two free tries, no matter if goal is made or missed



Attack and Defense

ALTHOUGH there are a dozen different methods of attack in basketball and at least six types of defense, there is one guiding principle to each of these two divisions of the game. All attack is planned so that the final drive is for the basket. No coach has yet succeeded who has planned plays that wind up in the corners of the court, as shots from there are not only more difficult to execute but far easier to block.

The cut-back type of play that Coach Eddie McNichol, of Penn's championship five, has described on this page, the three-lane game so prevalent in Indiana, the short pass and pivot offense that Dr. Meanwell has had so much success with at Wisconsin, the long pass attack of Michigan that swept the Western Conference off its feet a few years ago, all aim to place a man near the basket. Even the long shot game that Coach Norgren perfected with such fine results at Chicago last season winds up with a drive for the basket. In this odd attack the players are instructed to do what nearly every

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 673]

Basketball

The New Cut-back Offense

By Eddie McNichol

Coach of the Championship University of Pennsylvania Team

BASKETBALL is now aligning itself with those sports in which offense is stressed above defense. Baseball and football have achieved far greater popularity by doing this. The attack in baseball has been completely revolutionized from the tight, sacrifice, base-stealing and squeeze type of game to the modern free-hitting style. So basketball, in some sections, completely revolutionized its methods during 1927.

In previous years, the short-pass attack was used. Quick starting and speed of foot were the prime requisites. While the short pass and the pivot or cut attack are still very much in vogue, this style has to a great extent been superseded by a much more open and daring one. The reason is plain. The older style held sway for such a long period that defense caught up and became equally strong as offense. When this happens, in any sport, the result is low scores and uninteresting games.

Realizing that quick starting and speed of foot were no longer invincible, basketball men turned to the quick stop as a remedy for the offense. The results last year were highly successful.

Let me issue a warning that this offense is only one mode of attack, and that to base the whole offense on the quick stop and the cut-back can only result in disaster. The cut-back offense starts when the team has advanced the ball to a point near the center of the court. At this point, one of the attacking team starts a quick cut toward the basket, and the faster he moves the better. About ten feet in front of the basket he comes to a sudden stop, pivots quickly, and cuts back away from the basket to receive a pass from one of his team-mates in mid-court.

Let us see how these movements assist the player in eluding the defense. Assuming that the man-to-man defense is being employed, as the player starts his cut his guard is quite correctly between him and the basket, keeping about three feet away from him. But when the player comes to a quick and unexpected stop, the guard will be carried some five or six feet away, toward the basket. Then, by a quick pivot and

cut-back, the offense player is in good position to receive a pass from a team-mate in mid-court.

This pass can be a direct, speedy pass, a lob or bounce pass. The lob pass requires considerable practice in timing, but when properly executed it is the most effective to use in this particular play. The other styles may also be used. At this point the cut-back ends, and the complete play may combine with it any one of several well-known offensive plays. The most effective is the foul-line pivot play.

To execute this play, No. 1 makes a quick cut toward the basket, until he reaches a point just in front of it, where he pivots and cuts back to the foul-line, receiving a pass from No. 2. Player No. 3 cuts to the left of No. 1, taking a short underhand pass from him and causing the guard to block himself by running into No. 1. Thus freed, No. 3 dribbles under the basket for a shot.

The pivot play, of course, is not new. But its combination with the cut-back has made a new offense which proved its strength last year. Some of the Penn players nicknamed it the "Black-bottom" play, from the similarity of its steps and those of the dance. Notre Dame used a modification of this play in which the cut-back was used at all points in offensive territory. This presented the smoothest and most effective offense I saw last season.

Some will question the effectiveness of this play when the zone defense, or "three and two" defense, is used instead of the man to man. But slight modifications will result in a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 673]

1928 Football Review

ATTACK, attack, attack! That has been the keynote of football this past fall. Teams that hitherto depended greatly upon a strong defense and a victory by means of a "break" in the nature of an error or fumble by their opponents went on a rampage when they had the ball.

To this end more time and attention than in a decade was given to such old-time fundamentals as blocking in the line and interference. Likewise the forward-passing game was stressed more than hitherto, because coaches found here a weapon that, if it did not gain in itself, at least served the fine purpose of aiding their running plays.

Noticeable throughout the season was a freer use of the forward pass in a team's own territory. It used to be an axiom of the game that, if a quarterback called for a forward pass from behind his 40-yard line, he was benched. This fall such plays were common, even in big games. Pennsylvania scored its first touchdown in one game in this way, from its own 30-yard line.

Princeton was addicted to such tactics in several big encounters, and California played the pass from anywhere on the field.

It has been found that long forward passes from near one's own goal-line, when the receivers are accompanied down field by ineligible line-men, are fully as effective as punts, and decidedly a better play, because the team throwing them has a fine chance of catching them and thus getting the ball some 40 yards up the field, due to the unexpectedness of the play. A punt of similar length surrenders the ball to the opponents.

On account of strict enforcement of the rule that makes a team shifting come to a full stop before the play is started many leading eleven's, including Harvard, abandoned the huddle as of no further value. The huddle principle was fine, as it did enable big teams in big games to hear the signals. But the rub came from the fact that everyone in the huddle was "horning in" on running the team by suggesting plays to the quarterback. Nothing upsets team morale more than this meddling with generalship. No coach could really figure out what type of field general he

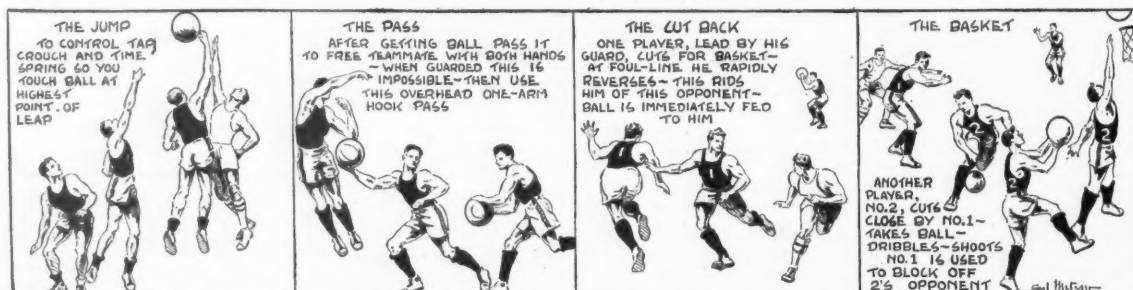
had under this system. As in everything else in this world, a leader must direct a football team. Better results are bound to follow when this is the plan.

The advanced principle of attack this past fall came from a more open formation than hitherto. Teams like Stanford, Pittsburgh, Illinois and Lafayette, to mention only a few, employed a semi-punt formation for carrying the ball, the fullback lining up from six to eight yards back of the scrimmage line. When this was done two wing backs were used, each lining up about a yard and a half back of the line and just outside the defensive tackles. All

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Dr. James E. Naismith, the "Father of Basketball," with the original peach-basket goal used when he invented the game in 1891



How Two Boys Won a Life Career

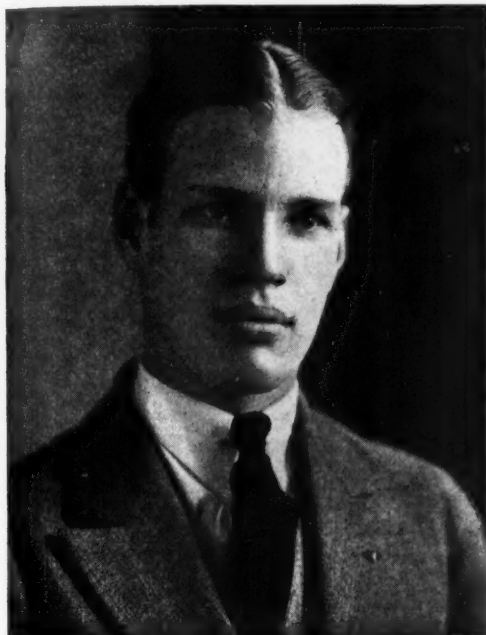


Photo by Notman Studio

Rodney D. Chipp, Jr.

THIS is the story of how two boys seized a chance and made a career from it. It is the story of how the Y. C. Lab, whose proceedings are published in *The Youth's Companion* every month and followed by many thousands of people, offered scholarships to two ambitious, hard-working and industrious boys, and how the winners fought their way to national recognition and a full reward. It is a story that should prove an inspiration to youth, and a magnificent encouragement to those who, like the editors of this magazine, believe in youth.

We need a bit of historical background to see the full significance of what has happened. In the first place, what is the Y. C. Lab, and what place does it hold in the eyes of present-day young people? Most of you know, but those who do will forgive me for talking for a moment for the benefit of those who do not.

The Y. C. Lab was founded in October, 1925, to give all boys, everywhere, the opportunity of combining recreation with worth-while accomplishment. Its aim was to be helpful and inspiring to every boy who had a serious interest in science, engineering or construction in any of its branches.

In order that a junior engineering society might have the necessary scientific authority to give it proper weight, it was necessary that it ally itself with some institution known and respected the world over. Fortunately, the officers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology were quick to recognize the value of the idea that lay back of the Y. C. Lab, and were quick to offer help and encouragement. From the staff of this institution the new society

drew most of its Councilors, men like Professors Louis H. Young and John K. Phelan, physics, Arthur L. Townsend,

There is inspiration for you in this story of success

By *Eric Hodgins, S. B.*

DIRECTOR, Y. C. LAB

mechanical engineering, F. Alexander Magoun, naval architecture, Stephen G. Simpson, chemistry, and James K. Clapp, radio engineering, all of whom serve it still today.

With these Councilors and with a Board of Governors that includes such illustrious scientists as Marion Eppley, Ph.D., winner of the Franklin Medal, and with a newly created experimental laboratory built in Wollaston, Mass., by boys engaged to test all manner of projects, commercial products, and so on, the Lab was ready to open its doors to the great potential membership of boys who had never had any way to share their scientific interest with older men who could be helpful to them. Accordingly, the Lab presented its prospectus and invited interested boys to membership.

The response was immediate and enthusiastic. During the first six months 2,800 boys applied for membership. Their projects were carefully examined by Director and Councilors, and those found worthy were accepted in the grade of Associate Membership. Swiftly the number rose; in October, 1926, the number of applicants was 6,719; in April, 1927, 11,377; in October, 1927, 13,337; in April, 1928, 14,867; in October, 1928, 16,443. Meanwhile, the grades of Member and Fellow had been created, and Associate Members qualified by examples of ingenuity, skill and diligence above the average were promoted to higher grades.



Photo by Notman Studio

Elwood W. Schafer

3. By a series of tests and researches by its Councilors, it has set up a list of standard, approved products indicating reputable merchandise, and thus protecting the Members against shoddy or unsatisfactory wares.

4. It has presented, in every issue of *The Companion*, a series of regular awards of cash, tools and other valuable commodities, to reward outstanding work done by its Members.

The Governors of the society, however, felt that still more valuable awards should be made to the most gifted boys of all—something that would truly reflect the importance of a society unique in character and purpose. In November, 1926, after a careful study of all the Members at that time, Albert J. Bird, of Somerville, Mass., was advanced to the grade of Fellow and given a scholarship at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. So much appreciated was this award, and so successfully did Bird pursue his studies, that it was decided in November, 1927, to make an annual award of this kind.

To the "best discoverable boy"—the most gifted junior scientist in America—the Y. C. Lab offered a four-year scholarship at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This announcement appeared in the newspapers on February 20, 1928. The search for "a junior Edison" caught the public fancy in hundreds of cities and towns, and a flood of inquiries came to Lab headquarters.

The importance of the competition, and the far-reaching effects it was sure to have on the life of the successful boy, made it necessary to proceed with caution in setting up the machinery through which the decision would be made. The Governors of the Y. C. Lab invited Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, Sc.D., Ph.D., LL.D., President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to act as chairman of a committee to be composed of illustrious

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 677]



A view of the Great Court of Massachusetts Institute of Technology

What the Y. C. Lab Offered

The Y. C. Lab has done four things for its membership:

1. It has offered to all Members the opportunity to secure accurate scientific information on any question in science and engineering free, merely by addressing headquarters. The Councilor best fitted by training and experience made prompt reply, even when, as often, questions required many hours of research and could perhaps only be answered by means of complicated diagrams.

2. It has published, in every issue of *The Companion*, some stimulating project, created by a more mature mind, with specific directions to all Members how to construct or design it, and often how to market the resulting creations.



Doctor Stratton



Doctor Jewett



Mr. Lee



Mr. Litchfield



Mr. Swope



Mr. Lovejoy



Mr. Nickerson

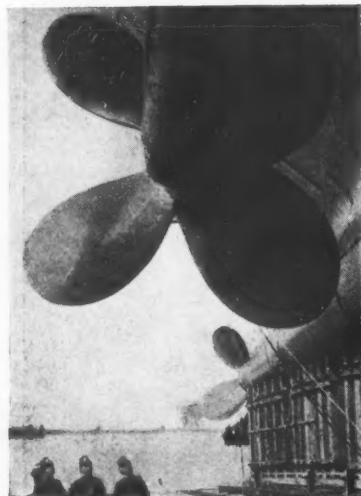


Secretary Warner

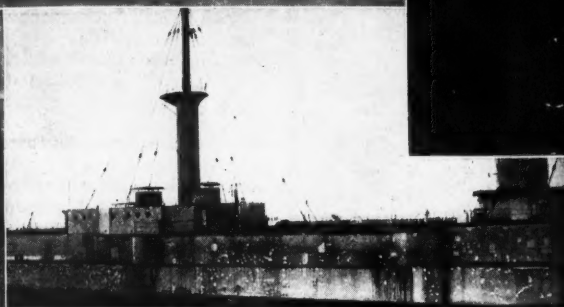
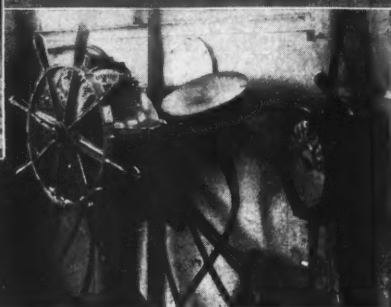
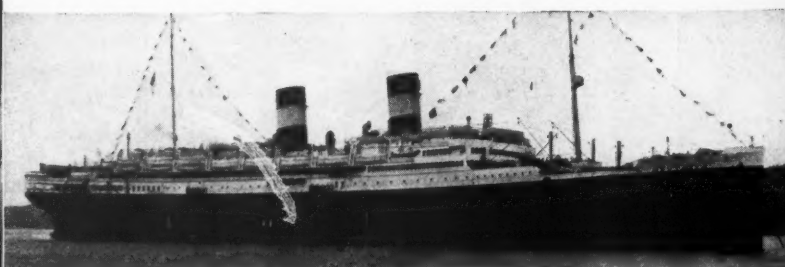
The Chairman and most of the members of the Committee of illustrious scientists and engineers who chose the winners in *The Youth's Companion's* four-year scholarship competition



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



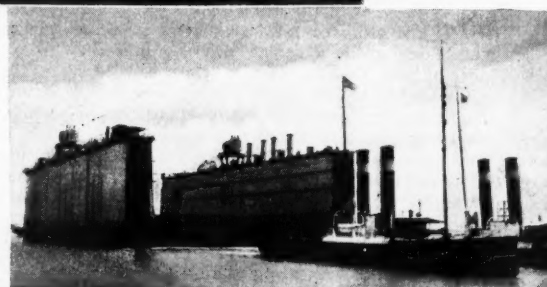
CONTRAST the diminutive size of the men in the photograph above with one of the enormous propellers of the new transatlantic liner Bremen.



ABOVE, M. Tomita, chief engineer of a Japanese liner, who has developed apparatus, like a doctor's stethoscope, for studying ills of marine machinery.



AT the very top of the page you see the largest motor ship of its type in the world. It is the Italian liner Augustus, which has likewise the distinction of being the largest ship flying the Italian flag. Like so many modern craft, she is not driven by steam, but, instead, by internal-combustion engines called Diesels, after their inventor. They burn a heavy crude oil—a cheap fuel. Unlike its cousin the gasoline engine, the Diesel engine has no electrical ignition system. It must be started by an auxiliary, and once in motion the "heat of compression" is sufficient, during every cycle, to ignite the fresh oil and cause a new explosion. (Photo by Underwood & Underwood)



ABOVE, the control ship for the new "phantom warship" developed in Germany. By means of radio impulses sent out from the antennae of this ship, it has been found possible to send a destroyer through the most complicated naval maneuvers without a man on her decks. Radio waves from this control ship not only control the bridge and engine-room, but can cause the crewless destroyer to fire her guns, lay smoke screens, and so on. Above and to the right is the bridge of the phantom, and still farther to the right is the phantom herself (Photos by Underwood & Underwood)

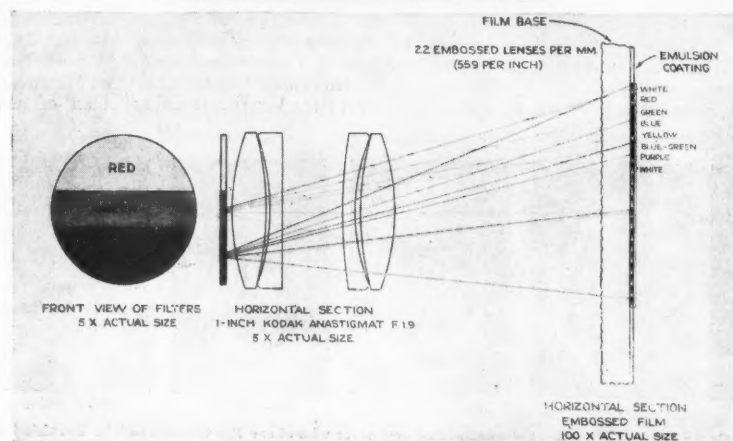


Now Home Moving Pictures Are Possible in Color

Another Brilliant Discovery Benefits the Amateur Photographer

THE discoveries of the Eastman Kodak Research Laboratories, under the direction of Doctor C. E. K. Mees, now make it possible for the amateur movie photographer to take films in natural color. To his equipment he need only add a color filter in front of the lens and thread his camera with what is known as Kodacolor film. The diagram below gives some idea of what happens to the light rays when they pass through the color filter and the lenses. The filter is composed of horizontal strips of red, green, and blue. Only red light gets through the red section, only green light

through the green, and only blue light through the blue. Once the rays of light have been through this preliminary sorting, they strike the special film which has embossed on one surface thousands of tiny lenses. These lenses guide the rays falling upon each tiny area of the film and lay them on a sensitive emulsion in an orderly fashion as three distinct impressions at any one spot. Projection is merely a reversal of the process by which the picture is taken. The photograph at the left shows Doctor Mees holding a Cinekodak camera and (inset) the simple three-color filter.

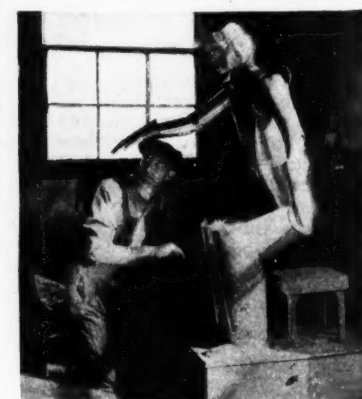


Inventing a Wave Turbine

Designed to Furnish a City With Power

SHOWN above is George E. Faucher with the model of a machine which he would like to see built like a pier a thousand feet long, extending into the ocean. His theory is that as waves roll in they will be split by the wedge-like shape of the machine and operate two series of turbines on either side. High or low tide, the inventor claims, would make no difference in the operation of the turbines. The storing of the electrical energy that might be so developed would require the largest storage battery ever built. The machine is at present much more a theory than a practicality, and has not progressed beyond the model stage. (Photo by Wide World)

ABOVE, one of the most spectacular achievements of modern marine engineering—part of the huge Singapore floating dry-dock, which, although few people know it, is a joint enterprise completed by Great Britain and the United States. It is 855 feet long, 175 feet broad, and was towed by Dutch tugs in two sections through the Suez Canal to its final quarters, 8500 miles away from the River Tyne, where it was constructed. The dock will form one of the most important adjuncts to the great British naval base at Singapore. (Photo by Wide World)



A New Mechanical Man

An Inventor Works on His Robot

A MECHANICAL man able to move its hands, sit down, stand up, and speak is the latest novelty which has thrilled London. The photograph above shows Captain Richards, the inventor, at work on his model. Motors operate the man—who has been seen on London streets in company with his designer. A radio loud speaker supplies the voice, and those who have heard it testify to the uncanny effect which it produces. Readers will be interested to compare this mechanical man with still another one designed by an American engineer and published on the March of Science page for June, 1928. (Photo by Wide World)

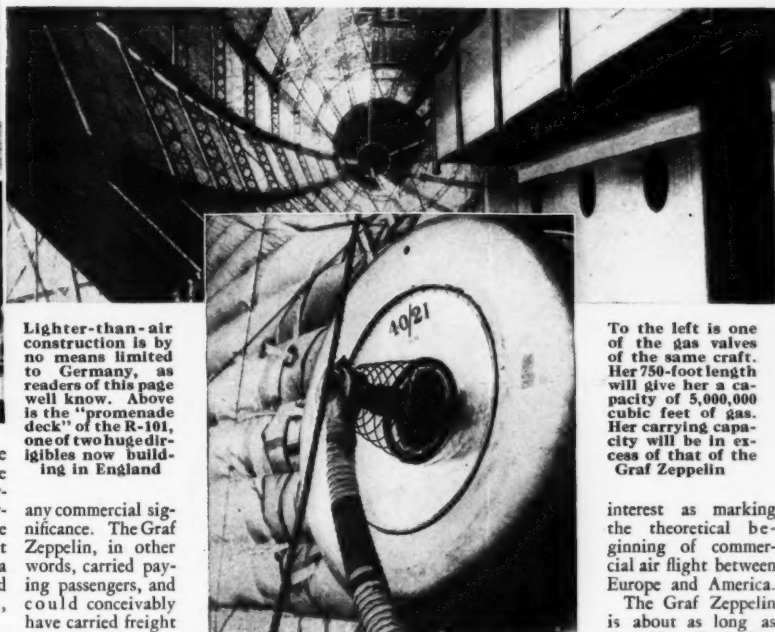
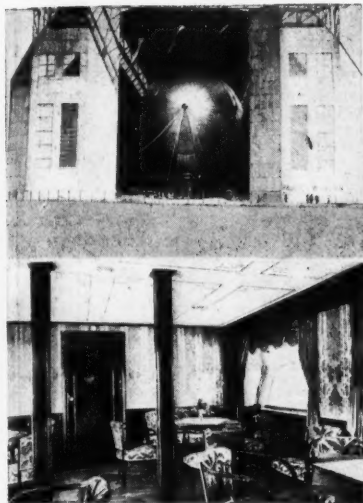


THE NEWS OF THE AIR



Homage to the "Graf Zeppelin"

Striking Views of the Dirigible That Made a Transatlantic Flight



Lighter-than-air construction is by no means limited to Germany, as readers of this page well know. Above is the "promenade deck" of the R-101, one of two huge dirigibles now building in England.

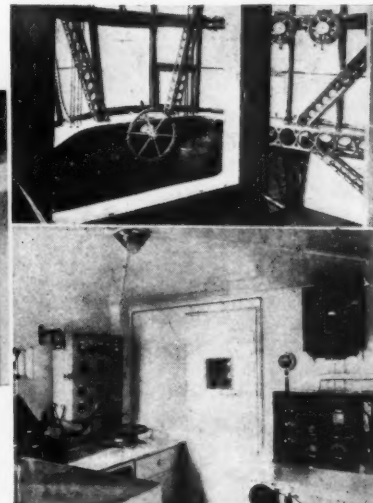
MONTH by month Companion readers have followed on this page the story of the slow, careful, methodical building of the dirigible, Graf Zeppelin, at Friedrichshafen, Germany. There were few who did not rejoice when the newspapers of October 15 brought them the news that this great ship, after a crossing which revealed many unexpected hazards, had finally arrived at Lakehurst, N. J., 111 hours after leaving her native land.

This of course was not the first transoceanic flight of lighter-than-air craft. The American dirigible Los Angeles, built in Germany as part of the war reparations, was piloted across the Atlantic by a German commander in 1924. But this is the first time that any ship of the air has made a crossing to which experts attach

any commercial significance. The Graf Zeppelin, in other words, carried paying passengers, and could conceivably have carried freight as well. It is true that for a ship so huge and so expensive her capacity was very small—her passenger list was limited to sixty—and that the expense—\$3000—to each person for the passage was excessive. None the less, experts in aerial transportation viewed the crossing with extreme

To the left is one of the gas valves of the same craft. Her 750-foot length will give her a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Her carrying capacity will be in excess of that of the Graf Zeppelin.

interest as marking the theoretical beginning of commercial air flight between Europe and America. The Graf Zeppelin is about as long as three New York City blocks, and as high as a ten-story building. Roughly speaking, its dimensions are those of the steamship Leviathan, yet instead of weighing 60,000 tons it weighs less than so much air! This comparison should give you some idea of the problem of navigating it.



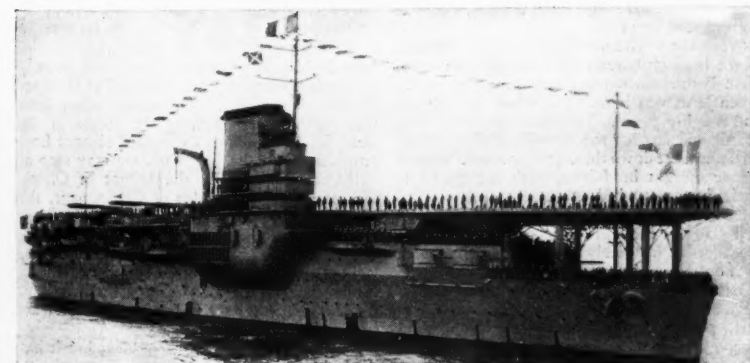
Some idea of the elaborateness of the fittings of the Graf Zeppelin may be obtained by a glance at the photographs above. The top one in the left-hand column shows the dirigible herself about to be towed from her hangar. Below that is the "grand salon," the room which passengers used as a gathering place during the voyage. At the top of the extreme right-hand column is the control room of the ship, from which Dr. Hugo Eckener—designer of the ship as well as leader of the expedition—issued the orders which brought the Graf Zeppelin safely to port after her 6000-mile journey; below that, the radio room, around which centered so much criticism and speculation while the voyage was in progress. (Photos by International)

France's Floating Airfield on Review

A Photograph Taken during Recent Naval Maneuvers

BELOW is a striking photograph of the naval aircraft-carrier Bearn, one of the most recent additions to the French Navy. The Bearn is of construction in some ways even more radical than our Lexington or Saratoga, or than the Eagle or Hermes of the British Navy. Not only is all her superstructure on the extreme starboard

beam, but the funnel and bridge work are built, as you will see, on a platform which projects from the starboard side of the hull. Consequently, they take no deck space whatever, and planes have unobstructed use of the flight deck across the entire beam of the ship. The flight deck is six hundred feet long. (Photo by Wide World)



Photography's Aid

A Sextant Camera for Commander Byrd

STILL another piece of scientific apparatus which Commander Richard E. Byrd took with him, when he left two months ago on his expedition into the Antarctic wastes, was a sextant camera—a wholly new photographic development. The photograph at the right shows Commander M. R. Pierce, U. S. N., holding such a camera, which is his own invention. The construction of the camera was undertaken, from Commander Pierce's specifications, by the Eastman Kodak Company. The value of the camera is as an aid to navigation. It photographs an accurate reading of the sun in relation to the horizon merely by the operation of a lever, and thus the operator can obtain an exact record of his position on the earth's surface, whether in a plane or on the ground, at the instant in which he took the picture. Small lamps inside the camera supply light by which the image of a watch face, an artificial horizon and a level bubble are also photographed on the film, and the navigator, by properly interpreting the relation of all the necessary elements, can determine his exact position.



An Air Yacht Is the Latest Luxury

This Is the Interior of the "Pegasus"

THE view below gives you a graphic idea of how far in the direction of comfort and luxury airplane design has already gone. It shows the cabin of the twin-motored Sikorsky amphibian Pegasus, owned by John Hay Whit-

ney. You might be gazing down the length of some luxurious private railroad car, so spacious does this cabin seem. Who could believe that it was only twenty-five years ago that the first power machine flew? (Photo by Wide World)



The Autogyro

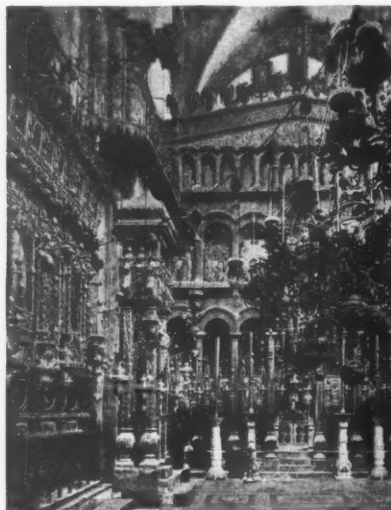
A Revolutionary Design?

TO the left is a view of the already famous autogyro, which made aeronautical history not long ago when its Spanish inventor, Juan de la Cierva, flew it successfully from Croydon, England, across the English Channel to Le Bourget Field in France. It thus demonstrated itself the first practically successful machine ever built for air flight which utilized the helicopter principle. The most obvious feature in which the autogyro differs from standard airplane practice is the large propeller, or screw, which revolves in a plane parallel to the ground, and which aids in holding the plane in the air, despite an almost ridiculously small wing surface. The autogyro, on its first public test flight, was able to effect a safe landing at a speed no higher than fifteen miles per hour a most impressive demonstration. (Photo by Wide World)





MISCELLANY



Ewing Galloway

Above, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem. Below, the probable site of the Crucifixion, at Calvary, near Jerusalem. At right a street in modern Bethlehem.

THE Christmas bells that ring around the world are not silent in Palestine, where Christmas began. If we live long enough to enjoy many Christmas celebrations, we may have opportunity to cross the ocean and spend one Christmas among the hills that echoed the songs of the angels, and to mingle with the people whose habits of life are but little changed from those that prevailed when Jesus was born. To make a Christmas journey to Bethlehem is to paint upon the walls of memory a series of pictures that come vividly back to mind with each recurring Christmas.

Modern Bethlehem is a busy and rather attractive little city, only five miles from Jerusalem and easily reached in twenty minutes from a Jerusalem hotel, by means of an American automobile. Christmas morning finds the little city in festive attire. Bethlehem is a Christian city. The town of Hebron, not far from Bethlehem, is Moslem, and so is Nablous, not very far from Nazareth. It gratifies the visitor from America to discover that Bethlehem and Nazareth are cleaner cities than their Moslem neighbors, and that the people are better-dressed, more prosperous and more intelligent than those in the near-by Moslem towns.

In front of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is a long, open space, remarkably well adapted to religious processions. No such area lies in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre or of any other of the noted ancient churches of Palestine. We are fortunate if we arrive in Bethlehem in time to witness the Christmas procession as it makes its way toward the Church of the Nativity.

Considered simply as a building, the Church of the Nativity is one of the oldest churches in the Christian world. Its site was discovered by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the fourth Christian century. Its identification is based upon a tradition, which was venerable even in her day, that the cave stable



Ewing Galloway

In the Land Where Christmas Began

By William E. Barton, D.D.

eroded from the limestone rock, in the rear of the ancient inn, was the birthplace of Jesus. Very few of the sacred spots in Palestine appear to be so reasonably identified.

The front door is so low that we have to stoop to enter. It is said that it was so constructed in order that, if the church should ever be captured in time of war, no conqueror could enter it on horseback. The procession enters with us, chanting and intoning strange music. We make our way directly to the front and to a stairway on the right that leads down directly under the high altar. There among lamps that burn day and night we find the manger in the limestone rock. In the stone floor is a brass star with the Latin words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The chapel under the altar is not very large. Into it files a procession of native boys, descending the stairs which we have just trodden.

We shall not understand the words of the service. It is mainly musical. The boys are singing. The songs are strange to us, but there is something thrillingly appropriate in the sound of children's voices singing on Christmas morning in the stable where Jesus was born.

These black-haired, black-eyed children are singing Christmas songs, songs of Jesus, who was born in that very cave.

When the service is ended we walk the streets of the little city, away from the central square. Here Bethlehem appears very nearly as it did when Jesus was born. The streets are narrow and roughly paved. Turbaned men, with long beards and flowing robes, walk in dignity and without haste down these little avenues. Women whose upright head-dress, with the money of their dowry stitched to the front, is covered with the flowing and embroidered Bethlehem veil stand in the narrow doorways. Donkeys, loaded with incredibly huge bundles, or ridden by boys or men larger than the sturdy little beasts, have equal rights with pedestrians in the narrow highways. Along such streets as this, perhaps along this very street, passed Joseph and Mary, when Joseph was seeking, without success, a lodging for the night. Bethlehem gave a grudging and inhospitable welcome to Jesus when he was born. It celebrates his birthday now with festivity and good cheer.

The roads of Palestine have improved greatly since the World War ended. One may return



Publishers Photo Service

Above, the Garden of Gethsemane, with its ancient olive trees. Below, Bethlehem on Christmas Eve; a procession leaving the Church of the Nativity on its way through the city.

from Bethlehem to Jerusalem and after an early luncheon descend the winding road to the river Jordan, visiting that rapid stream where Jesus was baptized and skirting the shores of the Dead Sea, with no very extended absence from Jerusalem. On the way back we may stop at Bethlehem and ascend the Mount of Olives. We may visit the Garden of Gethsemane, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the New Calvary, outside the city walls, and our whole sight-seeing program, including Bethlehem, Jordan and Jerusalem, may be accomplished before the end of the short Christmas day. Another day will take us comfortably to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee.

It is, on the whole, a happy day, but it has inevitable solemnity. We may not forget the inhospitality of Bethlehem when Jesus was born, nor the cruel obstinacy of Jerusalem which sent him to the Cross. We may not forget that all the elements that mingle sadness with the Christmas story still exist in human life. Nevertheless, Christmas in Palestine, and Christmas around the world, is a day of joy. It is a day on which earth hears again the songs of the angels with God's message of peace on earth and good-will toward men.

If Christmas may not bring all the world to Bethlehem, it may and very nearly does bring Bethlehem to all the world. Once a year, not only from the pulpit and the choir loft but from deeply piled counters laden with merchandise intended to be sold to those who intend not to keep but to give it, from doors that bear holly wreaths and windows aglow with candles, from happy voices resonant with good-will, the song of Bethlehem resounds in the streets of our modern life. In spirit we are able to say with the shepherds, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem"; but Bethlehem and the Christ who was born there come now again to us. We, no less than ancient Bethlehem, have opportunity to discover whether we have room for Him.



A scene along the River Jordan, where Christ was baptized by John the Baptist



MISCELLANY



Insomnia

The Companion's Medical Editorial

INSOMNIA is a big subject, with many types, and many causes behind the types. It may be, and often is, the accompaniment of some acute illness, such as pneumonia or typhoid fever. It may, in such cases, prove intractable and may turn the scale against the patient, but nevertheless it is well understood to be part of the general disorder; there is no mystery about it, and it must simply be handled as one among many other complications. But there are many types which are not so simple, which baffle from their apparent causelessness, and which attack the young, the happy and the seemingly well.

Sometimes a fit of indigestion, or a slight shock, or some unwonted excitement late in the day, will bring a sleepless or nearly sleepless night to an otherwise good sleeper; but this is not what is meant by "insomnia." Sporadic attacks of lying awake are not to be dignified with this title; insomnia is emphatically a habit, and there is an insomnia of childhood, and of middle life, and of old age.

The first thing to do is to hunt for a possible cause. The last thing to do is to treat insomnia with drugs given to produce sleep. In the young, and especially in very little children and infants, the cause is often overexcitement at or just before bedtime. In young people this excitement often comes through a nervous application to the next day's lessons, and a good rule in any family would be "no lessons after supper." In younger children that gay nursery romp that is as fascinating to them as to their elders is very apt to be the enemy. The result is exactly the same, whether it is play or lessons—the brain is irritated just when it should be soothed, and sleeplessness ensues.

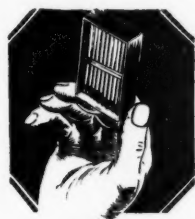
In middle life the trouble may mean that organic changes are beginning. That is the time when our bills begin to come in for all the physical mistakes we have made, and business carried into the evening hours will do for the man of fifty just what the romping did at five, or the lessons at fifteen. But after all is said there still remain the really baffling cases of people who cannot sleep normally. These are the people who must work patiently with natural remedies, and avoid drugs. A hot bath at bedtime, with a glass of hot water or milk sipped slowly, a hot bottle to the feet—anything that will draw the blood from the brain—will help, and then patience, and more patience. It takes a lot of insomnia to kill an otherwise healthy person.

Mysterious Matches

The Best Trick of the Month

EVERY trick has two sides—one which is seen by the spectators, and the other which is known to the magician. Sometimes tricks which appear to be the same are accomplished by entirely different methods; on the contrary, the same secret may be used to perform two tricks which seem to have nothing in common.

Here are two tricks which depend upon the same secret. They should not be shown on the same occasion, but should be reserved for separate impromptu performances.



In the first trick, the magician picks up a match-box and shakes it. He hears nothing, so he turns the box over and removes the drawer, holding it upside down. Nothing drops out. The drawer is

empty. So the magician at once puts the drawer back into the box.

A moment later he opens the box again and shows that the drawer is now filled with matches!

The secret is a *broken match*! It is wedged across the center of the drawer (from which a dozen matches have been removed), and it holds the matches tightly in position.

The box may be shaken; the drawer may be removed upside down; but no sound will be heard nor will any matches fall. This proves logically that the box is empty.

The drawer is replaced, and when it is reopened the matches come in view. At this point, the drawer should be opened just a little, so as not to expose the wedged broken match. As he



Photo by André Rossetti, from Asia

Two extraordinary pieces of sculpture from temples on the island of Bali. The one on the right seems to be the representation of a very modern hold-up

opens the drawer entirely, the magician must turn it toward himself, which gives him a chance to push the wedged match out of position. The matches may then be poured upon the table.

The second trick appears to be entirely different. In this case, the magician opens a box of matches part way and shows it filled with matches. He removes the drawer upside down, but because of his wonderful "power of magnetism," the matches do not fall from the drawer!

Then the magician commands the matches to drop. Released from "magnetic control," they fall upon the table, and the box is passed for examination!

Once again the wedged match does the trick. It is not exposed when the box is opened part way. When the drawer is removed upside down, the matches do not fall. They seem, indeed, to be magnetized.

When he wishes the matches to drop, the performer either squeezes the sides of the drawer or slips his forefinger beneath it, pushing out the wedged match. If either of these actions is carefully performed, the matches will suddenly fall to the table, burying the broken match beneath them. Then the box may be examined. That is where suspicion lies. No one ever thinks of examining the matches!

It is not advisable to present these tricks at the same time, because the magnetized matches will show that the action of turning the drawer upside down is not sufficient proof that the drawer contains no matches.

About Books

How Much Do You Remember?

HERE are a number of questions about books. All of them are books that young people enjoy reading; many of them are books written especially for them. They are all first-rate books, too; some of them are "classics" that will delight successive generations of readers as long as our language exists. We hope you have read them all and can answer all the questions. If you find among them books you have not yet opened, take it as a suggestion to get them and read them at the first opportunity. You will find them all worth while. The answers are on page 671.

1. What were the names of "The Three Musketeers"?
2. In what book is Long John Silver a character?
3. What boy in "David Copperfield" used to draw skeletons all over his school books?
4. What are the names of the two friends of Stalky in "Stalky & Co."?
5. Who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast"?
6. Who was the knight who cast King Arthur's sword into the lake?
7. Who wrote "The Skeleton in Armor"?
8. What were the names of the "Little Women"?
9. In what book does Indian Joe appear?
10. Who wrote "Penrod and Sam"?
11. In what book does Salvation Yeo appear, and who wrote the book?
12. In what book does Captain Nemo appear?
13. What was the real name of the Leatherstocking?
14. Who wrote "Tom Brown's Schooldays"?
15. When Huckleberry Finn was dressed as a girl, how did the old woman prove that he was a boy?
16. Who wrote "The Halfback"?
17. What was the name of Mr. Pickwick's

servant in "Pickwick Papers"?

18. What was the name of the king against whose soldiers Horatius defended the bridge at Rome in Macaulay's poem?

19. Who wrote "Kidnapped"?

20. What was the name of the "baby-talk girl" in "Seventeen"?

mense waves, which wiped out four seaside villages.

The whole group of islands known under the collective name of Hawaii are of volcanic origin, and dead craters are common on all of them. The island of Hawaii is probably the most recent, since volcanoes are still in action there. Those to the westward have apparently been dead for long periods of time, since soil has formed from the disintegration of the rocks, and their contours have been altered by the long-continued erosion of the weather.

Bas-Reliefs in Bali

Modernity's Influence on an Ancient Art

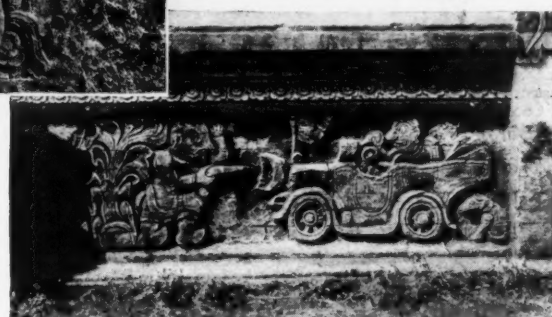
BALI is an island of the East Indies, near Java. The Balinese natives, like all those of the Far East, are very superstitious and spend a great deal of time and effort on their temples and other religious buildings. In

other parts of the East Indies and on the Asiatic mainland hard and enduring rock is available for building. In Bali, however, there is only a very soft sandstone known as "parras," which is quickly eroded by time and weather.

Because of this the Balinese temples are constantly being rebuilt and remodeled. Elsewhere the secret of fine carving and temple building has generally been lost. The great monuments of Indo-China, such as the Angkor Vat, probably the greatest building of Asiatic antiquity, could never be replaced today. The craftsmen who built it are dead, and their descendants have lost the ancestral secrets. But in Bali the temples do not last long enough for generations to elapse between one building and its successors and the art of carving and embellishing them has therefore flourished continuously.

This has resulted, in a land becoming more and more familiar with tourists and their importations from the Western world, in many strange things. Among the strangest are the carvings from which the photographs you see above were taken. The one at the top was found in a temple at Djagaraja, and the other at Kubutambahan, both in the northern part of the country. The old gentleman on the bicycle, with a foreign toupee on his head and a siren on his bicycle, was doubtless created by some craftsman who had seen the machine in one of the larger towns. Note that the sprockets on the rear wheel are so arranged that the bicycle could only be driven in a backward direction. The lower picture is apparently a hold-up, possibly taken from some moving-picture. The occupants of the car appear to be devils.

What significance these modern themes can have in the temples of an ancient faith is impossible for the Occidental to fathom.



21. In what book do Rebecca and Rowena appear? Who wrote the book?

22. What were the names of the four boys in "Swiss Family Robinson"?

23. What were the names of the "Soldiers Three," and who wrote the book?

24. In what book is the poem of the Walrus and the Carpenter?

25. Who wrote "Heidi"?

26. In what book does "my man Friday" appear?

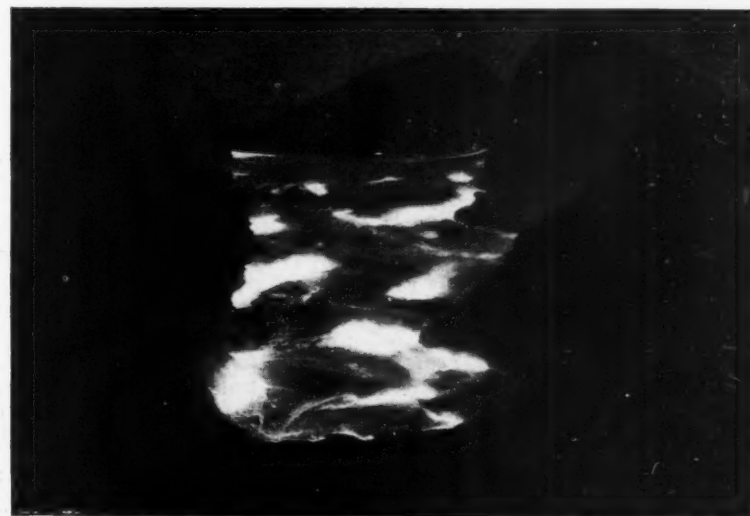
A Sea of Flame

The Everlasting Fires of Kilauea

THE startling picture at the bottom of this page was taken at night in the crater of Kilauea, on the slopes of Mauna Loa, the greatest active volcano in the world, on the island of Hawaii. The crater crowning the summit of Mauna Loa, Mokuawewe, is one of the highest in the world, but Kilauea is by all odds the largest, being eight miles in circumference. The Hawaiian name for the fire pit of Kilauea is Halemaumau, which means the house of everlasting fire.

The surface of this immense lake full of seething lava is sometimes almost level with its shores, and at other times a thousand feet or more below them. Fiery cracks run along the lava crust, bursting continually into great jets of flame and liquid lava.

Mauna Loa, in addition to being the largest of all known volcanoes, is probably the most active. The first recorded eruption was in 1832, fifty-four years after the Hawaiian Islands were discovered by Captain James Cook. Since then there have been eleven major eruptions, three of which were accompanied by severe earthquakes. One of them, the eruption of 1868, caused im-



Ewing Galloway

Halemaumau, the house of everlasting fire, in the crater of Kilauea, on the slopes of the Hawaiian volcano of Mauna Loa. The light patches are the fire and liquid lava escaping from cracks in the surface



FACT and COMMENT



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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APPARENTLY it is always easier to fly from west to east than the other way about. That is certainly true across the Atlantic; and in the non-stop flight race from New York to Los Angeles not one of the eight flyers got across without having to descend. Yet only a few weeks before Goebel easily flew from Los Angeles to New York in only nineteen hours.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who has reached the age of eighty-seven years, is the oldest man who ever sat on the United States Supreme Bench. But no man ever wore the black gown of judge who showed less trace of age in his mental processes. What a pity it would have been if any law had required him to retire ten or fifteen years ago!

THE BLACK CAT has struck a hard blow at superstition. One of that color stowed away on the fishing schooner Clifton lately. The crew called it bad luck and wanted to throw the cat overboard, but the captain refused. One day pussy climbed up the rigging into the crow's nest. The captain followed, to bring him down. Looking into the water from aloft, he saw a huge school of bluefish alongside. The dories were ordered out, and four hundred barrels of fish were taken. The black cat can make his home on board the Clifton as long as he likes.

The Autogyro

ACCORDING to reports from Paris, the Spaniard de la Cierva has invented a flying-machine that does some of the things that the helicopter—which is not yet practical—is supposed to do. The helicopter idea is founded on a propeller, revolved by an engine, which lifts the aircraft instead of driving it forward. In theory this should permit the craft to rise straight up from the ground without any "run," and to descend from the air also in an approximately straight drop.

Señor de la Cierva's plane—for it is a plane in principle—has no horizontal engine-driven propeller, but it has four lifting wings that are turned about by the air from the main propeller—somewhat as a windmill is turned. These wings do help to lift the autogyro, to sustain it in the air even when it is not in forward motion, and to make it descend, "like a thistle-down in a breeze," according to one enthusiastic reporter. If this is true about a machine still frankly experimental, it is fair to hope that improvements will make it still more practical. One British air expert says openly that the autogyro is the most remarkable advance in aviation since the Wrights flew at Kitty Hawk a quarter of a century ago.

De la Cierva has in mind a machine that will run along the road or mount into the air as the driver pleases. His plane would need no landing field; it could come down on a roof or a road if necessary. The inventor thinks he can develop such a machine to cost no more than a medium-priced automobile. It will be interesting to see whether he succeeds.

More Blessed to Give

WHAT does Christmas mean to you? You will get a person's measure by asking this question. One will tell you that it's the day when we all get a lot of presents. Another, that it is a big national holiday, with another one coming in seven days. A third will tell you that it's a chance to stop working and have a good rest.

Yes, Christmas is all these things. But it is far more. It is the pivotal date of all human history, for every event that has ever happened is dated by the number of years before or after Christ's birth. And if we remember that Christmas is a birthday, and if we try to form a reverent picture of Him whose birthday it is, Christmas will mean more to us than it has ever meant before.

Where did His birth take place? In a little country, just about the size of the State of Vermont. Dr. William E. Barton has been there, and tells you about it on page 648. As you read his memories of Christmas in Palestine, you will be astonished to find how small the country is. You can see all its principal scenes in one day. Bethlehem is only five miles from Jerusalem; an automobile will whisk you there in twenty minutes.

At Bethlehem is the cow stable, a tiny cave "eroded from the rock," where Jesus Christ was born.

What sort of baby lay in the manger in that stable, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight years ago? Into what sort of boy did that baby grow? The Gospels have been searched for every crumb of information—and we are sure that this boy was a favorite with all who knew Him, a seeker after education, a strong and vigorous young man who started His ministry by making sick people well.

BY an extremely lucky chance we know that He pronounced nine words which overthrew the cruel spirit of the times and brought real sunlight into the Western world for the first time. "It is more blessed," He said, "to give than to receive."

Those words fell on deaf ears. If the disciples Matthew, Mark, Luke and John heard them, they did not take the pains to write them down. The disciples were only human, after all. It was a principle of life, in those times, that if you wanted anything you should grasp it by brute strength or by intrigue. St. Paul, however, remembered Christ's words and used them later, when his friends were trying to persuade him not to go to Jerusalem and give his life for his faith.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Ears are not deaf any longer. Every time a great giver appears in the modern world, the world presses its principal rewards upon him. Our heroes are no longer men who snatch at power for themselves. Our prizes go to men like Edison and Pupin and Lindbergh and Byrd—men who give their whole lives, who dare to risk life itself, to increase our knowledge and our mastery over the elements.

And, therefore, as each new Christmas comes, we pay increasing honors to the Founder of our modern way of thought. In His name miracles are still worked. Consider only one of them—the enormous increase in business for which Christmas is responsible. Although business may be poor at other times during the year, Christmas business is always good. "People think we must be making a lot of money because our store is so crowded, just before Christmas," says a Boston merchant. "But the truth is that most stores rely on the Christmas season to make up losses incurred during the rest of the year."

People may stint themselves in other seasons—but at Christmas they buy millions of things to give away! That is a miracle. It takes place only because we believe Christ's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Remember those words as Christmas draws near. If you have money to spend, spend it freely and cheerfully on gifts for those you love—and also for those who would otherwise receive little. If you have no money, make your own gifts. There are manufacturers who can supply materials at very low cost. Even if you spend little money, you will nevertheless spend time—and you must spend something, or your gifts will have no value to your friends or to you.

WE have said that business men count on the Christmas season to bring them money. But consider one young manufacturer of candy bars, in Chicago. His business is large, and he could put all the money it makes into his own pocket. But he said to us the other day: "I know what Christmas means to people who have nothing. I

will give a free box of candy to every poor boy and girl in America, if your young readers will send me their names."

Such evidence of the Christmas spirit is a miracle too. Never before has an American citizen attempted a Christmas gift distribution on such a gigantic scale. Help him to make it truly successful—read page 640, be careful, be honest, and you will transform some poor child's Christmas into a merry one.

For there are candles to light on Christmas Eve, and you can light them in human hearts, as well as on the branches of your Christmas tree. Spend Christmas day distributing gifts and good cheer. If you have an elderly relative, perhaps crabbed and "difficult," go to see that relative and take a gift along. If you have a good Christmas dinner, invite guests to it, especially guests who might have no such dinner of their own. If you have an enemy, this is the best day of the whole year on which to change his hatred into respect and friendship. You can do it, with a word of friendly greeting and a gift.

You will have a more interesting Christmas, if you spend it in ways like this. You will work miracles in the name and spirit of Jesus Christ, after whom Christmas is named.

Popular Football

IF there is any doubt about the most popular out-door sport, this season ought to settle it. Halfway through October, before the football teams were at their best, 117,000 people paid to see Notre Dame University and the Navy play at Chicago. Neither eleven had the advantage of special local interest; both were playing at a distance from their own campuses. Yet a good many thousands more would have crowded in to watch them if room could have been made for them. Baseball is a popular game. The World's Series was played only a few days before the Notre Dame-Navy game with an endless amount of newspaper publicity and ballyhoo. Yet no World's Series game drew such an attendance as this lively but not especially advertised football game at Chicago did.

No kind of professional athletic sport can attract spectators as intercollegiate football does. We have to put in the adjective, for it is not football itself, but intercollegiate football, that arouses enthusiasm. Probably the reason is that everyone knows that these games are absolutely above suspicion. Each team is out to win if it can, to do its very best in any event. "No one ever heard of a college football game being 'thrown,'" remarked a sportsman who has had unhappy experiences with professional sport on the diamond, the race track, and the boxing ring. "What's more, no one ever will hear of it," he added.

That is why college football is so popular. It is a stirring sight, a hard-fought struggle, and it is always above board.

Talking Movies

MANY readers of The Companion have by this time visited one of the new picture plays in which the characters are heard as well as seen, and in which the musical accompaniment is also supplied mechanically. They will have their own ideas about the talking movies. Some will enjoy them, some will not. It is by no means certain that these pictures are to supplant entirely the older, silent kind. They may turn out to be only a novelty, of which the public will tire.

The art of the screen, if it is an art, is or has been a form of pantomime. Its effect has usually been made, or at least emphasized, by its silence. Whether the use of the voice—not very exactly reproduced, because it is always louder and rougher in tone than it ought to be—will really help the illusion that the picture creates is at least doubtful. Then, since the pictures in their nature consist of scenes each rather brief, and shifting quickly into something quite different makes the conversation you hear scrappy and confusing, in endeavoring to get the results of stage as well as screen performance the picture producers are in danger of getting something that is neither one thing nor the other, and not so good as either alone.

However, it does no particular good to philosophize about such a question. If the public likes the talking movies, they will become the fashion. If it doesn't, they will soon be forgotten except to give additional vividness to news pictures, in which prominent persons are shown and asked to "say a word to the public." Whether or not they are "art" will prove to be beside the question. People go to the pictures to be entertained.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES L.
LASSELL

CHAPTER EIGHT
The Front Line

HARRY IRWIN stood on the crowded deck of the steamer Cambria, gazing spell-bound at the shore line of New York City. All round him, men and women bound for the war in France were waving their hands and shouting words of farewell across the lengthening stretch of oily, blue-green water. A young woman in nurse's uniform kept calling, "Mother! Mother! Good-by!" until her voice grew hoarse. A medical officer began to hum, "Good-by, Broadway! Hello, France!" Whistles were tooting and shrieking everywhere in the harbor, producing a bedlam of sound that set the blood to tingling.

Scarcely believing, even now, that he could be on his way to France, Harry continued to watch the shore line—the flashing and twinkling of thousands of panes of glass in the skyscrapers, the hundreds of flags that snapped in the fresh April wind, the snow-white plumes of steam rising from tugs and other small craft.

"Oh, Harry Irwin! Say, is it really you?"

Harry whirled around on his good foot and looked straight into the face of a tall, sun-browned infantry lieutenant, with a campaign hat pulled rakishly down over one eye. Then, with a cry of delight, he thrust forth his hand.

"Jarvis! Jarvis Yancy!" he exclaimed. "You here too! You're the last man in the world I ever thought of meeting here! I thought you were at camp—"

Jarvis grinned as he pressed Harry's hand. "So I was at camp—till yesterday, when a special order came through, sending a dozen of us to the port of embarkation. Lucky? I'll say I am!"

He grinned down at his friend, noting with evident approval Harry's well-fitting khaki uniform, his leather puttees, his barracks cap, shading his laughing, sparkling eyes. "My, but you look good to me!" he added.

"And you certainly look good to me!" Harry responded. "Queer, isn't it, that we should meet like this, both of us from the same little town?"

"Queer? The whole world's queer these days!" exclaimed Jarvis. "It wasn't so very long ago that I thought the army was the last place I wanted to be in. Look at me now. I'm bound for France! Everything's so upset I feel as if anything at all could happen—and the queerer it is, the more natural! Say," he added, "how's my cousin? I wanted to see her mighty bad before I left, but there wasn't time."

"Oh, Eleanor is just the same—working hard at the Red Cross," was the reply. "She has great spirit!"

"Yes, and so have you!" added Jarvis. "She told me a whole lot about you in her last letter—how you were trying so hard to get across."

"I'm pretty lucky!" Harry replied.

"You and I both, Harry! Believe me, I know it!" Jarvis shook his head seriously. "Lots of good men who want to go across never will get there. And lots of poor ones who don't, will!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and with a grin added, "Quite an assorted boatload we've got—nurses, canteen workers, enlisted men, officers, a few civilians. Hope we don't see any periscopes!"

The two friends continued to talk, while the skyline grew smaller and more thickly wrapped in smoke. The medley of harbor noises subsided in the distance; the

whole first floor. At all hours of the day and night hungry Americans in khaki thronged the place, eating cookies and chocolate, writing innumerable letters to friends and relatives in the States, reading books and magazines, and asking a multitude of questions. They were for the most part enlisted men wearing overseas caps, some of them on duty in Paris, some in the city for only a few days.

Harry had a small table near the door, but he seldom sat at it for longer than a few minutes at a time. He mingled with the men. A great number of them were only boys like himself. He helped many of them to compose their letters. He went on errands for them, procuring things they wanted and could not obtain. He served as agent for them in matters of finance, cashing checks and money orders, opening bank accounts. In addition to his regular work of providing chocolate and cookies and other comforts, there were a thousand and

Harry bent over and helped the runner to stand. Then haltingly, painfully, pausing every few yards, they began their slow progress back along the road. The sound of guns up ahead seemed far off

[PAGE 659]

vessel trembled to the throb of her engines—a steady, rhythmical pounding that was to continue without a pause for the next ten or twelve days.

The Cambria joined a small convoy off Halifax and made a safe trip to France, discharging her assorted cargo at Brest, the great American port of entry, from which all roads led westward to Paris and the front.

Harry and Jarvis journeyed to Paris together. There the infantryman was assigned to a National-Guard division in Alsace.

"Do you believe in hunches?" he inquired as they shook hands for the last time.

"No," was the smiling reply, "unless it's a good one!"

"Well, neither do I," the other went on, "but I've got one just the same. I have a feeling there's a bullet somewhere with my name on it."

"Rot!" said Harry. "We'll shake hands again sometime. Maybe back home in Ashboro."

"Here's hoping!" And the officer strode away

HARRY reported at Red Cross Headquarters and was assigned to a canteen in one of the hotels that the organization occupied. It was a large canteen, and his position was merely that of assistant to a middle-aged man named Spencer, who had full authority and responsibility.

The hotel was in a small street near the rue de Rivoli, and the canteen occupied almost the

Broken Wings

By Harford Powel, jr., and Russell Gordon Carter





The Poilu—Soldier of France

one matters that took his attention, keeping his mind and his body occupied for long hours every day. His job, in short, was that of private secretary to anyone and everyone who might need help—a sort of private secretary to an army!

Eight weeks seemed to pass like a flash. He was happy because he was so busy. He picked up a fair smattering of French; he learned the ins and outs of the beautiful and amazing city that housed in increasing numbers so many of his countrymen. Everything he did, everything he learned, was for the purpose of helping others—those clear-eyed, strong-limbed men in khaki who swarmed in and out of the canteen. "That little fellow who hops around so fast!" "That Red Cross guy with the bright eyes—ask him, he'll get it for you!" "That fellow with so much pep—he'll write your letter for you, Tony!"—those were typical of the remarks that were heard every day in the canteen. They were uttered by men who had heard too many excuses and had seen the workings of too much red tape—men who knew how to appreciate a service rendered effectively and simply.

They came and went in a continuous, interminable stream. Harry had never seen any of them before; most of them he probably never would see again. It made no difference; one and all benefited by his cheerful service. Some he got to know rather intimately, and they called him "Harry." But not a man ever referred to his deformed foot. It was clear enough to all why he was a noncombatant.

Somehow Harry found spare time in which to write to his mother. His letters were always cheerful, though it was not a time for cheerfulness. A gigantic drive was in progress, and Paris itself was threatened. "Big Bertha," the mammoth long-range gun, dropped shells into the city almost every day. Hospital trains brought in thousands of bleeding and shell-torn soldiers—French, American, and Belgian. Of such things he never wrote; but he told of Paris, war-time Paris, with its gay assortment of uniforms—the horizon blue of the Poilus, the dark blue of the Chasseurs Alpins, the mustard brown of the Foreign Legion, the olive drab of the Americans. He told of little outdoor cafés along the boulevards of grizzled veterans of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 who drove sagging taxicabs and one-horse hacks, and of Paris at night, with its crowded streets dimly illumined by blue lamps that cast their lugubrious rays downward, leaving no glow for the watchful eyes of enemy aviators. He told of air raids and the excitement of the populace,

with its light-hearted attitude toward the threat of death. But he wrote not a word of bombs that tore down buildings, leaving gaping stairways and fireplaces and the outlines of rooms on adjoining walls. In his less frequent letters to Eleanor he was apt to be more explicit, but even then there was much that he left untold.

Work filled his days. But somehow he felt happy no longer. Not far outside this great city, brave men were fighting and dying—"while I hand around chocolate and write letters," Harry thought, bitterly. "My life's worth nothing; I'm a duck with a lame foot. Why should I be so safe here, while able-bodied men are giving their lives for freedom?"

He had long since learned, of course, to keep such thoughts to himself. In war, a man does what he is told. But there was something in Harry Irwin's blood and character that rebelled at this safe duty with the Red Cross in Paris. He wondered if he could not get to the battlefield somehow, to the trenches, to the first line. He spoke once to his chief, Mr. Spencer, about it—and bit back the words, when he saw no approval in the chief's face. It looked to Harry as if he should remain in Paris until the war ended. But he was wrong.

It was now the second half of July, 1918. The great German drive on Paris had stopped. American troops had helped to stop it. The word "Château-Thierry" was on all lips—a magic word, heroic, inspiring. Harry listened to men from the Marne salient, and learned a great truth. The American army had found itself. The battle at Château-Thierry had welded it into a victorious unit. America now thought and talked of nothing but victory. They had the will to win. They had done magnificent things, and would go on doing them. "They never can stop us now!" Again and again Harry heard these words, and they were spoken in tones that left no doubt of their truth. Pershing's army was invincible, and the men knew it.

One morning, feeling more depressed about himself than ever, Harry wrote to Eleanor that the war was sure to end soon, and that he had abandoned all hope of getting nearer to the front line than Paris. The ink was still wet on the envelope when Mr. Spencer came over to Harry's table.

"Here's what you wanted," he said. "This is an order transferring you to a combat division."

Harry took the order. As usual during moments of great surprise or excitement, his heart began to thump and he had difficulty in breathing. The paper rattled in his fingers. With an exclamation of astonishment, he noted the number of the division to which Jarvis Yancey had been assigned.

"Sorry to lose you," said Mr. Spencer, smiling. "What's the matter? You're not sorry to go, are you?"

"No! No, sir! I'm tickled to pieces. I wonder if the division is still down around Belfort."

"I don't know," said Mr. Spencer. "You can find out at the provost marshal's office."

He watched Harry hobble out of the room, wondering if a boy so cruelly lame could bear the exertion, the weariness of life near the front. But he had seen something in Harry's eye—a flash of that fire which can carry even a cripple to glory.

Harry spent the day packing equipment, and winding up his duties at the canteen. He was kept waiting for a long time at the P. M., which was in a dark room at No. 10, rue Sainte-Anne. Then a harsh-voiced captain examined his order and told him to report to Lieutenant Smith in the railway station at Noisy-le-Sec, a suburb.

"Do you know if the division is at the front?" Harry asked.

The captain merely stared at him and turned away. Harry knew that his question had been out of order. He went out and boarded a tramcar for the suburb.

Lieutenant Smith was more cordial. "There's a ration train going up to-night," he said. "You can go on it. Your division is going into action. It's somewhere up around Mezy-sur-Marne."

The words "your division" sent a flush of pleasure into Harry's cheeks. Shortly after six o'clock he found the ration train, and got into one of the compartments of a third-class car, the only passenger car on the train. He spread his equipment out on the hard, uncushioned board seat. His musette bag was bulging with such supplies as he had been able to gather together. He looked at his haversack, his blanket and gas mask, and arranged them neatly with his trench coat and metal canteen.

He wished he was going to fight, and not merely to serve the fighters. He

wondered how it would feel to have a rifle, and the right to use it. Then he put these ideas, with an effort, out of his mind. "I'm to save lives, not to take them," he said to himself. "But if I could save a fighting man's life by stopping a bullet intended for him, I wouldn't dodge or duck!"

At last the train jolted slowly into action. His compartment was full now. Five French infantrymen had come into it; short black-mustached men, who bristled with equipment. They talked to one another, eating slices of bread and cheese. They offered Harry some of the food, but he saw that it was not enough for their own appetites, and declined to share it with them. Yet the offer had thrilled him. It made him feel that he was accepted by these fighting men as their comrade in arms.

Darkness closed in, and the air grew so chilly that Harry put on his trench coat and sat hunched forward in it, pressing his elbows to his sides. The train bumped and rattled, but Harry grew sleepy after his day's exertions and dozed in his corner, waking for a few minutes and then dozing again.

Dawn found the train at Château-Thierry. A Frenchman who had smoked a huge briar pipe all night, filling the stuffy compartment with the fumes of strong tobacco, suddenly spoke the name of the town. The Poilu got up and stumbled sleepily out of the car, followed by Harry. The air was full of white mist. Through it Harry could see shattered buildings, crumbling white walls, roofs with gaping shell holes, twisted steel rails lying along an embankment, small arms, bits of clothing, overturned caissons and innumerable pieces of bent corrugated iron. At a corner of the station stood an American M. P., his ruddy face glistening with particles of moisture. Distant voices were calling through the fog; and out there somewhere to the north the guns were muttering. This was Château-Thierry! This shattered, shell-riddled town wrapped in cold mist was the place where the American army had found itself! Harry could only stare at the wreckage. He was silent, motionless, filled with a deep sense of awe.

Once more the train jerked forward, moving now through territory that had witnessed some of the most devastating shell-fire of the whole war—villages in ruins, farm lands pock-marked by shell holes and mine craters, trees slashed and cut short off, the tops bristling with splinters like the tops of pineapples. And then at last the train drew into Mezy-sur-Marne, lying gray and tragic beside the blue river.

Harry climbed to the ground, stiff and cold and aching in every joint. He found an M. P. and inquired for the division to which he was assigned.

"They're way up that way," And the man pointed over his shoulder. "See those trucks?" he added, indicating three or four covered Packard trucks beneath a line of trees on one side of a white road. "They're goin' to yer division. They'll take yuh up."

"Is the division in the line?" Harry asked.

"Yeh. Went in last night."

Harry made his way to the leading truck and spoke to the driver.

"Get in," the man said to him. "I'll take you up. Start in about ten minutes. You from Paris? Wish I was there!"

"What's it like up front?" Harry asked.

"What's it like?" The driver frowned at him. "You'll find out, buddy, if you live long enough! Jerry's shelling the roads. We lost two trucks yesterday—a direct hit on one of 'em! But here's hoping!" And

A QUICK SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HARRY IRWIN, a senior in high school at Ashboro, N. C., in the days before the World War, is kept out of athletics through lameness, from which he has suffered all his life. Although he is extremely popular, and becomes president of the Student Organization, he is forced to leave school when his father's sudden death reduces him and his mother to poverty. They are "land poor," and even the use of the old Irwin mansion as a boarding-house does not bring sufficient income. Harry's ability as a reporter, first demonstrated in 1903, at Kitty Hawk, N. C., when the Wright brothers succeeded in flying a power machine, eventually brings him a job on the Ashboro Mercury, and for a time all goes well. Never robust, Harry's health breaks down, due to the long, uncertain hours and the excitement of newspaper life. He faints in a telephone booth while reporting for his paper a spectacular fire in a neighboring town and for some time afterwards he is an invalid. His mother cares for him and Eleanor Lee, a girl he has known since childhood, helps him with her encouragement and obtains for him through her influence the job of editing the Mercury's puzzle department—work which he can do on a typewriter at home.

Meanwhile the United States has entered the World War. Harry's inactive life at home becomes even more unbearable to him with the thought that he is helpless and useless at a time when his country needs all her men. His health has, however, improved; his heart, which everyone feared was weak, proves healthy, and he is soon up and about again, although just as hampered as ever by his lameness. In his efforts to find something useful to do to aid his country in the struggle he consults Mr. Floyd Chidsey of the local Red Cross. To him Harry confesses his burning ambition to go overseas, to do his bit, however small. Mr. Chidsey is impressed by Harry's earnestness, and regrets that there is nothing he can do to turn it to useful account. Later, however, the situation changes. Mr. Chidsey receives an urgent call for field workers. He remembers the impression Harry made on him and sends for him again. "Do you still want to go to France?" he asks. "If you do—"

"It's what I want to do more than anything in the world!" says Harry.

Mr. Chidsey makes out his papers and Harry comes before the board of examining surgeons. Following the ordeal, he spends several miserable days wondering if he has been accepted or if his lameness will make him permanently useless to his country. His anxiety is unnecessary. Unknown to him, the surgeons had signed his papers five minutes after his examination. Within a week he is destined to find himself on the way to France.

the driver grinned. Harry climbed up on the front seat. "Let's go," said the driver—and they were off.

CHAPTER NINE

Shell-Fire

ELEANOR LEE was at the Irwin homestead. It was evening, and she and Harry's mother were seated on the veranda.

"Yes," Eleanor was saying. "I've decided to go in for nursing. I feel somehow fitted for it, Mrs. Irwin, and there can't be too many nurses."

The older woman nodded. "It's what I should want to do if I were younger," she said. She bent over the sock she was knitting, and for several minutes there was silence between the two.

Old Caspar came round the corner of the veranda. He paused at the edge of the flower bed and touched his slouch hat with his fingers.

"Is there something you want, Caspar?" inquired Mrs. Irwin.

The old servant removed his hat. "Ah jes' reckoned Ah'd ask fer to find out if any mo' news came f'm Marse Harry—"

"Yes, Caspar, a letter this afternoon—a nice long letter. He is well and happy."

The negro's teeth gleamed in the twilight. He murmured a word of thanks and took his way back along the edge of the flower bed.

"Faithful old Caspar," said the mother. "I think his mind dwells on Harry constantly. He seems to have a queer notion that Harry is in the army, fighting. I can't quite make him understand that there are men as well as women in the Red Cross, and that Harry is in Paris, far out of harm's way."

"Yes, I know," replied the girl. "Some of the other darkies are like that too."

It was Caspar's invariable habit to go early to bed. Now, as soon as he had finished the last of the evening's chores, he sought the cabin in which he lived alone. Removing part of his clothes, he went to his knees beside the bed and, with eyes uplifted, murmured as he had done every night since his young master had sailed for France:

"Lord, take care o' Marse Harry! Watch ober him an' petteck him f'm all danger. An' some day, Lord, cure dat po' foot o' hisn. On mah knees Ah asks dis blessin', Lord!"

AT the same time that old Caspar was offering up his prayer, Harry Irwin was on his way to brigade headquarters, in company with a runner—a boy named Mead. It was clear moonlight, and they were crossing a wheat field that troops of the division had captured early that morning. Far in the front and on the right and left quick white flashes, like heat lightning, caused trees and bushes to stand out in ghostly silhouette. The rumble of the guns shook the quiet air; and now and then a big shell whined and murttered overhead, exploding far in the rear.

"I hope I can find the brigade," the runner kept repeating. "I know where it was, but it moved up. You goin' to open a canteen there?"

"That's the plan," said Harry.

"Where's your stuff?"

"They told me there was a truck-load on the way."

"It'll never reach brigade till we come out of the line," Mead observed. "We're pushing ahead too fast."

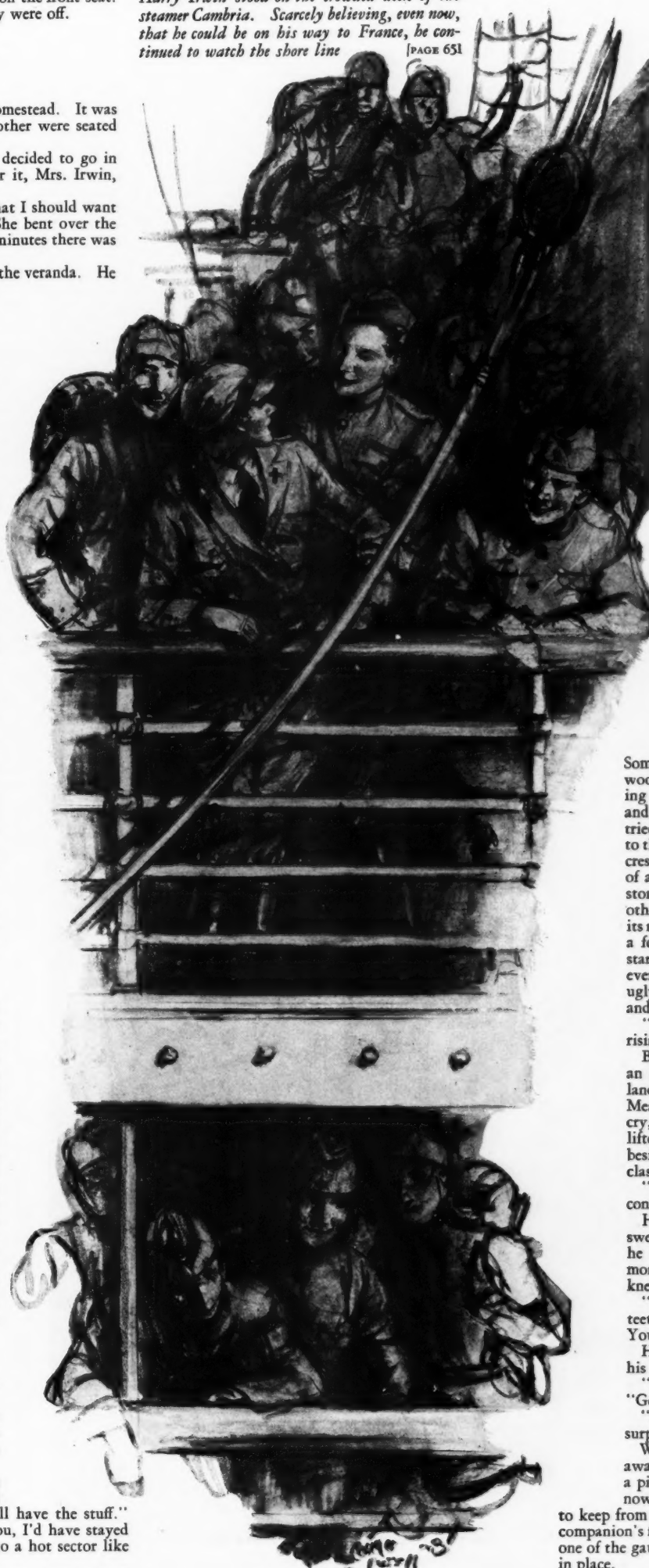
"Well, I've got some things in this musette bag," said Harry. "Just a little—but the fellows may as well have the stuff."

The runner grunted. "If I was you, I'd have stayed at division. Pretty tough to come to a hot sector like this right from Paris!"

They had reached a road now—a narrow thread of road

Harry Irwin stood on the crowded deck of the steamer Cambria. Scarcely believing, even now, that he could be on his way to France, he continued to watch the shore line

[PAGE 651]



full of ruts and pitted here and there with shell holes. It led northward through a black wood that smelled of chlorine. Shells began to land in the wood, at some distance to their left—three or four crashes in quick succession, followed by the sound of splintering branches and the shrill hum of bits of metal. Harry had picked up a helmet earlier in the day; he pulled it down farther over his eyes and quickened his stride behind the runner.

They emerged from the wood upon a broad, level stretch. A short distance in front a second road cut the one they were traveling, and at the juncture lay a heap of grotesque white stones—all that remained of a village.

"This was where the brigade was, but they moved up," observed the runner.

Suddenly he halted and threw himself flat on the ground. Harry followed his example instinctively, his ears tingling to the sound of a high-pitched whistle in the upper air. It grew terrifyingly louder, ending in a nerve-shattering crash. A patch of vivid yellow flashed among the ruins; a spurt of dust and smoke leaped upward, showing silver in the moonlight. Stones and bits of metal hummed and buzzed, falling with a pattering succession of thuds in the field. Two more shells, then a third, followed the first one—and Harry and the runner remained face downward with shoulders hunched and fists clenched against armpits.

More shells came over, landing within the ruins or in the bordering field. It was Harry's first taste of real shell-fire, and it set his whole body to quivering and his teeth to chattering. He could feel the runner's shoulder quivering against his own.

Some of the shells fell short; others landed in the wood behind them, and he could hear whirling pieces of shell-casing rip and tear at leaves and branches. He screwed his eyes tight shut and tried not to think. But it was impossible not to think! His mind was on the terrifying shrill crescendo whine that announced the approach of a shell. One landed so close that it rained stones and earth down upon his helmet. Another, landing only a few yards in front, buried its nose in the turf and failed to explode. During a few seconds' lull in the firing the two boys stared at it, wide-eyed, unbelieving, expecting every instant to see it burst. But there it lay, an ugly black cylinder protruding at a sharp angle and looking twice its size in the moonlight.

"We got to get out of here!" cried Mead, rising to his knees.

But he dived forward again at the sound of an approaching whining whistle. The shell landed near the edge of the wood. Harry felt Mead's body twitch, heard him utter a low cry, partly of surprise, partly of pain. He lifted his head. Mead was lying doubled up beside him, his helmet over his eyes, his hands clasped tight round his leg just above the knee. "Oh, God!" cried the runner, twitching convulsively.

Harry felt his scalp prickle, felt the cold sweat break out all over him. For a few seconds he was incapable of movement. Then, summoning all his power of will, he rose to his knees and bent over the runner.

"Leave me be!" said Mead between clenched teeth. "Get out o' here before you get it! You don't know what it's like to be hit!"

Harry had forgotten all his fears. He put his hands on the runner's leg.

"Leave me be!" Mead protested again. "Get out o' here before you get it!"

"I'm going to stick by you," Harry was surprised at the steadiness of his voice.

With steady fingers he drew the clothing away from the wound, a jagged gash made by a piece of shell casing. The runner was silent now, his teeth biting hard against a forefinger to keep from crying out in pain. Harry groped for his companion's first-aid pack. He tore it open, and applied one of the gauze packets to the wound, binding it firmly in place.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 659]

joined by her brother, who came through the garden from the rear.

"I was looking for you," Alan told her. "Jo, how would you like to go calling with me this morning?"

"On whom?" she asked in astonishment. Alan was the last person she would have suspected of contemplating a social call unless it was forced upon him.

"On our mountain cousin, Mrs. Dave Throneberry. Her husband is also a connection of ours, as the name reveals. They have a daughter about your age, whom you may like, if you can understand her dialect. You are always complaining because your Gale cousins are both boys, so here's a girl cousin for you on the other side of the family. I promised I'd bring you to see them as soon as I could. To save time hiking, I'll rent a horse for myself and lend you mine, so that we can both ride."

By working after school in the garages of the town (not altogether approved, but tolerated, by the Gale family), Alan always had spending money of his own, and so Josephine agreed to his renting a horse to enable them both to go up the mountains. She hurried to her room to dress in something better fitted for riding than the frock she was wearing, and the prospect of a horseback ride in the country was delightful on such a day. She felt rather nervous at the thought of meeting those "mountain whites" who had the same blood in their veins as herself. But it might as well be faced. If Alan liked them, she would try to like them too.

It was not until they were riding away from the house that Alan told his sister something he had been holding back.

"We are going treasure-hunting," he announced. "Aunt Em found her copy of those directions I told you about last night, and gave it to me this morning. That's why I thought

we'd better have horses for our trip into the mountains, or you'd be too tired to do any climbing around after we got up there. We'll stop by the Throneberry cabin just long enough to say 'howdy' to the older folks and get the girl to go with us. She'll be a help in finding the landmarks mentioned on the chart. And then we'll hunt treasure all day."

"It will be fun," Josephine exclaimed. "But we mustn't imagine that just having a mountain girl with us to point out the landmarks will help much," she reminded him. "Grandfather must have had some of the natives to help him that way when he started searching sixty years ago, and you told me that Mother was helping Father look for the treasure when they fell in love."

It was a splendid day for a ride. All the juvenile element of the town seemed to think so, and as the brother and sister left the Square and rode up the streets, which grew steeper and steeper the farther they proceeded, they encountered droves of children on every sort of wheeled machine, enjoying the warm spring holiday. Down the almost vertical streets of the mountain town they came flying on bicycles, scooters, express wagons, and roller skates, every boy and girl among them seemingly bent on suicide. The horses shied out of the way. It was a relief to get beyond the pavements and macadamized roads where the scooters ceased from troubling and the roller-skaters could not follow. From there on the horseback riders were upon the mountain trail.

Woods closed around them. They rode through the warmth of sunny glades and the

damp chill of dark groves. Buds were swelling on every tree, and birds were shrilly discussing building plans for the spring. But Josephine was not thinking of nature's sights, sounds, and perfumes at the moment.

"Alan, what is the value of the lost Gale treasure? Did you learn?" she asked, after several moments of silent musing.

"No one knows definitely. And what I learned came to me in a very roundabout fashion, you must remember. I asked Aunt Em what she knew, but of course she could only tell me what she had heard Grandfather say at various times; and Grandfather was barely seventeen when he last saw the things, and he was much more interested in the war just then than in his inheritance. But tradition, as reported by Aunt Em, declares that the Gales put a large part of their fortune into jewels on various occasions in the half century before the Civil War. Every bridegroom gave his bride a handsome present of the sort. They sold land and slaves to buy strings of pearls and 'sets' of diamonds or rubies or sapphires, such sets consisting of necklace, earrings, bracelets, pins, et cetera. Grandfather says—according to our aunt again, for I haven't dared mention the subject to him—that he and his brother simply didn't realize what they were putting into Throneberry's hands that April day in '61. For, besides the jewels, there was household plate of great value. A rich family accumulates all sorts of such things during the years of its prosperity, you know. It's a treasure worth looking for."

"The Throneberrys remained poor," Josephine pointed out. "If Mother's grandfather stole all those valuables, what became of them?"

Alan grinned ruefully. "Plenty of explanations for that," he was forced to admit. "Throneberry may have meant to be rich and comfortable after the war, but was prevented by a Rebel bullet. Or maybe he was so patriotic he turned the treasure over to the government. Anyhow, he was too busy fighting to enjoy the fortune while he lived, and his family were not in his confidence. It was our father who enlisted the Throneberry descendants in the search. They are all dead now except his cousin, and she only knows what she learned at the time when Dad was courting Mother."

Beside the mountain path a brook was running, and its babble filled the silence which followed this discussion of the treasure. Alan and Josephine rode up the trail just thinking for the next quarter of an hour. But presently the sound of the rapid stream hurrying past them attracted Alan's attention.

"Permit me to introduce Sugar Creek," he said with a wave of his hand. "It plays an important part as a landmark in the directions for locating our treasure, and our Throneberry cousins live on its banks. There is the cabin just ahead of us."

A few moments later Josephine was being introduced to her mother's relations. Mr. Throneberry was the typical tall, lean mountaineer in homespun, and he was engaged in the characteristic occupation of cleaning a gun. Mrs. Throneberry was as thin as a big-boned woman can be, and was dressed in calico, with her wisps of hair pulled tightly back from her forehead into a roll the size of a half a dollar at the back of her neck. Gracie, the fifteen-year-old daughter, was pretty. She had curly yellow hair, and long-lashed blue eyes, and cheeks as pink as the peach-blossoms in the doorway of her home.

"You-uns must come in and set," the hostess invited her young relatives cordially, moving chairs to the fire—for the wind was rising. She reflected as she did so that the boy was a real mountain fellow but that the girl was a "furriner."

"Could I have a mirror for a moment—er—Cousin Milly?" Josephine asked. "The wind has blown my hair all to pieces."

Mrs. Throneberry was apologetic. They hadn't had a looking-glass in the house, she explained, for five years. The one she had owned when she married had gotten broken, and somehow they hadn't "got round" to buying another.

Gracie fills up the dish-pan and looks at herself in the water," Mr. Dave Throneberry interjected. "But me and Milly hain't seen what we looks like sence the looking-glass broke."

Josephine thought this quite dreadful.

"Alan and I will bring you a mirror next time we come up here," she offered. "We have two or three old bureaus in the attic with big glasses, and we'll take one off and bring it with us."

"Hit ud be right troublesome ter tote a looking-glass so fur," the man protested; "and I hain't sure we wants hit. Five years uv hard work kin change folks considerable, and I ain't none too keen to see what I looks like. I ain't sure it ud make my ole woman happier ter see herse'f, neither. No, I reckon we kin git along without no looking-glass in this house. The dish-pan'll continue ter do fur Gracie. I favor keepin' a gal interested in a dish-pan."

Gracie, whose face had lighted up at Josephine's offer of a mirror, clouded over at her father's rejection.

"Ef we air a-goin' ter look for somp'm, we better git a soon start," she advised her new cousins, apparently eager to get out of the house.

"Yes, I think so too," Josephine agreed. "We'll come back and make a long visit some day, Cousin Milly," she said to the older woman. "We are going to look for treasure this morning."

They left their horses grazing at the side of the cabin and set out with Gracie to follow the directions on the paper which Alan took from his pocket. Josephine now saw these directions for the first time as her brother handed the paper for her to read. The writing was Miss Em's neat script, but Alan said his aunt had assured him that the wording was just exactly as Len Throneberry had written and arranged it, except for punctuation, spelling, and the use of capitals—matters which the mountain lad had ignored.

This is what Josephine read:

Follow along Black Bear Trail after it passes Sugar Creek to point 25 ft. below Loaf Rock, and you'll come on a cave in cliff. Climb big oak tree near pool. Look up cliff 15 ft. to wide ledge for the silver and gold bowls. And look for jewel box buried under tree where bark is notched. Far back under ledge in the jungle behind the pool plastered up with clay are the silver trays too big to be buried. Then keep on down where the other things are.

"It seems clear enough," she commented. "All but the last line, and that may be clear when we reach the jungle behind the pool."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 656]



"Well, sirrah, are these your manners?" the General demanded, frowning at Alan. "It is usually understood that when I am in my office I am safe from intrusion"

[PAGE 662]



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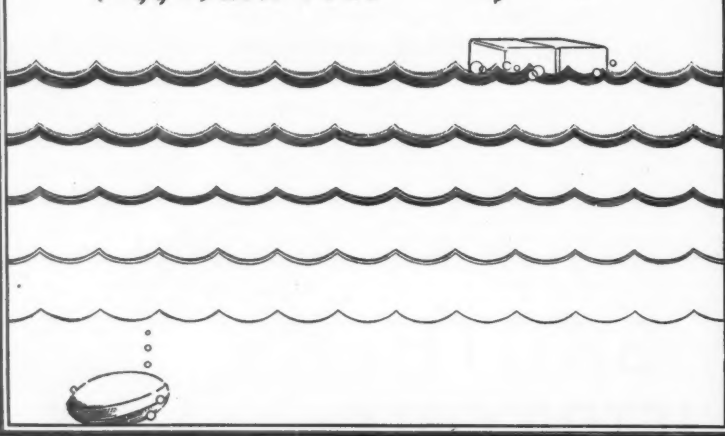
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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 654]

"Where is Black Bear Trail, Gracie?" Alan asked his mountain cousin.

"That thar road you see a-comin' down the mountain frum way up top," Gracie answered, pointing.

"Where does it cross Sugar Creek?"

"Right down yonder whar that shaky old bridge is."

"Then let's cross the shaky old bridge and find Loaf Rock. Come on, Jo! Did you ever hear of a landmark called Loaf Rock, Gracie?"

Gracie shook her untidy yellow head in the negative. "You mean somewhars aroun' here? No, I've heard uv Tremblin' Rock, an' Devil Hoof Rock, an' Flat Rock, but I hain't never heard tell uv no Loaf Rock," she protested.

"Well, maybe the name has been changed in sixty years. We ought, anyhow, to find the cliff and the cave."

That was the beginning of hours of exploration. They scrambled over boulders and through thickets, waded brooks, and climbed hills and banks so steep that Gracie's comment, "Folks kin stand up straight here and hit the ground," was almost literally true. When sometime after noon they sat down by a spring to eat the sandwiches Alan and Josephine had brought, they were, to quote Gracie again, "plum wore out." But their exertions had been wholly in vain.

"No cliff, no cave, no Loaf Rock, no big oak tree by a pool with a notch in the bark, too much jungle," was the way Alan summed up their discoveries in rueful tone. "We haven't found a single landmark except that Black Bear Trail passes over Sugar Creek as the directions say. But that hasn't helped us much."

Josephine was conscious of being disappointed, but she told herself it was silly to have expected anything else. They had known that the directions had been futile, before now. Their grandfather and their father had tried in vain to find those same landmarks. She glanced at Alan, and saw a far-away look in his eyes and a tightening of his jaw. Was he, perhaps, fighting a conviction that his great-grandfather Throneberry had been a thief after all? But when his face cleared she knew his doubt had lifted and that he again believed in the honesty of his rugged mountaineer ancestor. He studied the chart in silence.

"I never et sech a good snack befo'," Gracie said as she finished the last crumb of her sandwich.

"When you come to town to see me I'll give you something better to eat than sandwiches," Josephine promised her.

As the brother and sister rode down the mountain in the mid-afternoon, returning from their day of treasure-hunting, the downcast expression on Alan's face caused Josephine to assume an encouraging attitude.

"Cheer up, Alan! Maybe the directions are in code," she said, on the spur of the moment.

"Code? What would an ignorant mountaineer like Len Throneberry know of codes?"

"Maybe Uncle Ned taught it to him. You said they were friends of long standing and had spent their boyhood days hunting and fishing together in the mountains. Maybe they had fixed up a way to communicate with each other secretly so that Throneberry could send notes to the house without Uncle Ned's family learning the boys' plans. And maybe Throneberry used this old boyhood cipher when writing his directions for locating the treasure. If Uncle Ned had lived and come back from the war to look for the treasure himself he would soon have caught on to the directions being in code, but Grandfather, knowing nothing about the cipher the older boys had practiced, accepted the paper at its face value."

"Geel! What an imagination you've got, Jo!" Alan grinned.

"Maybe it's imagination, and maybe it's inspiration," she retorted, adding immediately, in another tone, "Let's race our horses the rest of the way. Beat you into town!"

And off they went with a great clatter of hoofs, forgetting the treasure.

CHAPTER THREE

Mystery in the Attic

TWO weeks of rain and bluster followed that visit to the mountains, and then Easter and April came in together with a bright warm sun and a gentle breeze. Stands of tall white lilies and wet, sweet clusters of purple violets were the gifts of the men of the family to the ladies, and Josephine had a gold-corded box of chocolates from her uncles instead of the downy chicks and candy eggs of previous Easters. The day was such a pleasant one in every way that when Monday morning brought the beginning of the spring vacation Jo

hoped for a whole week of equally happy days before school took up again. She woke in a cheerful mood, and went down to breakfast with the echo of one of yesterday's songs on her lips, and the spirit of spring in her heart.

But the bright promise of the day began to cloud over soon after breakfast. While Josephine was helping her Aunt Em straighten up the parlor, where the family had sat the day before because there was company for dinner, the old General came stamping into the room in a very bad humor.

"Every time I look out a front window I am forced to observe Alan Gale, my own grandson, across the street in the public garage, washing cars or working under them just like a hostler, and so covered with grease and oil that he looks like one, too," the General complained. "Are my eyes to be greeted by that sight every day this spring and summer? Has the boy no pride at all?"

"Boys must must have a little spending money, Papa," Miss Em responded soothingly, "and Alan hasn't any father to give it to him, as Keith and Roger have."

The old man snorted. "Mighty little spending money Keith gets from Andrew, and I'll say Roger gets even less from his father. Yet they don't begin washing cars for every Tom, Dick, and Harry in town in order to make more. They remember who they are, and that they have a position to uphold. I didn't object to Alan's doing that typing for the County Court last winter to get the money to buy his horse—that work was respectable; but to see him out there in overalls working in that garage whenever he's not in school is driving me out of my mind."

"Alan really prefers this sort of work to the other," Miss Em mildly remonstrated. "He is interested in machinery."

"Yes, I dare say he'll work all his life with his hands instead of his head. That mountain blood tells in him in a hundred different ways. It tells in his looks, and it tells in his acts, and the thought of it is more than I can bear. Fortunately I have Keith and Roger to carry on the traditions of my family. They are both true Gales."

Josephine had flushed at her grandfather's words, but she said nothing. Had it been anybody else who criticized her brother she would have defended him, but Grandfather was the exception to her rule. She did not dare make any retort to him.

The old man put on his hat and stamped out of the house. As he went down the steps he hesitated on the pavement, half a mind to cross the Square and order Alan home, but he decided against it. One has to be careful in handling seventeen-year-old boys. They can fill their idle time with worse things than work, if that safe outlet of energy is taken away from them. So the tall white-haired figure turned up the street instead of crossing it, and before he had gone many steps the General found something else to disturb him. He almost collided with a quaint-looking girl in a sunbonnet and long calico dress, who asked him if he were General Gale. Never failing in courtesy to any woman, young or old, however she might be dressed, the General took his hat off as he admitted his identity.

"I reckoned you-uns wuz him," the girl remarked in a self-satisfied tone. "I seed you come out uv that house I'm a-makin' fur. Hain't that whar Josie Gale lives?"

"Miss Josephine Gale is my granddaughter, and lives with me," the General admitted, placing a faint stress on the title before Josephine's name, but not unkindly. "May I ask who you are, young lady? A friend she has made in her Sunday-school work, perhaps?"

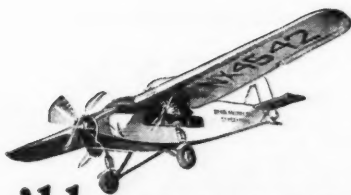
"I'm her cousin, Grace Throneberry," the girl answered placidly. "Josie tole me ter come ter see her sometime, an' so I come along with Pap this mornin' when he wuz goin' ter mill."

General Gale closed his eyes for a moment. It was almost a physical pain that pierced him at the mountain girl's calm statement of her relationship to his granddaughter. Coming right upon his worried thoughts of Alan, it was very hard to bear. But he fought for self-control.

"Josephine is in the house, and the front door is open," he said politely. "Just go inside and you will be sure to find her. I did not know before that Josephine had a cousin living in the neighborhood."

He bowed with grave courtesy, put on his hat again, and continued up the street with quicker step, as if to get far away from the scene of this incident in as quick a time as possible. Gracie was left to make her own way into the big white wooden house, which was certainly the grandest home she had ever seen.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 658]



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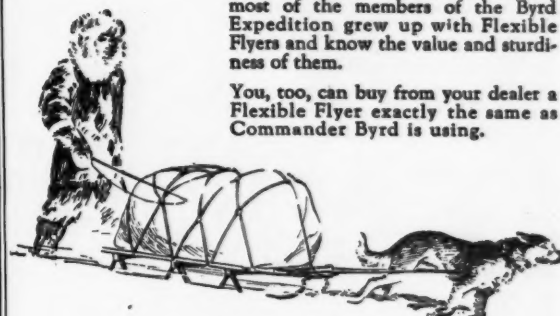
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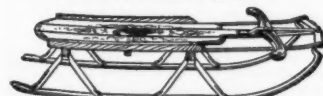
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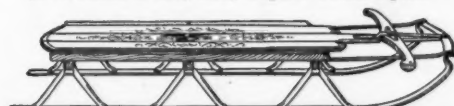


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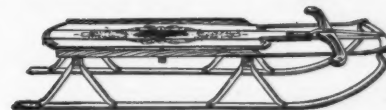
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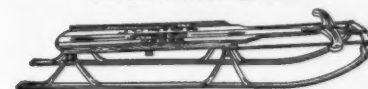
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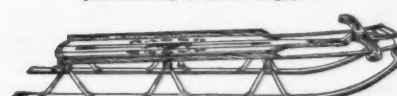
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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 656]

Unlike most mountain girls, she had no abnormal shyness to contend with. A strong determination to see something more of life and get more out of it than her father and mother had got gave her the courage of a little animal at bay. She so intensely yearned for new interests and scenes that she went after them as a starving man goes after food, reckoning not the consequences. Her father had not wanted her to visit the Gale home—he had sense enough to know that she would not be welcome there; but even he had been overcome by her determination. Here was her one chance to see something of civilized life, and for two weeks she had beset her parents with pleas to be allowed to call on Josephine. Unable to withstand her for long, Dave Throneberry had at last given in and promised to take her as far as the mill, where his corn was ground, on the first pretty day. And having ridden with him to the mill this morning, she had walked into town, asking the way of the people on the streets until she had found the house on the Square which she was seeking.

The next member of the Gale family whom Gracie encountered was Miss Em. Josephine had gone out into the garden on the other side of the house to get a few more flowers for the vases, and her plump aunt was alone in the parlor when the girl in the sunbonnet walked in, as the General had told her to do. She stood in the path of bright sunlight streaming through the front windows and the door that opened on the porch, and fought desperately against an inclination to run. The parlor with its mirrors and pictures and curtains and nice furniture was like the throne-room of a palace in the mountain girl's eyes. But Gracie had grit; she did not run; she stood firm in her heavy, stumpy shoes on the dark polished floor, and looked the astonished Miss Em straight in the eye.

"Howdy, ma'am! Good morning!" she said. "Why, how do you do, little girl?" answered Miss Em kindly. "What is your name, and what can I do for you?"

"I'm Gracie Throneberry, ma'am. I've come to see my cousin, Josie Gale. She ast me ter come."

Miss Em carefully wiped the base of a bowl she had just filled with water for the flowers Josephine was to bring her, and set it down on a marble-topped table. Then she wiped her hands on the same cloth. It gave her time to catch her breath after the shock.

"I'm glad to know you, Gracie," she said pleasantly. "I'm Josephine's aunt. Just sit down in here a moment, and I'll find Jo and tell her she has company."

Gracie took a seat on the very edge of a chair, and Miss Em left her hurriedly in order to intercept Josephine in the garden. She thought it just as well to prepare the child for what was before her.

"Josephine, somebody has come to see you," she announced, panting down the length of a long path to a purple lilac bush over which Jo was bending with her face buried in a big dewy cluster of blossoms. "Such a queer little somebody from the mountains—your cousin, Gracie Throneberry!"

Josephine straightened up, and dismay leaped into her eyes. She winced—there was no denying it; and her aunt noticed it.

"Oh, good gracious! Whatever did she come for?"

"She says you asked her to come."

"But I didn't! Not really, that is. I just said something about giving her something better to eat than sandwiches when she came to see me. I never dreamed she'd take that for an invitation."

"Well, you called on her in her home, didn't you? That in itself was an invitation for her to come here. Are you going to be rude to a guest, Josephine? Or, which is even worse, are you ashamed of your own blood and kin?"

Josephine flushed. "Of course not, Aunt Em. Where is Gracie—in the parlor?"

THE girl ran indoors, and her aunt remained in the garden to cut the flowers in her stead. And while she snipped lilac blooms with the scissors that hung from a ribbon at her waist, Miss Em mused upon the way her niece had received the news of her cousin's visit. The dismay in her eyes and that involuntary wince lingered in the aunt's memory. Because of it, she determined to invite Gracie to spend the whole of the Easter holidays with Josephine. Not only did Josephine need a girl chum, but she must be cured of any tendency to snobbishness. Alan didn't have it. Alan would never have flinched like that on learning that any honest person had come to see him, and he would have introduced his Throneberry relatives to

any of his friends without hesitation. If Josephine was different, she must be helped to a better understanding of what constitutes true nobility of character before it was too late. Not that Miss Em really believed Josephine to be a snob in any sense as yet. She only wanted to prevent her from ever becoming one.

Gracie, her sunbonnet hanging from her arm, was following in Josephine's wake through all the lower rooms of the house when Miss Em came in again. The mountain girl was staring in wordless awe at everything to be seen, and Josephine was conducting the tour with pride and amusement, feeling rather as if she were showing a mediæval castle in Europe to an American tourist who had never dreamed such a thing could exist. It was a rather shabby house, for there was no money to keep the old furniture in repair and buy new hangings and rugs, but seen through Gracie's eyes it became stately and splendid. Only in the kitchen did the young guest regain her voice, and then it was to astonish her hostess by a piercing scream. Without waiting to be personally conducted, she turned and flew.

"Why, Gracie! What's the matter?" Josephine asked, overtaking her in the front hall. "What made you scream and run? Were you afraid of the cook?"

"I hain't never seed nobody that black befo'," Gracie whispered with a shamefaced air. "Hit scared me purty-nigh outer my boots."

"Did you never see a negro before? Really and truly?"

"Not right close up."

It was true. The mountain people of the South are almost unacquainted with the race that is so numerous in other sections of the same states. Josephine was so tickled by Gracie's behavior, and they both laughed so much, that they became the best of friends from that moment. Miss Em was delighted to find that the cousins were on such good terms, and her proposal that Gracie stay all the week was easier to make and better received than she had expected. It was quickly arranged that Alan should be asked to ride to the mill that afternoon and tell Gracie's father not to expect her back until the next Monday morning. The girls would have a whole week together before Josephine need resume her school work, and Miss Em wisely thought that the association would be good for both of them.

But how would the rest of the family receive Gracie Throneberry? Josephine could not help worrying as dinner time approached. She was relieved to learn that Gracie had already encountered the General, and that he would be in a measure prepared for her presence at the table. But what of the others? Of course, her two uncles and her Aunt Virginia would be polite, however surprised and amused they might be by the young guest's looks and dialect; and Keith could always be depended upon to be kind and courteous to everybody. Thinking it over further, she realized that her worry really boiled down to Roger as the one member of the family who couldn't be relied on to be kind. What would he do to persecute Josephine because of Gracie? For she hoped that Gracie herself would be spared the pain from lack of understanding.

How Roger would act was soon made evident. He played true to form by beginning a sly ridicule of his cousin's cousin at the first opportunity, which occurred as soon as the family was gathered around the dinner-table.

"I wouldn't choose none," Gracie said when offered a dish with which she was unfamiliar.

"Thank you for supplying me with that neat phrase, Miss Throneberry," Roger said to her. "I shall always use it in future when wishing to courteously decline anything. It's so simple and expressive, and at the same time so firm. 'I wouldn't choose none!' No one could be offended by those words, and yet no one would ever dare to bring up again the subject which called them forth. A person could decline anything, from the highest office to the lowliest dish of potatoes, with that quiet phrase."

A moment later he was eating peas with his knife as Gracie was doing, and saying "you-uns" and "we-uns" as frequently as possible, but always with the most serious face. His father rebuked him with a glance, but dared not reprove him with words, for fear Gracie should understand that he was mocking her and be hurt. Josephine was relieved when Alan's arrival attracted attention away from her guest.

"Well, Alan," exclaimed the General, glad to have somebody to vent his ire upon, "I was thinking of sending your dinner to you in a tin bucket. I thought perhaps you preferred eating from a bucket on the curb when the whistle blew to sitting down to a civilized meal with a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 660]

BROKEN WINGS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 653]

The firing had slackened now, but shells were still falling within the ruined village.

"Listen," said Harry, "I'm going to get you out of here. We're too near that town and that crossroads. You're too heavy for me to carry, but if you can put your weight on that good leg—"

Harry bent over and helped the runner to stand. Then haltingly, painfully, pausing every few yards, they began their slow progress back along the road. They retraced their steps through the wood. At the farther edge they halted.

"I got to sit down," said Mead. "I can't go on. I feel as if I was goin' to pass out."

He fumbled for his canteen. Harry unscrewed the metal top for him, and the runner drank heavily. They sat down on a knoll. With the black wood between them and the front, the sound of the guns up ahead seemed far off.

At that instant a hollow popping sounded behind them in the wood; it grew swiftly louder.

"That's a sidecar!" exclaimed Mead.

Harry jumped to his feet and ran into the road. Presently a sidecar emerged from the wood; it came forward in zigzag fashion, picking the smoothest parts of the roadbed. At sight of Harry standing with hand upraised in the light, the driver stopped.

He was a big fellow, long-limbed and deep-chested. He bent over the runner and carefully picked him up. While Harry looked on with a thrill of admiration, the driver carried Mead to the motorcycle and lowered him into the empty bathtub seat.

FEW minutes later Harry was alone beside the wood, listening to the noise of the sidecar as it grew fainter and fainter in the distance. He sat down and mopped the sweat from his forehead. He was tired, nervously tired; his body seemed to tingle all over. He had had his first taste of shell-fire, his first sight of blood, and the experience had taken away all the zest with which he had set out that morning to find brigade headquarters.

At last he rose and started through the wood again. He wished he could lie down somewhere and just sleep; he wished he could forget the sound of Mead's voice when he cried out in pain; he wished he could forget the sight of the runner's drawn face in the moonlight.

Harry sat down, lips set. He fought against his weakness. "I'm just tired," he said to himself. "That shell-fire and that runner getting hit right beside me—it's sort of got on my nerves. It'll soon pass. I'm not really weak!"

Nevertheless, he felt an overpowering desire to lie down and sleep; and his legs ached, especially the deformed foot that he had been obliged to drag round since birth. He closed his eyes and leaned sideways, resting on his elbow. It seemed that his eyes were closed only for a few seconds; but when he opened them the countryside was black. The moon had vanished into thick clouds, and he no longer heard the sound of the moving column off to the right.

But there were other sounds. A barrage was beginning somewhere toward the front—a fierce pounding, like uneven beats upon a multitude of gigantic drums. White flashes lit the northern sky. Flashes of vivid gold burst from the blackness behind him and at the right and left, and the metallic ringing of seventy-fives split the air and added to the chaotic din. Above these sounds came the rattling grind of shells passing over his head—the fierce rush of seventy-fives, the heavier roar of one-hundred-and-fifty-fives, and the hollow, wobbling sound of gas shells.

Harry sat still. The minutes passed, and the noise continued. He could smell the odor of gas. He wondered if he ought to put on his gas-mask. He raised it to the "alert" position on his chest, and drew out the face-piece, letting it dangle.

At last he pushed himself to his feet. He was no longer faint, and he felt stronger. He must go on; it was his duty to find brigade headquarters.

A shell exploded behind him. He had not heard it coming, but he felt it explode with a strange, hollow sound. The next instant his head jerked back; his eyes filled with tears that streamed down his face, and something clawed at the lining of his throat.

Gas! Choking, but telling himself that he must not breathe, he went down on his knees, fumbling with the face-piece of his mask. The thing seemed twisted inside out. He must not breathe! He struggled to straighten the face-piece, holding his breath till he felt the blood pounding in his temples, and his lungs were ready to burst. Still his fingers fumbled convulsively with the mask. Half a minute longer, and he knew that even it could do him no good.

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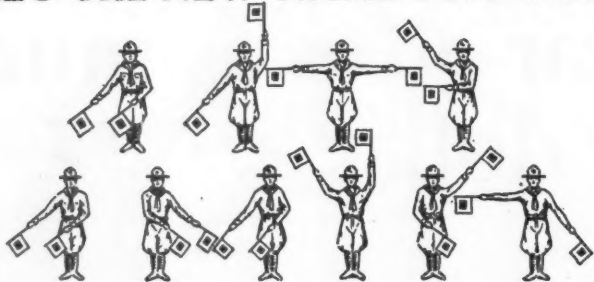
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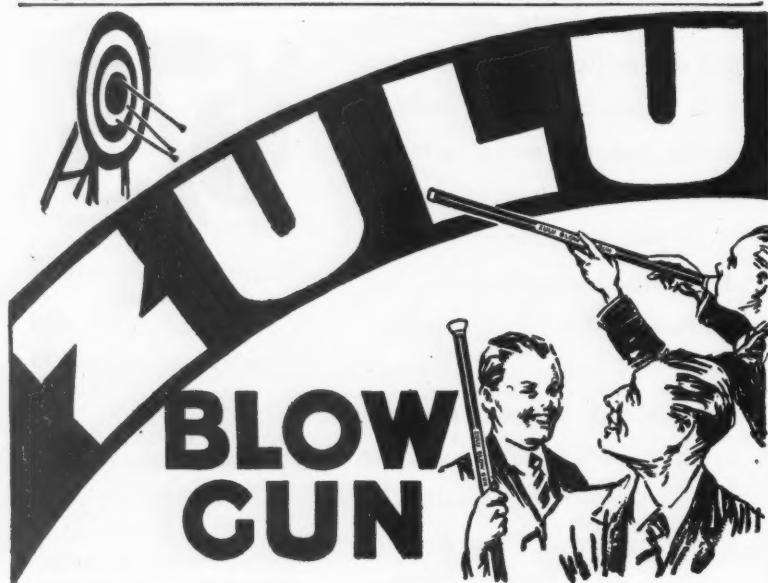
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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 658]

tablecloth and knives and forks—particularly salad forks.

"No, sir; I was just delayed by some necessary work," the boy explained with unruffled good-nature. "Matter of fact, I believe the clocks in this house are too fast, Grandfather. It isn't one yet by the garage clock, and that's usually right."

The General snorted. He knew his clocks were fast, but that wasn't going to prevent him from showing Alan that he was displeased with him. He tried again.

"Why don't you speak to your cousin?" he asked, with a nod toward Gracie and significant stress on the words.

Alan saw Gracie for the first time, and his face lighted up with surprise and amusement.

"Why, hel-lo, Gracie! This is great! How, when, and where did you come from?"

"I come ter see Josie, an' I'm a-stayin' all week," Gracie said, responding as well as she could to a difficult question.

Alan seemed really pleased, and so there was no use trying to bait him on that score. He was soon eating his dinner as hungrily as only hard-working people do, and not even Roger's continued banter, which now included references to his own resemblance to Gracie, attracted his attention away from his food.

When dinner was over Miss Em suggested that the girls go up to the big room in the attic, which was used for a storeroom, and look in one of the drawers of a certain broken-down bureau by the east window for a length of blue and white wash silk. She had put it there last December, when she had discovered that it wasn't at all what she wanted with which to make Josephine a kimono for Christmas. Remembering it now, she thought it would make a pretty spring dress for Gracie, who was too large to wear Josephine's clothes, and she said that if the girls would fetch it she would cut the dress out for them and they could sew on it that afternoon.

Gracie was very much excited at the thought of acquiring a silk frock of her very own, and Josephine liked the prospect of dressing her up. Even before dinner she had been practicing with Gracie's hair to see how it could be arranged most becomingly, and before taking her up in the attic to get the silk she tried her slippers on her cousin in place of the heavy shoes. Gracie's feet were too big for Josephine's slippers, but here Mrs. Andrew Gale, Jo's kind Aunt Virginia, came to the rescue by promising to take Gracie to one of the two shoe stores which were their close neighbors on the Square and fit her with pretty slippers at her own expense before supper. Delighted, the girls put their stockings feet into soft mules and went up to the attic to get the silk, in a great hurry to have the dress ready to go with the slippers.

Shod in this manner, they made no sound on the attic stairs. They could not have crept up more softly if they had been barefoot. Nor did their weight make the attic stairs creak. It seemed to Roger Gale, who was up in the attic before them, that they appeared in the doorway like ghosts.

Roger was furious. "What the—! What did you follow me up here for?" he cried out, letting something fall, and jumping away from the corner in which he was standing, with a suddenness that was suspicious.

"We didn't follow you up here," Josephine denied indignantly. "You are the last person we should ever want to follow. We came up to get something for Aunt Em."

"Then why did you take off your shoes? You came creeping up here to spy on me."

Josephine was astounded. What was the matter with him? "We did not," she denied again. "We had no idea you were up here. We've been trying our slippers and shoes on each other, and then just put our feet in these mules to come up here for Aunt Em. What are you doing here that makes you so touchy?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered, looking scared. And he turned and ran downstairs, leaving them in full possession of the attic.

"I don't like him," Gracie stated flatly when he was gone. Perhaps she had understood his treatment of her at the table better than she had

seemed to understand him. "I like yo' cousin Keith, but I hain't got no use for this one."

Josephine smiled in spite of a sudden feeling of worry and perplexity which Roger's odd conduct had caused.

"He certainly isn't as nice as Keith," she admitted. "But then, mighty few people are. Keith is a sort of super-person."

He looks sickly," Gracie commented.

"Keith? Yes, he did look ill at dinner. He has a cold today, and he coughs so much that it exhausts him. He studies too much, too. When summer comes he must take a good long rest."

But while she talked of Keith, Josephine was thinking only of Roger. What on earth had he been doing in the attic that he should have been so mad—and then so scared—on being discovered there? She looked around in the hope of finding some trace of his activities, but could see nothing that gave her any idea of what he had been up to. Why had he acted so strangely?

Unable to find a reason for it, Josephine at last gave it up. They took the silk from the drawer of the old bureau and went back downstairs to make Gracie's dress.



It was not until they were riding away from the house that Alan told his sister something he had been holding back

[PAGE 654]

CHAPTER FOUR The Code Is Solved

ON the second day of her visit in the Gale home, Gracie Throneberry found her way into a room built in the garden which she had never entered before. Roger had dubbed this place "Grandpa's Play-

room," and the term was sometimes used by other and older members of the family behind the General's back; but to his face they called it his office, as he did. Gracie did not know that she was rushing in where angels feared to tread when she pushed open the door and stepped inside.

The room was not large, but of a comfortable size. There was a fireplace at one end and a big safe at the other. On a table stood a checker-board; against a wall was a bookcase filled with detective stories and reminiscences of the Civil War; there were souvenirs from many places scattered about, magazines and newspapers in a rack, a fiddle in a corner, and a glass jar filled with striped peppermint drops standing on the bookcase. If there were any evidences of work, a locked desk contained them all. The irreverent nickname for the place was therefore easily apparent, but the family had never let the General catch them calling it that.

"Howdy, Gen'ral! I never knewed you wuz here. I'm just nosin' around!" Gracie explained cheerfully on encountering the owner in occupation. She was in no way abashed.

"Er—how do you do, Miss Gracie?" responded the old gentleman, rising and bowing. He was considerably taken aback, if she wasn't. "Do you want something in here? Where's Josephine?"

Josephine, it appeared, was doing some telephoning for Miss Em—calling all the members of her aunt's missionary society to tell them that the next meeting had been cancelled—and so Gracie was amusing herself by exploring the premises. In her new silk dress and pretty slippers, to say nothing of the self-possession air which she wore like a garment, she looked quite like a lady, and the General admitted it to himself. He also admitted that she was an uncommonly pretty girl; nor was there anything coarse in her prettiness or cheaply pert in her manner. Except for her dialect she might have been bred in his own home. But he had never before had any youngster walk in on him like this in his own private den, and he felt much as a lion might if a squirrel paid him a call in his lair.

Unlike lions of the jungle, the General was courteous to all friendly visitors. In spite of his surprise, he held his roar in check and let the squirrel chatter as she would. And no real squirrel ever chattered more than Gracie. She accepted some of his peppermints when he offered them to her, but she declined to sit down, preferring to wander about. She admired the fiddle, and said her father "follered pickin' it" too; she examined the souvenirs, and was immensely interested in starting a snowstorm in a paper weight; but most of all she was captivated by the safe. What was it? Why should anyone want an iron wardrobe?

"That's to keep valuables in, Miss Gracie,"

her host explained. "Gold and silver and jewels, provided one has them to keep! Unfortunately we haven't any, and so the safe is rather unnecessary these days."

"I know," answered Gracie, nodding; "yo' folks give all you had ter one uv my folks ter hide fur ye, an' they wuz hid so good you hain't come across 'em yit."

"That's right!" the General grimly agreed. "May I ask how you learned about the matter, young lady?"

"Alan tole me. He's a-goin' ter find them things fur ye. Me an' him an' Josie been a-lookin' some already, but we hain't come on the hidin' place so fur. Hit's a good hidin' place."

"Ahem! So Alan is going to find the Gale treasure, is he? Alan thinks he's smarter than his grandfather, does he? Where did he get hold of the directions, so called, for locating the hidden valuables? For I don't suppose he started a search without directions of any sort?"

"Miss Em give him a copy she had, but he's mighty wishful ter see the reg'lar paper his grandpap writ," Gracie explained. "I reckon you wouldn't let him have the reg'lar paper," she added, phrasing the question as a statement to spare him any embarrassment in refusing.

"On the contrary, you shall take Alan the original document yourself, and tell him I make him a present of a specimen of his Grandfather Throneberry's handwriting, that being the whole value of the paper. Wait just a moment until I get it out of the safe. My keeping it there is a grim joke, and I am quite willing to give it up to anybody that wants it."

Alan was at home that morning. He had no more desire to work during the whole of his vacation than any other boy would have, and he and Keith were sitting together in the swing on the side porch, talking. The book Keith had been reading had slipped to the floor, and he was listening with interest to a story his cousin was telling him about a lost treasure belonging to the Gales. Keith had never heard of it before, and he would not have been a normal boy if he had not thrilled at the idea of a treasure hunt.

"I say, Alan, don't find it too quick," he begged whimsically. "Wait a couple of months, until the summer vacation begins, and then I'll have time to help in the search. Just now I've time for nothing but study if I hope to win the scholarship and the medal as Grandfather expects me to."

"I believe I can safely promise not to find the jewels until June," Alan reassured him ruefully. "But I can't say what June! Nearly seventy Junes have passed since the things were hidden, and quite a few more may go by before they come to light. The directions seem to be unreliable. Hardly any of the landmarks can be found. But I refuse to believe that Throneberry was hoaxing the Gales with a false chart. I've told you the whole story, Keith," he went on after a slight pause, "and I should like your opinion. Do you think my great-grandfather was a thief?"

Keith smiled. "The only way I can judge your great-grandfather, Alan," he pointed out, "is by his great-grandson; and, judging him thus, I am quite sure he was true to any trust reposed in him, however great."

At this compliment Alan jabbed his cousin with a sharp elbow, but colored with pleasure just the same. Keith knew how to say nice things that made one feel good.

"May I see the chart, or guide-paper, or whatever it is that purports to lead us to the treasure?" Keith asked, his interest deeply aroused.

"Yes, but it's only a copy," Alan explained. "Grandfather has the original in his safe, and I haven't the courage to ask him for it. I wish we could see the original, though," he added, "for Josephine has an idea that the directions may be coded in some way for safety, and in that case a mere copy isn't much help."

Just then Gracie came running across the garden and hurried up the steps with something in her hands. She was holding it clasped against her breast so carefully that at first the boys thought she was carrying a little downy chicken or newborn kitten, but it soon developed that she was holding only a slip of old paper which she was afraid the wind would tear. She put it into Alan's hands with the statement that "that is the letter your great-grandpap writ about the treasure."

"Great Caesar, Gracie! Where did you get it?" the boy demanded in astonishment when he had unfolded the paper and discovered that it was indeed the original treasure chart.

"Asted the Gen'ral fur hit," she explained with admirable modesty.

"It's a wonder that Gracie wasn't the first woman to fly across the Atlantic," Keith commented in amused admiration.

"Yes, and over the South Pole as well," Alan supplemented. "I'm mighty glad to get this," he went on. "Of course, the wording is the same, but there may be something different which will prove the key to understanding it. Take a

good look at this paper, Keith, and tell me what you think of it."

The paper that Keith read is reproduced in facsimile on page 624.

"I don't believe it's in code," Keith decided, after studying the paper carefully. "I don't believe the man who wrote this could have arranged a code. He was having too much trouble with his handwriting as it was."

"Jo thinks that Uncle Ned may have taught him a cipher when they were boys together," Alan explained.

"Then let Jo come and tell us what it means," Keith laughed. "The only meaning I can see is the obvious one. If it doesn't mean what its plain statements say, then I give it up."

"Did I hear my name?" Josephine asked, coming out on the porch. "Getting away from that telephone is like being released from a ball and chain. Isn't this a gorgeous day! Every morning now seems more perfect than its yesterday, and I don't believe spring will have any more setbacks."

"Stop talking about the weather, Jo, and look at this," Alan directed. "Here's the original guide-paper for locating the Gale treasure. See what you can make of it. Do you see any signs of its being in code?"

Josephine sat down in the swing with the boys, and Gracie crowded in on her other side. They all examined the paper in every way possible, turning it upside down, holding it against the sun in the hope of seeing other words faintly traced between the lines, and trying to create sense out of the initial letters of each word, in the thought that the meaning had been hidden in that way. Lips silently moved as each member of the party, even Gracie, tried to work out some individual idea, and sudden laughter broke out now and then when eyes met. But they all gave it up at last, and Alan was so downcast that he appeared to scowl.

"There is no hidden meaning," he gave as his verdict. "I'm sure of it. And as we have proved that the directions as they stand are un dependable, it does indeed look as if Len Throneberry was a scamp who deliberately tricked his friend Ned Gale."

Josephine nodded. She didn't take the thought as hard as her brother did, but it depressed her too.

"Perhaps the landmarks were destroyed by the armies in the Civil War," Keith suggested. "The 'Loaf Rock' mentioned here may have been crushed for road building, the notched oak tree could certainly have been cut down, and the pool may have been drained by regiments of cavalry horses that watered there."

"And what became of the cliff and the cave?" Alan asked gloomily. "They could hardly have disappeared so easily."

"Caves are sometimes choked up by vegetation at the entrance and lost to all memory," was the answer to this. "And perhaps the cliff referred to is one you have climbed many times and are so well acquainted with that you hardly notice it."

But Alan shook his head. "That won't explain it, Keith. You must take into consideration the fact that Grandfather searched for years for the treasure as soon as he returned from the war, and it stands to reason that people living in the vicinity at that time must have remembered a cave and the name of Loaf Rock and the pool referred to in the directions. Only four years had passed then since the treasure was buried, and that isn't long enough to wipe out tradition."

A GASP from Josephine made them turn quickly and look at her. Her lips were parted, her cheeks flushed, and she was staring with round eyes at the paper she held. Perhaps Columbus looked like that when he first saw land after his famous voyage. So do those scientists who stumble on something new in their laboratories while studying the great puzzle of chemistry or electricity. She had certainly made a discovery of some sort.

"What is it, Jo?" Alan asked quickly. Considering her expression, her answer sounded idiotic. "This is note paper!" she cried. "It isn't just one sheet of paper folded in the middle; it's a double page!"

"Well, what is there about that to give you a fit?" Alan was scornful by reason of his disappointment.

"Because, don't you see, the fold divides the sentences! Len Throneberry wrote on the two inside pages of a piece of note paper, and not until he had completed one page did he begin on the other. The directions are therefore in two columns, with the fold separating them. It's only because there isn't any punctuation or capital letters that the sentences seem to run together. And it's because all the words are so irregularly spaced that the space between the pages has passed unnoticed. Give me a lead pencil."

Keith handed her one with which he had been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 662]

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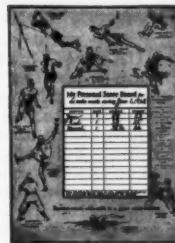
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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 661]

taking notes from his book, and she drew a vertical line down the middle of the paper she held. Then she added a few periods and capitals, and handed the paper to her brother.

"Read it as it was written, in two columns," she directed. And this is what Alan (Keith leaning over his shoulder) read—

Follow along Black Bear Creek to point 25 ft. below cave in cliff. Climb up cliff 15 ft. to wide ledge and look for jewel box far back under ledge plastered up with clay. Then keep on down

trail after it passes Sugar Loaf Rock and you'll come on a big oak tree near pool. Look for the silver and gold bowls under the tree where bark is notched. In the jungle behind the pool are the silver trays too big to be buried where the other things are.

of his ever since Gracie had reminded him of it not an hour ago, and getting angrier every moment at the thought of the way he had been tricked by the mountain fellow Throneberry. He might have refused to pay any attention to what Alan had to show him if Keith had not been present. But Keith could sometimes manage

the old gentleman when no one else could. It was he who placed the paper on the checkerboard under his eyes and persuaded him to put on his reading glasses and study it. He pointed out with a pencil the difference made by reading the sentences in two

columns on separate pages instead of reading straight across the sheet. And after a moment's deliberation, grudgingly conceded, a great change came over General Gale. He grew alert and interested, years seemed to fall from his shoulders, and the splendid fire of his spirit burned high again as in earlier life. His grandchildren rejoiced to see it in his eyes.

"Of course this is the way it was meant to be read," he agreed. "I begin to think that Throneberry may have been an honest man after all. Though you may not believe me, children, it will make me happier to have my faith in that man restored than to have my fortune restored. I am too old now to care much for more money, but I want to believe that my brother's friend [and my grandson's ancestor was trustworthy, and that no thief's blood flows in the veins of Alan and Josephine."

"That will mean more to me, too, than the treasure, Grandfather," Alan assured him; "but still, I'd like mightily to find that treasure. If the valuables are still in their hiding place, we must go after them without a moment's delay."

"This summer we will organize a searching party to invade the remote regions of the Great Smokies and seek for the things," the General agreed.

"This summer!" the boy repeated blankly. "I thought you'd say this week!"

"No, no, Alan. What has been hidden for close upon seventy years can stay hidden a few weeks longer. I forbid you to do anything about this matter until you have finished your school work for the year. To reach Black Bear Creek in the higher parts of the mountains and institute a careful treasure hunt will necessitate camping out for days or weeks, or even months. You know—or ought to know—how wild and inaccessible are some parts of the Smoky Mountains, and I've a notion that Len Throneberry very sensibly chose a particularly wild part in which to hide the Gale treasure. It was absurd of me to think he would have selected the familiar resorts around Sugar Creek to conceal anything so valuable from great armies of men. We shall have to go treasure-hunting on Black Bear Creek with almost as much preparation as if we were going to some far tropical island. Meanwhile, I will put this paper back in my safe, and we will keep the whole matter a profound secret."

"I hope you won't blame me for this delay, Alan," Keith said, as the young people left the General's office and walked back through the garden. "I was just joking in saying that I wanted the treasure hunt postponed until June. Or rather—since that's not quite true—I wouldn't let it be postponed if there was any way I could hurry it up, for your sake."

"Surely, I understand that," Alan nodded. "But of course you can't change Grandfather's major decrees any more than I can, though you can influence him in minor matters. We'll just have to be patient until school is out, and we can all go camping together. Shall we tell Roger about the secret?"

"No," Josephine put in quickly. "If he's got to be told, let Grandfather tell him. Then we shan't be to blame if he lets it get out. The thing for us to do is to guard our own



Never failing in courtesy to any woman, young or old, however she might be dressed, the General took his hat off as he admitted his identity

[PAGE 656]

Keith rose to his feet, clicked his heels together, placed his hand on his heart, and bent low before Josephine.

"I bow to the cleverest!" he said. "To the wisest of all the Gales! The only one who could tell the difference between a small double sheet of paper and a large single sheet!"

"Yes, sir, Jo, you've got sense," Alan hastened to compliment his sister. "Every other member of the family who studied this paper has been as blind as a bat mentally. Let's go tell Grandfather right off!"

"That he has been a mental bat?" Keith laughed. "I really shouldn't advise you to phrase it that way."

"No, of course not. I mean, tell him that the puzzle has been solved, and get his permission to organize a treasure hunt."

The General was still in his office. He was sitting over his checkerboard studying the movements of the wooden men with such gravity and dignity that he looked more like Napoleon planning a great battle than just a retired lawyer (he had once been Attorney-General of the state) practicing for a friendly game with an old crony that evening. When the four girls and boys burst in upon him he was in no way pleased. Had he been discovered writing letters or adding accounts he would not have minded quite so much, but he resented being caught at the checkerboard. And because he never spoke sharply to a girl or to his adored Keith, it was Alan who received the force of his resentment.

"Well, sirrah, are these your manners?" the General demanded, frowning at the boy as if he were the only one in the room. "It is usually understood that when I am in my office I am safe from intrusion."

"You must forgive us, Grandfather; we have something important to tell you," Keith hastened to make peace by explaining. "Alan and Josephine have made a very interesting discovery."

"It was Josephine who made it," Alan said quickly, disclaiming the part Keith tried to give him. "Josephine has shown us how to read this guide-paper you sent me by Gracie. There is a lot of difference in the way it is read."

The old General was not in a very pleasant mood. He had been musing on that lost fortune

tongues and prevent any rumors from spreading.

Roger's name was no sooner brought into the conversation than a vast noise was heard in the Square and Roger himself came riding up to the front of the house on a motor-cycle. He signaled to his cousins and Gracie to come out on the street to see it.

"This is mine," he whispered to them excitedly; "I've just bought it."

"Wherever did you get the money to buy a motor-cycle, Roger Gale?" Josephine demanded.

"That's my business. Where did Alan get the money to buy his horse?"

"I worked for it," Alan reminded him.

"Well, maybe I worked for this. Anyhow, it's mine. But don't tell Grandfather. He'd want to know too much about my—er—financial standing."

Then he started his motor again and resumed his ride with all the noise of which a motor-cycle is capable. His cousins watched him out of sight and then went back into the garden.

"I suppose we shall all be riding and driving after we find the Gale treasure," Keith said with a laugh.

"Yes; but how does it happen that Roger is riding already?" Josephine demanded, much puzzled.

This was a query that none could answer. Roger was not the type of boy to work for his spending money, and his father gave him a very small allowance. So there was something very queer about his having the price of a motor cycle.

CHAPTER FIVE A Thief in the House

AFTER the Easter holidays Gracie went home, but she was invited to spend every week-end with Josephine during the spring months, and she always arrived at the Gale house before Jo returned from school on Fridays. Often she walked to meet her cousin, and Josephine grew to expect her at the corner nearest the High School on Friday afternoons. But on one Friday in May she was not there, and Josephine was wondering what had kept her away, when at last she saw her coming at a breathless pace down the street, as if trying to overtake her.

"Black mark for being tardy!" the schoolgirl called out banteringly.

"Oh, Josie," Gracie panted, with a scared look in her eyes, "something awful happened to make me late. Keith came home from school a while ago and I dropped dead in the hall."

Josephine stopped as if struck by a cannon ball. She could only gasp when she tried to speak.

"An' after that he was took terrible sick," Gracie went on excitedly. "I he'ped his ma git him upstairs ter bed while Miss Em wuz callin' the doctor."

Here Jo found her voice again. "After dropping dead he was taken terribly sick?" she repeated blankly.

Gracie nodded, and Josephine understood now that her cousin had been merely using a mountain idiom to describe a faint or collapse. The relief made her almost giddy for a moment, but she was sincerely distressed to learn that Keith was ill.

They hurried back to the house together, and in the front hall found the old General pacing up and down the floor with a worried frown drawing together his beetling brows, while Alan and Roger, just home from school themselves, with their books still under their arms, stood near by with startled, even frightened, expressions on their faces. Voices came down the stairs, and Annie May went up with a pitcher of cracked ice, which the doctor took from her hands on the landing.

"What's the matter with Keith?" Josephine asked her brother in a scared whisper.

"Dr. Wilbur says he has been ready to break down for a long time," Alan answered, also in a whisper. "He wants a specialist to come up here to see him, and Grandfather put in a long-distance call to Nashville a moment ago."

"Is it a breakdown from too much studying?" Jo asked.

Alan shook his head, ignoring Roger's pleasantry.

"No, it's worse than that. The doctor says that well people don't break down from overwork. Keith is in a real bad fix. It may be his lungs. You know that he never has been strong."

Keith's illness cast a pall over the household that week-end. The specialist from Nashville came up the next day, and expressed the opinion that the boy would have to stop school work altogether and devote the next few years of his life entirely to looking after his health. College was out of the question for one in his condition.

"That verdict will be worse than a death sentence to Keith," Alan said soberly when the girls and boys were discussing it later. "He was doing so splendidly that I know he would have

made a great name for himself in college and through life. I never saw anybody with more ambition or with more determination to make his ambition come true."

"It's going to be even harder for Grandfather than for Keith," Josephine reminded them all. "Keith was the member of the family who was going to make the name of Gale famous. Grandfather had set his whole heart on Keith's success. Aunt Em says that ever since Keith was a baby Grandfather has been dreaming of the great future that was to be his. And now the doctors say that Keith will be an invalid for years, perhaps always. Poor Grandfather!"

The old General was indeed a pathetic figure these days. His pride in Keith did not suffer any decline, but his hopes were blasted. He saw now that the family at home, and the professors at school, had all been driving the boy too hard. His brilliant mind was encased in too frail a body to do its work satisfactorily. But the General's disappointment was greater than even those who knew the old man best realized. His pride of family was his strongest characteristic, and Keith had been the Gale standard-bearer since his birth. Now that the flag had fallen from hands too frail to hold it, someone else must take it up. The Gales could afford to send only one boy through college and give him the advantages of some financial backing at the start of his career, and since it was not to be Keith the General began to study his grandson Roger. Roger was far from being another Keith, but he was a Gale, and his mother was a woman of fine family. Perhaps this boy, too, had in him the promise of greatness.

"Roger, I am going to give you an allowance out of my own pocket, doubling, or perhaps more than doubling, what your father gives you," the old gentleman announced one morning, after summoning his grandson to him in his office. "I know you have very little spending money and that your tastes are expensive. This is not in itself a bad trait. You want the good things of life, and so do we all. I'll help you to secure your innocent pleasures if in return you will do something for me. Show me what sort of stuff is in you, Roger, before I die. Go into your school work and all other work with renewed energy. If you pass your final examinations next month with good marks I will engage a tutor for you this summer, so that you can enter college next fall in Keith's place. You are healthy and strong, and on one side you are a Gale and on the other side a Leigh. All the blood in you is good, and you ought to succeed."

Roger's eyes sparkled. To be his Grandfather's favorite as Keith was, to carry the banner of the family, and to receive a much increased allowance as an immediate reward, was worth any amount of effort. He didn't at all like the idea of being tutored during the summer, but it would be great to go to college. College is not all work, by any means, as any young collegian will admit, and Roger did not think of it as a place of work at all, though one might have to work to get into it. His enthusiasm was quite genuine.

"Grandfather, you are a prince!" he cried. "Just watch me dig from now on. I'm going to be old Keith's twin in the way I go after the prizes at school. I'll show you that I'm a worthy member of two great families."

The General shook his hand and clapped him on the shoulder. "Good boy! I'm counting on you. Perhaps my habit of favoring Keith on all occasions in the past has been unjust to you and deprived you of the incentive you needed to make us all proud of you. But hereafter you will know that your family stands behind you as a unit, cheering you on and watching all that you do with keenest interest. Make me happy again, Roger—or as happy as I can ever be while Keith is ill. Help me to recover my hopes."

Roger's sudden rise to favor and privilege after this conversation rather disgusted Josephine. She had never begrudged Keith the favors the General had shown him, but she did begrudge them to Roger. She scolded herself for not being able to rejoice in her grandfather's renewed hope that he had found a grandson worthy to carry on the family's traditions, but she resented his choice of Roger for this honor, when she knew her own brother was so much more worthy. It seemed impossible to her that the mere fact of Roger's mother having been a Leigh and Alan's a Throneberry of the mountains should blind General Gale to her brother's superiority of character. Yet such was the case. Even Alan's lanky and shabby appearance seemed to militate against him. Roger was now the chosen leader, and unless they found those long-lost jewels this summer he alone would go to college. Alan would have to fend for himself after graduating from the prep school which all the boys attended. It was cruelly unfair to him, in Josephine's opinion. But she kept her thoughts to herself. Only Gracie would have agreed with her. Keith was much too sick and discouraged at the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 664]

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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 663]

time to care, or he might have put in a word for Alan.

"My, my, how many ways there are to spend money these days!" Miss Em commented on the second Saturday morning of Keith's illness. "The trained nurse we are obliged to have for our sick boy, and the extra food and the medicines, and Roger's increased allowance—though that is most unnecessary, it seems to me. I don't approve of bribing a boy to study. It takes all the ready cash in the family. How am I to buy wedding presents for all the young June brides of my acquaintance?"

"Give them antiques," her father suggested. "And no need to buy those. We ought to have all sorts of old things in the attic, considering how many years we've lived in this house. Can't you find a pair of ancient brass candlesticks or andirons up there which can be polished up and passed along to be heirlooms in a new family?"

"Yes, I can," Miss Em agreed, her expression growing more cheerful. "Come on, Jo and Gracie, let's go see what we can find in the attic that will please young housekeepers with a taste for the antique. Perhaps the brides will think we are trying to do something particularly nice for them, instead of just trying to economize while Keith is sick."

THE girls followed her willingly, for they had no occupation that morning. And they joined with interest in her search for something nice enough for a wedding present. Gracie thought that all the old junk they unearthed was beautiful, and could not understand why Josephine and her aunt were dissatisfied with what they found. But it seemed that they had expected to find things which did not turn up.

"What on earth has become of that gilt girandole set, with the marble bases and glass prisms, that used to be up here?" Miss Em wondered aloud, after half an hour's searching in the heat. "I thought I could put my hand on it in a moment."

Josephine's face also showed perplexity. "I could have sworn that an old bronze lamp with lusters and glass shades was standing right yonder on that shelf the last time I was up here," she observed. "I remember that it looked just like the picture of a lamp I saw advertised in a magazine as a genuine antique, and that lamp was priced at a hundred dollars."

"Who-e-e!" cried Gracie. "Who'd pay a hundred dollars for a old lamp?"

"Many people would, Gracie. There is quite a fad for antiques nowadays," Miss Em told her. "I've sometimes thought we could make a good bit of money by selling some of the old-timey stuff that has been accumulating up here since Josephine's great-grandfather was a boy, but I'm afraid we are hopelessly sentimental and unbusiness-like in this family. We may sometimes give away an heirloom, but somehow we just can't sell."

"Nobody but a junk dealer in the back alley would buy anything we've come across this morning," Josephine grumbled. "I can't even find the old bellows I used to play with."

"Well, well, the better things are here somewhere; they've just been misplaced," Miss Em insisted comfortably. "I must have this attic thoroughly cleaned up soon, and then the missing articles will come to light. It's too hot to stay up here any longer, so you girls will please just look in that corner over yonder behind the trunks and get the little pie-crust table with the tilted top that's there. Bring it downstairs between you, please. I'm going to have it re-finished and send it to Sally Woodruff."

But the little table was not in the corner where Miss Em said it was. Look as they would, it could not be found. The midday sun was growing warmer and warmer on the roof, and the air in the attic was almost suffocating, so that they soon went downstairs. But there was a worried look in Miss Em's eyes, and she bit her lip anxiously. Could Annie May, who seemed to be so trustworthy, have carried the lost articles home with her? She must be made to understand that just because a thing had been in the attic for a few decades, and the family appeared to have forgotten all about it, was no sign that it might not be remembered and required some day. If Annie May had carried off that quaint girandole set and the old lamp and the table, she must bring them back.

The General called Josephine to him when she and Gracie were passing his door on their way into the garden after the unsuccessful trip to the top of the house.

"Tell me, Josephine, are there any mice in the attic?" the old gentleman questioned, anxiously.

"I don't think so, Grandfather. I didn't see any, or you would have heard of it. There isn't anything up there for them to eat."

"Mice often devour books with more gusto than the greatest scholar," the General pointed out. "And there is a box of books up there which I would not have anything happen to for a good deal. An old friend of mine asked me to care for them when he was going abroad to live fifteen years ago, and though I haven't heard from him in a decade I feel sure he will be wanting them again sooner or later. I believe some of the books are first editions of famous works."

"That box is in good order, Father," Miss Em said, overhearing his remarks to Josephine and coming into the room. "I look at the corners every time I'm in the attic. Besides, I don't allow mice in my house, and keep traps set for them. I abominate mice."

"Old ladies are always scared sick of them, Aunt Em," Roger sang out, passing the open door. He had heard only the discussion about mice, nothing of what was said of books, or he might not have gone on his way so blithely that May morning.

The General gazed proudly after Roger as the boy left the house and sprinted across the Square in full view from the front window. He was recalling a conversation he had had that very morning with one of the professors of the school.

"Of course, there will never be a second Keith," the professor had said, as he was taking his leave, "but you have another grandson, General, who is going to make you proud of him some day. He is no prodigy of learning, but he has a fine mind, the slow but sure type. When he grasps a thing he keeps it. He'll go far!"

Josephine was called to the phone, and Miss Em to the kitchen, but Gracie lingered in the General's room, looking out the window.

"I see the postman comin' along," she announced to her host after a few moments' silence between them.

"Won't you run to the door and get my mail, please?" he asked her.

When she came back with a letter he suggested that she read it to him. He often requested such service of Josephine if he was busy, as now, with a bit of carving or some other handiwork. But it was not until he had spoken that he remembered how embarrassing such a request might be to Gracie, in spite of her fifteen years. Then it amused him to see what she would do about it, and he did not retract his words.

Gracie opened the letter soberly and spread it out in her lap. A look of dogged determination came into her blue eyes, and her companion smiled to himself. He saw that she was going to read that letter or die in the attempt, and he admired her courage. For it took courage for Gracie Throneberry, who had had so little of what she would have termed "schoolin'" in her life, and that of such an inferior order, to try to read to an educated man like General Gale. Her grit pleased him. Many things about the pretty little mountain girl had pleased him since she first began coming to see Josephine, and he often found himself wishing that he had not refused to meet another Throneberry girl long years ago. But that was best kept out of mind.

"The fust word here has got four letters in hit," Gracie announced, studying the paper and playing for time.

"I suspect it's 'dear,'" he suggested helpfully.

"Yes, suh, hit begins 'Dear Jim,'" she cried, delighted by her discovery, and then paused, agast at having called General Gale "Jim!"

"Go on," he urged.

Spelling the words in a whisper before she spoke them aloud, wrestling with strange combinations and syllables, Gracie struggled on. Her weird pronunciation of some of the words made the General cough to hide his amusement, but he did not correct her. The perspiration was standing on her forehead and her breath was coming in gasps as she neared the conclusion, but not until the signature had been carefully spelled out and delivered did she let her agony end. And from her efforts the General gleaned the impression that the old friend who had left a box of books in his care many years before was in New York now and wanted four of those books—first editions of famous works—forwarded to him, as he needed money and hoped to sell them for a big price. Just to be absolutely sure, the General took the letter from Gracie and ran through it all again. Then he smiled to see that she had not skipped a word, but had plowed through every syllable in the composition, even syllables which common custom left silent.

"We'll have to go up in the attic, Gracie, and find those books for my friend," he said as he folded the letter and returned it to its envelope.

"I low they hain't thar," she predicted.

"Not there? Why do you say that?"

"Miss Em an' Josie couldn't find nuthin' they wuz lookin' fur up thar this mornin'." They looked fur candlesticks an' they wuz gone, an'

they looked for a lamp and hit wuz gone, an' they looked for a table and hit wuz gone. I 'low yo' books'll be gone too."

"That's a silly notion, Gracie. Those other things you mentioned are just misplaced," the General protested. But he felt suddenly and unexplainably nervous. If his friend was in need and hoped to make money by the sale of four valuable books from his collection, and the books were lost or stolen, then General Gale felt he would be honor bound to send him the price—which might be thousands—out of his own pocket. It was a startling thought.

"Let us go upstairs, Gracie, and attend to this matter at once," he said to the girl, and rose hurriedly to carry out his own suggestion.

CHAPTER SIX

Discovery and Despair

KEITH was so much better that morning that the nurse let him sit up awhile in a big chair by his bedroom window, and she herself went out to take a walk. A returning interest in life made the boy alert to all the sounds in other parts of the house. Toward noon he became conscious that some sort of excitement was permeating the place. All the family seemed to be hurrying up into the attic and then coming down to stand and whisper in the upper hall. The General's voice was raised more than once in tones denoting anger, and Annie May could be heard declaring over and over that she knew nothing at all about whatever it was that was worrying the white people. Gracie's dialect was mixed in with the conversation of the others, and Keith could separate his father's and mother's tones from the general hubbub and tell that both were deeply concerned. His curiosity was intensely aroused.

"I say, Josephine," he called on seeing his cousin pass the door, "don't treat me as if I were dead. Come in here and tell me what has happened. There seems to be trouble in the air."

Josephine came in, followed by Gracie. "Are you well enough to talk, Keith?" she asked uncertainly.

"The doctor told me this morning that my spell is about over, and that I need only a little more strength to be up and about again," he reassured her, adding with bitterness in his tone, "provided, of course, that I exist like an animal and don't try to study or do anything else but eat and sleep."

Desiring to interest him in something besides his own troubles, Josephine decided to tell him what had disturbed the household.

"We've had the most curious robbery here," she said, perching on the window seat so that Gracie could have the other chair in the room. "Somebody has been pilfering in the attic, and besides taking several antiques which Aunt Em rather cherished he—or she—also carried away two or three valuable books belonging to an old friend of Grandfather's. They were in a box up there, supposedly nailed up, but the top has been pried off and then fitted on again. It seems to have been opened more than once, for the nails slip in and out of their holes quite easily. As the missing books were first editions of famous works, and as Grandfather's friend had hoped to bridge over a financial crisis by selling them, you can just imagine how Grandfather feels about the theft."

"Does the family think an ordinary house-breaker took the things?" Keith asked.

"Nobody knows what to think, but it doesn't seem probable that a regular burglar would have been content to pilfer in the attic and not take anything downstairs; and at the same time no little sneak-thief who was just looking around for something to sell to get himself a meal would have unerringly chosen those particular books to carry off, leaving the less valuable ones behind. It's a curious affair all around."

"Hit don't muddle me non," Gracie announced calmly. "I never said nuthin' ter the Gen'ral, but I kin tell ye who done hit."

Keith held up his hand. "Don't say any more, Gracie," he said. "Unless you are absolutely sure, don't accuse anybody. There are no thieves in this household."

Gracie flushed, but she looked over at Josephine as if asking permission to speak.

"Keith is right," Josephine said. "Here

comes Alan; I wonder if he has anything to tell us."

Alan knocked, and came in. "You may as well know," he said in low tones, "that I'm under suspicion as the guilty person."

"You!" exclaimed Gracie. "Hit ain't you, hit's—"

"I told you not to mention any names," interrupted Keith. "Go on, Alan. You were saying—"

"Grandfather hasn't actually accused me. But one day recently I was up in the attic with muddy feet, and I tracked the floor there, and the stairs. To keep from provoking Aunt Em I got a broom and tried to sweep away the mud. While I was secretly at work Grandfather came along and saw me. He seldom comes upstairs, you know, and I know he thought my action was highly suspicious. To-

day, when he told me about the robbery, he said something about a guilty person leaving tracks behind him. He thinks I have bad blood, you know—he thinks my Grandfather Throneberry was a thief."

"Forget it, Alan," said Keith. He was weary, but his tired eyes expressed such complete confidence in Alan that the suspected boy smiled. Meanwhile Gracie had whispered something in Josephine's ear, and Josephine held up a finger to silence her.

"Gracie thinks that if anyone in the family had stolen these valuable things and sold them," she said, "he'd have a lot more money than usual. Isn't there somebody who has bought himself something lately—something that would have cost a great deal?"

"Yes, there's my horse," said Alan. Grandfather doesn't think I could have paid for my horse out of the pittance I earn washing gentlemen's cars."

"Stop accusing yourself," commanded Keith. "There's another of us who has bought something that would cost a lot more than that nag of yours. We are all thinking of Roger's motorcycle, I know. Well, if Roger got the money for his motor-cycle by selling some of our antiques, it's up to Roger to confess."

"He ain't a-goin' ter confess," put in Gracie. "He'll come home bime-by, an' he'll tell a story of he's put to hit."

Suddenly Josephine recalled Roger's queer behavior in the attic one day in Easter week, and she recalled the day he had passed her with a book in his hand. She wanted to give out any information that would clear Alan of the black cloud of suspicion that had fallen on him. But were these things information? Was Roger really guilty? Or was she guilty herself in wishing to convict him on such flimsy evidence?

"I believe Roger is innocent," said Keith, suddenly. "We will try to give him the benefit of the doubt in our thoughts—and we must certainly say nothing to the family that could cast suspicion on him."

Josephine got up. There was nothing more to be said. Keith was always the leader among the young people; despite his illness, he had assumed the leadership now. She walked slowly out of the room, and found herself wandering thoughtfully up the stairs. Grandfather had said that a guilty person always leaves tracks behind him. There would be tracks of some kind in that dusty attic—not footprints, perhaps, but some other kind of tracks that would lead surely to the thief.

Josephine stood beside the box of books from which the valuable first editions had vanished. The dust on the box dirtied her hands, for everything in that attic was thickly covered with dust. She rubbed her fingers with her handkerchief before picking up the books that remained in the box. She could not have said why she examined the books, unless she hoped to find that the valuable ones were still there. Impossible! Grandfather and the others had searched for them in vain.

The title-page of the first volume that Josephine examined gave her an unexpected clue that made her catch her breath. She hurriedly opened other volumes, one by one, and presently she ran down to her Grandfather's office with three books in her hands.

The old General was sitting before his table, with his head bowed. But he allowed Josephine

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 666]



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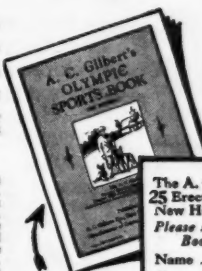
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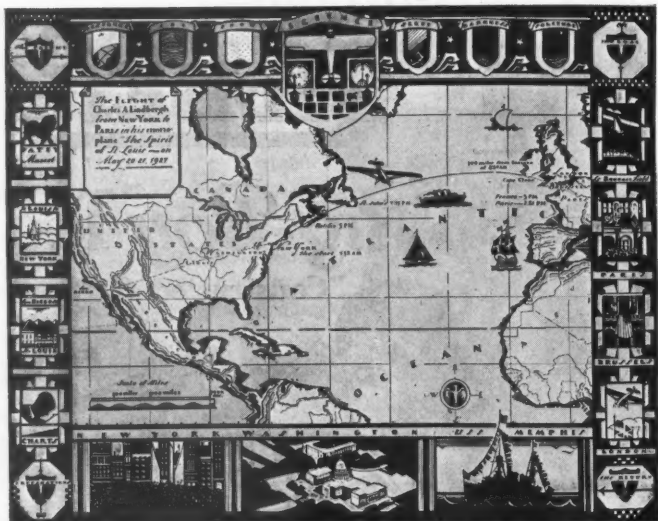


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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665]

to enter, and he looked hard at the three books she put down in front of him.

"Grandfather, when you looked for the missing books did you open any of the others?" she asked.

"I did not. Why?"

"Because I want you to see what I've found. Dirty fingerprints on the title-pages of these three books! That attic is awfully hot and dusty, and these prints were made by hot, dirty fingers. I think the thief was looking for the first editions, and examined the title-pages of these other books to make sure."

The General's eye flashed. "It's possible," he said. "These prints will be interesting to the police. But no; I shall conduct an investigation in my own way. Say nothing about this to anyone—not even to your brother. You may go away now."

JOSEPHINE withdrew. She spent the afternoon with Gracie in the garden, trying to make the mountain girl see the worthlessness of accusing anyone on mere suspicion.

"If I'd told about Roger's queer actions in the attic," she said, "I'd have only been a tattletale. But I believe everyone's fingerprints are different, and the thief signed his name in those books just as plainly as if he'd written it with a pen. I suppose you don't understand, Gracie. Well, wait and see. Grandfather says he's going to investigate in his own way."

After supper that night there was a suppressed excitement in the air. Keith had been brought down, at his own earnest entreaty, and lay on the sofa. Alan was making a poor pretense of studying. Josephine and Gracie were playing an atrocious game of "concentration," since neither could concentrate for a moment. Only Roger dug away placidly at his lessons; if he knew there was anything strange in the atmosphere, he gave no sign. The General was in his office. It was nearly nine o'clock when he came into the sitting-room, with a large pad of paper, a book, and an ink-pad.

"Josephine," he said gravely, "will you tell Annie May not to go home for an hour, as we may need her. Roger, please close the doors. I assume the trained nurse is upstairs, out of hearing."

"What's up, Father?" asked Mr. Andrew Gale. "You look as if you were about to perform an experiment."

"I am," said General Gale. "There has been a theft of valuable books and other articles in this house, as you know. My suspicions have fallen upon a member of the family, I regret to say. There is no sign that the attic windows have been tampered with, and I do not believe that a sneak thief could have entered without our knowledge. I have questioned every member of the family, and everyone has denied all knowledge of the theft. But the thief has left fingerprints on the title-pages of some of the remaining books. I will now read to you what science has proved concerning this evidence."

Deep silence reigned in the room while the General read briefly from the Encyclopædia Britannica. "The skin of the human hand is traversed in all directions by creases and ridges, which show no change from childhood to extreme old age. . . . Very few appliances are required for taking the print—a sheet of white paper, a tin slab, and some printer's ink."

"But are everyone's creases and ridges different from everyone else's?" asked Aunt Em.

"They are," said the General. "The pattern on the ball of your thumb and on your finger tips is different from the pattern on every other person's thumb and fingers in the world. I have prepared everything necessary, and I will now take the fingerprints of all persons in this room, beginning with myself. Under the magnifying glass, I will compare them with the prints in these books."

So saying, General Gale pressed his fingers and thumbs on the ink-pad, and then made clear prints on a sheet of white paper, signing his name on it afterwards for identification. Aunt Em followed. Then the other elders, all surprised and sorry that the investigation had taken this strange turn. Alan came next. There was

no hesitation in his manner as he came forward to the table. General Gale looked him hard in the eye, but Alan did not flinch.

Then it was Roger's turn. But Roger did not come forward. His face had grown white, and he seemed to be covering in the shadow behind the large square piano.

"I won't have my fingerprints taken, like a common criminal," he said.

"Why not, my boy?" said his Grandfather.

"You have nothing to fear."

"I'll tell you why," said Roger, "if you'll let me talk to you in your office, alone."

Silently General Gale picked up his book, ink-pad, and the sheets of paper already covered with fingerprints, and walked out into the little house in the garden. Roger followed, with his chin on his breast—but the eyes that watched him saw that his face was still white.

"Well, sir," said Grandfather Gale, taking his place by his table. In the flickering lamplight the "playroom" had taken on a grim aspect. "Well, sir, have you any light to throw on the identity of the thief?" He spoke expectantly.

"Yes," said Roger. "I took them myself—and the other things, too."

There was a long pause. Another grandson of the General had disappointed him. Keith's breakdown had not been Keith's fault—but here was a Gale confessing to theft. It seemed to the old man that this was the crowning blow. He recovered his poise; he sat as firmly as he had sat his horse in battle; but he felt that his heart would break.

"I just want to say," said Roger, "that I don't believe you could have trapped me by those fingerprints. I think it takes an expert to read them. Of course, you could have turned them over to the police. But I

couldn't let you do that. I'm a Gale. I took those things, but I don't consider it stealing—I thought they were just old rubbish that nobody wanted any more."

"Why didn't you work honestly for money, if you wanted it?"

"You were always criticizing Alan for washing cars and doing common work like that—and what else can a boy get to do, in a town like this?"

"I suppose I deserve that rebuke, Roger. It's a thrust at my pride. But you haven't excused yourself for theft. Why did you want to steal those things?"

"Well," said Roger, unexpectedly, "the first time I wanted some money for my mother's birthday present. So I took a little old clock and sold it for a dollar. I didn't think it was wrong to do that."

"A good motive is no excuse whatever," said the General. "You could have asked me for the clock, or for the dollar. But that's how criminals begin. You saved your conscience by saying that you were stealing in a good cause, and then you weren't caught, and pretty soon you began stealing for your own account. How long has this been going on?"

"For three years," confessed Roger. "And the climax is," said the General, "that you have stolen valuable old books belonging to another family, the loss of which I must make good."

"I didn't know those books weren't ours," said Roger, truthfully enough.

"How much did you get for them?"

"Ten dollars each."

"Humph! The receiver of the stolen goods swindled you—and that's true of all receivers and thieves," said General Gale. "Is there any chance of getting the books back?"

"No, I don't think so. The fellow I sold them to was mighty mysterious himself. He was a stranger in town, buying antiques wherever he could, and he paid cash for everything and gave his name just as Mr. Jones. I don't know where he comes from, and he's gone away now. I sold him the books, and a set of candlesticks, and a lamp, and a table, and got enough to make the first payment on my motor-cycle."

General Gale considered Roger for a long time.

"There's just one gleam of hope for you," he said. "You were man enough to confess. You



As Josephine passed the stairs, Roger came down three steps at a time

[PAGE 625]

should have confessed this morning, and not waited till I frightened you with the fingerprints. But you didn't wait till I caught you—and I would have caught you, if it meant the disgrace of bringing police detectives into my own home. You say you're a Gale. Well, then, prove it. Drop out of school, forget your hopes of college, and go to work and make restitution for your theft. It may take you five years. Wash automobiles, be an errand boy, deliver newspapers, study bookkeeping and stenography—anything. You'll only wipe out the stain that way. Are you man enough, Roger?"

"Yes, Grandfather," said the boy.

"Now go back to the house and ask your Father and Uncle Andrew to come to me. I've got to find some way to pay for those books, even if we have to sell this house to do it."

"Sell this house! Would you really do that?"

"I would. I will if I must. When you're living in a cheap tenement instead of this ancestral home, you'll have leisure to meditate on the fruits of dishonesty. That's what it comes to, Roger. There's no need to think about it now. You know what your job is."

Roger left the office and shuffled over to the house, wiping tears off his cheeks and nose. He was frightened as he had never been frightened before, and ashamed too. Well, he would prove himself a Gale. He would work and save, work and save, until after long years he succeeded in wiping out his disgrace.

The two Gale men walked out to the office, wondering what their father wanted.

"We're in desperate straits," he told them. "The books and valuables have gone past recall. It's the darkest hour the family has ever seen. There's only one gleam of light—I think better of Alan than I've ever thought before. I wonder if with the help of his kinsfolk in the mountains we could make anything out of Len Throneberry's clue."

He took from his safe a discolored, yellowed piece of paper, and laid it down on the table in front of his sons.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Gale Treasure

IT is thrilling to be up before the sun, to stand upon the summit of a mountain and watch the golden disc rise above other peaks, and to know that all around you is a virgin forest in which bears and wildcats roam, and that the nearest human habitation is a lonely log cabin in a rude clearing half a mile away. Josephine thrilled at the thought, and squeezed Gracie's arm. They might have been in the heart of the American wilderness two hundred years ago for all the difference in the scene. An Indian's painted face, peering around the bole of a tree, would not have surprised Josephine.

"Pap cut his foot with a axe last night," Gracie announced to her cousin as the two girls stood there together in the high regions of the Smoky Mountains on a June morning, watching the sun rise. Sunrise in the mountains was an old story to Gracie, and she saw nothing to get excited about. "He kin jes' limp aroun' terday, and I reckon he won't be no use up here now."

"I know—I'm sorry," Josephine answered absently. "He mustn't try to do anything. We can manage all right without his help."

"Huh!" Gracie grunted in amusement. "Who kin manage?"

The question was a sensible one. The party which had come up the mountain the day before and had camped the previous night at the headwaters of the Black Bear Creek was not experienced in woodcraft. It was made up entirely of members of the Gale family, except for Gracie and her father, Dave Throneberry, who had been brought along as a guide. The General was there—eighty-four, but quite able to make the trip, he said—and likewise his two sons, stout Mr. Andrew Gale, and thin, narrow-shouldered Mr. Roger Gale. Roger was absent. He was working for the dealer who had sold him his motorcycle, and who had not only taken it back but had given him a number of odd jobs to do. But Keith had come. The doctor declared that, provided he didn't exert himself severely, there was nothing better for him than camping in the mountains. His mother had come to look after him, and Miss Em to look after the General. And naturally Josephine and Alan were there. But in spite of the number of people in the party Gracie's jeering query as to who could manage things now that her father had cut his foot was pertinent. Neither of Josephine's uncles was an outdoor man, Keith was an invalid, the General was too old for hard exercise, and four members of the party were feminine. Alan remained the only active male.

"Why, Alan will manage," Josephine replied promptly and proudly. "Alan can do anything."

"He's sho gonner have his hands plum full then," Gracie commented drily. "But I reckon hit wouldn't do to have nobody else up here to

help him. I know treasure-huntin' is secret business."

General Gale overheard the girls' conversation. He had come out of his tent and was standing right behind them, but he moved away presently and sat down on a boulder with the sunrise before his eyes and the odor of broiling bacon in his nostrils. He glanced several times toward Alan, who certainly seemed to be the only member of the party fitted to take command of the camp and show the willing but ignorant campers how to do things. The old man had watched Alan keenly since the start of this expedition. The boy was in his element in the mountain wilderness. High up in this primeval forest his personality appeared in a new light. He seemed instinctively to know how to meet every emergency—though it was not only his ability to light a camp-fire and peg down a tent which gave his grandfather the feeling that he was becoming acquainted with this one of his grandsons for the first time. No, there was something about Alan, elusive as yet, which puzzled the old man because he could not quite grasp the impression and describe it in words. For the first time since the boy had come to live with him, General Gale felt that he was near to understanding him. Hitherto he had allowed himself to believe that the "poor white" blood of his mother had given Alan common tastes and ways, and he had never tried to study the boy's character. It was different now. Never had an old man greater incentive to study a youth than in this case. Cautiously, lest disappointment again await him, General Gale was feeling his way toward a closer communion with this odd boy, who had come out of the West, bearing his name, five years before. Could he hope to find in him a worthy heir, not of money, but of the high principles and ambitions of an old and honorable family?

"I am not altogether sorry that Dave Throneberry lamed himself," the old general said to Keith's father, as his son sat down beside him. "The rest of us are so helpless that it is going to give Alan a chance to show what is in him."

"Alan is a dependable lad," Mr. Andrew Gale commented.

"I trust so, for he is the last grandson on whom I can hope to depend," the General stated, rather grimly. "Keith, bless him, must not waste his vitality for years to come, and Roger has disappointed me beyond expression. I feel that I have underrated Alan all his life, but now I am going to watch the boy and give him his due. I learned on his graduation last week that it was he, and not Roger, who was recently praised to me so highly by one of his professors. The boy has a good mind and a fine body. I am studying him."

All unaware that he was being studied, Alan attended to the hundred-and-one duties of the camp, and did them so rapidly that in a short while after breakfast the treasure hunt could begin. As they were already at the headwaters of the Black Bear Creek, it seemed that they would have little trouble in following the directions on the treasure chart, provided it was genuine. They started off with high hopes.

"All we have to do," said Josephine to Gracie, studying her copy of the directions, "is to follow the creek to a cave in the cliff, and then to a point twenty-five feet below the cave where there is a ledge of rock."

"Follerin' a creek ain't so easy," Gracie cautioned her. "The banks is apt to be all growed up with blackberry bushes and laurel into a almighty tangle. Hit'll take some cuttin' ter git through."

GRACIE was wise from experience. The party had scarcely left the camp ground, which was located on one of the bald spots on the mountain top, when Alan and his uncles were called on to use their axes to clear the creek bank of a tangle of undergrowth before anyone could pass through. Arms rose and fell in unison at first, but after a short while Alan's rose twice or thrice to once of Mr. Andrew's and Mr. Roger's. But somehow the three of them cleared the way, and all pushed forward. Soon they were between the high walls of two cliffs, and the path they followed was so close to the water as to be damp and slippery and dangerous. The ladies watched fearfully for snakes, and screamed when they slipped. Sure-footed Gracie held tight to Josephine, and everybody picked out the driest places for Keith to step. Then they rounded a bend, and on the other side of the full stream yawned the mouth of a cave. Within view, some twenty-five feet farther on, appeared a ledge of rock on the opposite cliff at more than twice a tall man's height above the water.

"We are on the wrong side of the creek," the General said in a tone of exasperation.

"We couldn't have come down the other side," one of his sons pointed out. "There isn't a foot of ground between the rock wall and the water all the way. We might have followed the cliff

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 668]



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THE GALE TREASURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 667]

at the top, however." But, looking up, they saw this would have been impossible, too. The cliff rose to a frowning height. Not only would it have been difficult to see the cave from above, but no one could have come down to the ledge through the tangle of vegetation. They were now opposite the best possible place for reaching the ledge.

"I could swim across," said Alan. "But that would take most of my strength—this mountain water's mighty cold. I'll go back, and find a place to get across. I don't need my axe; this knife's strong enough for scraping away the clay, if the box we want is still plastered in there."

They demurred at the delay, but while they were still demurring Alan slipped away on the back trail. It was a long time before he found a crossing and reappeared on the opposite shore. But he stood there at last, and waved to them, and scanned the sheer cliff above him. It was going to be a dangerous climb to the ledge.

Alan took hold of rock projections with his fingers, clambered up ten feet with great difficulty, and then lost his hold and fell backward with a splash into the water. His aunts shrieked, and exclamations of alarm came from the gentlemen.

Alan said nothing, but wriggled out of the water and again started to climb. He got a little higher this time, before another projection crumbled in his fingers and again let him fall into the creek.

This time they all called to him to give up—all but Josephine. "He'll make it," she insisted with her eyes bright with pride. "You don't know Alan—he never gives up."

On his eighth attempt Alan reached the ledge, and lay there gasping, while a cheer came from the group. The boy's refusal to give up, in spite of so many falls into the creek, may have caused the General some anxious moments, but there was a proud light in the old man's eyes. He felt that it foreshadowed a dogged determination—a will to succeed—that would carry Alan up the steepest slopes in life.

He was dripping wet, and his arms were cut and bruised, but he was digging hard in the clay which plastered the back of the rock. It came away slowly. As they watched him from the opposite bank, nobody noticed that Gracie had picked up a coil of rope and slipped away with it.

Alan dug for a long time. Large piles of clay were at his feet. Suddenly a shout came from him. He put his hand deeply into a hole he had made in the clay, and felt a box within. Everyone feels a tremendous thrill when buried treasure comes to light, and Alan felt it now. But he felt at the same time that his Throneberry ancestor had been vindicated.

"I've got it!" he called. "Bless you!" ejaculated the General, feeling weak. He sat down suddenly on a tree stump. More than sixty years had passed since he, a boy of twenty, had started searching for that box.

"Be careful with it, Alan," called Mr. Andrew. "Don't drop it in the creek. Is it heavy? Can you swim with it?"

But before Alan could answer he was hailed from the top of the cliff behind him. A rope came whirling down, and the end of it struck his shoulder. Gracie's small face peered out through the bushes, with a smile of triumph.

"Tie the box to that," she called. "I've tied my end to a tree."

Alan put the box under his left arm and held it carefully against his body. Then, pulling himself up with his right hand, he scrambled out of sight among the bushes, after which he called

that he and Gracie would bring the treasure around to the family.

They came in sight after twenty minutes, the Throneberry descendant and the Throneberry girl, carrying between them the treasure that the proud Gales needed so much. And the treasure was intact. The strong iron box was still locked, and its rusty hinges were firm. Cracking it, as Keith said, was like trying to crack a coconut with your bare hands. But Alan pried it open at last, and the glittering treasure sparkled in the sun.

General Gale made a careful inspection, recognizing the diamond necklace that had belonged to his mother, the great emeralds that had come down from still older times, the lockets and earrings full of diamonds and other stones in old-fashioned settings—sapphires, tourmalines, beryls, rubies. Only a jeweler could appraise the value of these glorious things, into which so much of the Gale fortune had been placed. The General studied it for a long time, thinking of the imprecations he had uttered in the past against Len Throneberry, who had hidden it so well. The very name of Throneberry had been anathema in his ears so long that it was a synonym for dishonesty. And now a descendant of that hated family had solved the riddle of the directions, and another one had found the treasure in its hiding place.

"Alan, Josephine," said the General, "I've been proud, I've been contemptuous—but it ought to do your hearts good to realize that the honesty of Len Throneberry makes it possible for me to repay the debt incurred through the lack of faith of another grandchild of mine."

The treasure hunt went on again next day. Keith and Aunt Em and Keith's mother went back to town to put the jewel box in the safe-deposit vault of a bank. The others pushed on through the jungle, to find the silver and gold plate. They found Sugar Loaf Rock and the pool, but the notched tree had fallen years before, and they had to dig for days in the vicinity of the pool before the silver and gold bowls were unearthed. Another long search was made in the tangle of vines behind the pool before they discovered the trays which Throneberry had thought too big to be buried. But they found them all—the gold ones still untarnished, the silver trays blackened. Their triumph made up for the hard exertion: it was a thankful and happy party that made its way homeward at last.

"Like a victorious army, bearing loot," said Uncle Andrew.

But General Gale's greatest happiness came from a different source. He had found a grandson who he believed could be depended on.

"Alan is a born pioneer," he said. "I don't mean a woodsman—the great wildernesses are nearly all conquered. I believe Alan will strike out along new lines and make his name known in new fields of endeavor."

Josephine overheard this remark, and her delight in this recognition of her brother's worth set her spirits soaring. Her beaming smile attracted the old man's attention.

"Josephine, where is that brother of yours—" he began, in the same stern tones in which he had always voiced the question that had tormented her so long. And then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added: "Where is that brother of yours going to be, twenty years from now?"

She couldn't reply to that, of course, but she felt sure that when the time came she could give a proud answer.

THE END

A THRILLER FOR JANUARY!

ANOTHER favorite author will write our long story next month—Carl H. Claudy, who gave us those two splendid novels, "Dangerous Waters" and "The Gold He Found." The new story, "Pat Prentiss's Fortune," has a background of mystery. Pat has been brought up in great luxury, and believes there are plenty of bonds and stocks in the safe-deposit box—but when the box is opened, the fortune has flown. How Pat takes up life from that point makes a thrilling and memorable story, with a most unexpected climax at the end. From the South Pacific, Commander Byrd radios his greeting to The Youth's Companion. Later, we trust, he will return from the South Pole with another budget of fascinating stories for you. Meanwhile, the other great American flyer, Colonel Lindbergh, will be the subject of another superb article next month. What he is doing for aviation right now is a thrilling and almost unknown topic, which only The Youth's Companion will fully present to you. Next month will begin a new serial, "Lubber's Luck," by Edith Ballinger Price, whose great serial "Ship of Dreams" was so well liked by every Companion reader. Ralph Henry Barbour will give us a new hockey story in his inimitable style. All your other friends—C. A. Stephens, Jonathan Brooks, Margaret Wardle and Harry Irving Shumway—will give us splendid stories. New contributors will be in The Companion, too—and all departments and special features, many of them in enlarged form. Stand by for the finest year in The Companion's history, beginning with this big and fascinating January number.

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Books for Christmas

Here is a list of splendid volumes for gifts or for your own enjoyment, selected by the Editors of *The Youth's Companion*

INTERESTING new books are still arriving every day here at *The Youth's Companion* office, and once again we wish you might come and browse among them with us. Those of you who enjoy true stories about the sea will be especially pleased. Here is *THE STORY OF OLD IRONSIDES*, by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00), which is the story of that famous ship, as told by a grandfather to his grandson as they work together on a ship model. Here is *THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF THE SEA*, by T. C. Bridges (Little, Brown, \$2.00), which is about the sea itself, the strange creatures that live in it, and pirates and wrecks and sea serpents. And here are two books of true stories of the brave men and boys who have sailed the sea—*BOY HEROES OF THE SEA*, by Walter Scott Story (Century, \$1.75), with the storms and the emergencies which have overtaken sailors along our own New England coast of reefs and fogs, and *FAMOUS SEAMEN OF AMERICA*, by Hanson Hart Webster and Ella M. Powers (Crowell, \$2.00), in which you will find great voyagers, explorers, sea captains and fighting-men.

To the Sea for Adventure



Doubleday,
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There are some excellent fiction stories of the sea. *BLOWING WEATHER*, by John T. McIntyre (Stokes, \$2.50), is a new edition of a tale which has long been popular with sea-lovers. It is the story of the port of Philadelphia long ago and of the old shipping-house whose tall ships cruised the seven seas. There is priceless cargo in it, and pirates who plunder, and stalwart young men who bring them to account. *THE SEAL OF THE WHITE BUDDHA*, by Hawthorne Daniel (Coward-McCann, \$2.00), brings you a girl who went to sea in 1847 aboard her uncle's clipper ship. Mystery, adventure and a great good fortune come to Hope Winchester in this swiftly moving story. Three other books deserve special mention. *ENIGMA WALLY RODNOR*, U. S. N., by Warren Hastings Miller (Appleton, \$1.75), is the story of Wally Rodnor and his chum, graduates of Annapolis, in the navy. *JUNIOR STARKE, POUNDMAN*, by Linwood L. Righter (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), tells of the fish-pounds of the Jersey coast, where this author has done pioneer work in the discovery of serum to combat the fish poison to which men are exposed. *DAVY JONES'S LOCKER*, by Reed Fulton (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), is the story of a boy who was shanghaied aboard a vessel bound for the Spaniards' Oregon. The early days of fur-trading were full of adventure and daring, and it is of them that *DAVY JONES'S LOCKER* tells. And if you are interested in making ship models,



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here is a new kind—*CORK SHIP MODELS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM*, by Peter Adams (Dutton, \$1.25), with directions for making models all the way from the ships of the vikings to modern racing sloops.

Do You Like Short Stories?

For those of you who enjoy collections of short stories, here are plenty. *GOLDEN TALES OF OUR AMERICA*, edited by May Lamberton Becker (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), is a selection of famous American stories, all laid in this country, each one worthy of a place in your library. *OTHER ARABIAN NIGHTS*, collected by H. I. Katibah (Scribner, \$2.00), will add to your own "Arabian Nights," and are authentic, since the editor of this book himself heard them told in Arabia and wrote them down there. *WONDER TALES FROM BALTIMORE WIZARDS*, by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Longmans, \$2.00), will delight everyone who has a secret fondness for wizards and magic and treasure and witches. Mischergurgie, the great wizard of Lapland, came down from the mountains, beating his magic drum, summoning the four ancient wizards to relate their most famous stories. These are the stories—true folklore, beautifully told. *THE SWORD OF THE VIKINGS*, by Julia Davis Adams (Dutton, \$2.50), is a collection of Danish stories—of Oluf Siwardson, a fighter from his boyhood, who wanted to fight for King Harald and who did fight for Elsa, the warrior princess; and of Gorm, who sailed beyond the sun and beyond the stars. Still another of these collections, and one you will surely enjoy, is *THE JOLLY ROGER*, by Joseph French Lewis (Milton Bradley, \$2.50), which is a collection of little-known pirate stories. Among them are some of the best that have ever been written. Do you like ghost stories? Then read *THE GHOST BOOK* (Scribner's, \$2.00). It is a collection of the best of them, written by such famous people as Walter de la Mare, Hugh Walpole and others.

With these collections of fine old short stories, don't forget to add to your library now and then such books as *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*, by Victor Hugo (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), a lovely new edition, and *DON QUIXOTE* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), the adventures of the gaunt country knight of La Mancha who went forth to defend the oppressed with Sancho Panza, his faithful squire.

MARTIN JOHNSON, AFRICAN EXPLORER, by Fitzhugh Green (Putnam, \$1.75), is the latest addition to Putnam's Adventure Series. Martin Johnson is now home from Africa after a hazardous scientific expedition. It was not his first trip to the land of wild elephants and lions. He has had adventures in the South Seas [CONTINUED ON PAGE 670]



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Airplanes are of absorbing interest to us all. If you wish to make a model airplane, look up MODEL AIRPLANES, HOW TO BUILD THEM, FLY THEM, by Elmer L. Allen (Stokes, \$3.50). And if you wish an airplane story which will take you right up, read RENFREW RIDES THE SKY, by Laurie York Erskine (Appleton, \$1.75), which has enough battles in the air, narrow escapes and forced landings with the Royal Flying Corps to satisfy any seeker of adventure. THE BOYS' LIFE OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, by Mitchell V. Charnley (Harper's, \$2.00), is the first biography of the Wright brothers, from the days when they first experimented with man-carrying kites. And if you have your aviation books on a shelf by themselves, nothing could be more appropriate than to hang beside them the handsome new Lindbergh map which has just been designed by Amy Drevenstedt (John Wanamaker and Amy Drevenstedt, \$2.50). It is beautifully colored, giving the course of Lindbergh's flight, with decorations of the Spirit of St. Louis, of Washington, of Le Bourget Field in Paris, around the side.

Indians, History, Biography

Judging by the number of enticing Indian books, Indians are still firm in popularity. THE BOOK OF INDIAN CRAFTS AND INDIAN LORE, by Julian H. Salomon (Harper's, \$3.50), is fascinating for its description of Indian customs. The author is a Boy Scout executive who has spent many years gathering together these directions for the making of teepees, moccasins, Indian weapons, war bonnets and other articles of Indian dress. What is more, he gives you the feel of Indian ways and living. INDIAN HEROES, by J. Walker McSpadden (Crowell, \$2.00), tells of Sitting Bull, Black Hawk, Powhatan and other famous Indian chiefs, while RUMBLING WINGS AND OTHER INDIAN TALES, by Arthur C. Parker (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00), is by a man who spent his boyhood among the Senecas and Onondagas and so came to know these tales of adventure and magic and animal lore which the

Indians themselves have handed down for generations around the camp-fire. IN ENEMY COUNTRY, by James Willard Schultz (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75), is by one of the most beloved Youth's Companion authors. In this story he tells about White Calf, the young Blackfoot, who travels far from his tribe, is taken prisoner and adopted by the Sioux.

Stories in Many Settings

And here are stories and stories to everyone's taste—we recommend them all. THE RED CAPE, by Rachel M. Varble (Little, Brown, \$2.00), is the story of a young princess in O-Garia, a tiny kingdom in the hills of Europe. A cruel uncle is regent until she comes of age. Her flight from his persecutions, her struggles to escape the revolutionists and to earn money to buy her mother's freedom, make a story well worth reading. RED PLUME OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED, by Edward Huntington Williams (Harper's, \$1.75), adds another volume to the books first published in The Youth's Companion. It is the story of our well-known friend, Dick Webster, and his expeditions with the Northwest Mounted Police, several episodes of which were published in our November issue.

JOANNA GRAY, by Nelie Gardner White (Penn Publishing Company, \$1.75), introduces to you Joanna, plucky seventeen-year-old girl, who makes a home for her younger brothers and sisters and eventually wins her silent father to finding life interesting and worth-while. CORNELIA'S CUSTOMERS, by Jane Winters (Century, \$1.75), is a story of a brother and sister who set up shop and become real merchants. They start as assistants in the village grocery, but they don't stop there. Besides being intensely interesting as a story, this book is full of good ideas for boys and girls who wish to earn money for themselves. Two books by Constance Lindsay Skinner are an event—ANDY BREAKS TRAIL (Macmillan, \$1.75), and THE RANCH OF THE GOLDEN FLOWERS (Macmillan, \$1.75). Andy is the already well-known Silent Scot, the story itself one of encounters with Spanish spies, bandits and Indians in the days when the Great West is opened. THE RANCH OF THE GOLDEN FLOWERS has as its heroine a Spanish girl whose people have owned California for generations and the girl whose race is to conquer that land. Romance, splendor and real adventure characterize this story, as they do all of Constance Lindsay Skinner's deservedly popular books.

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS, by Edith Bishop Sherman (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), is a girls' boarding-school mystery, with a ghost to furnish plenty of excitement. And girls everywhere will be happy that Jane Abbott has written a new book, HARRIET'S CHOICE (Lippincott, \$1.75). There are dreams that come true in this book—and a secret and crown jewels and girls who will be your good friends.

Nor can any record of the great books of the season be complete without mention of Bambi, by Felix Salten (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50), which John Galsworthy calls "a little masterpiece." It is an idyll of animal life—for Bambi is a deer.



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There are many books waiting for very young children who like to read about animals—*BOGA, THE ELEPHANT*, by K. O. S. (*Macmillan*, \$2.50), about a baby in the jungles of Africa; *THE RED HORSE*, by Elso Moeschlin (*Coward-McCann*, \$1.50), the story of a little boy who

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Yes, the book corner of your room will have many fine additions this season. And in your plans for its future growth bear in mind the importance of keeping your books free from dust and of making allowance for more volumes every year. Sectional bookcases are invaluable aids in the proper housing of a growing library.

LINDBERGH FLIES ON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 629]

Companion will taste the joys of air travel before 1929 is far advanced.

When Lieutenant Lindbergh, of the Air Service Reserve Corps, left Kelly Field, in Texas, in March, 1925, to become flight commander of the 110th Observation Squadron, and captain, he was an "ace" of his class. He gravitated naturally into the air-mail service.

He planned, and then flew, the new privately operated St. Louis-to-Chicago route. Now, when he squints into a stormy sky and says, "Why, this is all right; in the Air Mail we'd consider this good flying weather," he is merely measuring off another milestone of progress in aviation. Thanks to the lessons of the mail carriers, to beacons, better fields, better planes and equipment all around, the phrase "good flying weather" is getting to be an elastic and comprehensive thing. Weather which would have kept all the belligerent air forces indoors when I was in France is flown in safety and as a matter of course today.

Since we have been considering landmarks, there is another which we should note.

Uncle Sam decided to take an inventory of his aviation stock, assets and liabilities. President Coolidge appointed his former classmate in college, Mr. Dwight Morrow, as head of a commission to study the situation. When Colonel Lindbergh later visited Ambassador Morrow, while on his good-will mission to Mexico City, he might with propriety have "decorated" that diplomat for his aviation services. Because out of the Morrow commission came an aviation plan for Uncle Sam.

Furthermore, two pilots and an aeronautical engineer took high place in Washington for the sole purpose of looking after the interests and development of aviation. They were F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War; Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; and William P. MacCracken, who became Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics. These were young men, picked to guide the youngest defense force, all now being in their thirties.

A Jump in the Dark

"The mails must go through," was the rule which bound these young pioneers in air transport. The ships moved, with their five-hundred-pound loads, like shuttles in a loom—except when fog closed in. Fog and sleet still are the great enemies of flight.

"Several times," Lindbergh wrote of one encounter, "I descended to the top of the fog, which was 800 to 900 feet high, according to my altimeter. The sky above was clear, with the exception of scattered clouds, and the moon and stars were shining brightly."

"After flying westward for fifteen minutes I turned to the southwest, hoping to strike the edge of the fog south of the Illinois River. My engine quit at 8:28, and I cut in the reserve . . . a maximum of twenty minutes' flying. I decided to leave the ship as soon as the reserve tank was exhausted. . . . Seven minutes of gasoline remained in the gravity tank. Seeing the glow of a town through the fog, I turned toward the open country and nosed the plane up."

"At 5000 feet the engine spluttered and died. I stepped out on the cowl and over the right side of the cockpit, pulling the rip-cord after a hundred-foot fall. I was falling head downward when the risers jerked me into an upright position, and the chute opened."

"I heard the engine pick up. Apparently when the ship nosed down an additional supply of gasoline drained to the carburetor. Soon she came into sight headed in the general direction of my parachute. The plane was making a left spiral of about a mile in diameter, leaving me on the outside of the circle. I guided my chute away from the path of the ship as rapidly as I could."

"I could see neither earth nor stars and had no idea what kind of territory was below. I crossed my legs to keep from straddling a branch or a wire, guarded my face with my hands and waited. Presently I saw the outline of the ground and a moment later was down in a cornfield."

"The plane was found two miles away. The mail was uninjured."

That happened to Lindbergh twice, and once he narrowly escaped a crash through engine failure while near the ground.

But none of these experiences, I venture to guess, upset him a tenth as much as did something that happened just a few weeks ago while we were flying together in the West.

Three or four of us were in Lindy's room at the hotel when there came a knock at the door. The door opened, and in filed eight chambermaids, and lined up in a row.

"We merely wished to pay our respects to you, Colonel Lindbergh," the leader said.

Then the eight girls bowed timidly, and filed silently out. You should have seen him. He has met kings and princes and presidents—but that time he did not know what to do.

Getting the mails through "over the same old hills" began to grow monotonous.

Major Robertson has told me of his surprise when his young chief pilot walked in one day and announced that he wanted to try to fly to Paris. The Major thought of Lindbergh as a crack pilot, but still he had not thought of him as equal to that—then. Lindbergh plunged tersely into the detail of the problems of such a flight, opening the eyes of his own employer regarding himself and his capabilities. The upshot of it was that Robertson agreed to help back that flight.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the first of a series of articles on Colonel Lindbergh, and the development of modern aviation.

Answers to Questions

[See page 649]

1. Athos, Porthos, Aramis.
2. Treasure Island.
3. Tommy Traddles.
4. Beetle and Mr. Turk.
5. Richard H. Dana.
6. Sir Bedivere.
7. Henry W. Longfellow.
8. Amy, Jo, Beth and Meg.
9. Tom Sawyer.
10. Booth Tarkington.
11. "Westward Ho," by Charles Kingsley.
12. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."
13. Natty Bumppo.
14. Thomas Hughes.
15. She tossed a ball of yarn into her lap. He brought his knees together instead of spreading them to catch the ball in his dress.
16. Ralph Henry Barbour.
17. Sam Weller.
18. Lars Porssena of Clusium.
19. Robert Louis Stevenson.
20. Lola Pratt.
21. "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.
22. Fritz, Ernest, Jack and little Frank.
23. Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd; Rudyard Kipling is the author.
24. "Through the Looking Glass."
25. Johanna Spyri.
26. Robinson Crusoe.

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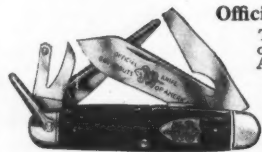


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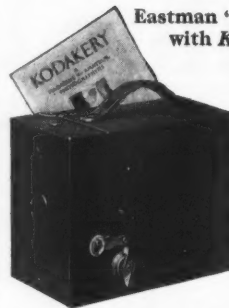
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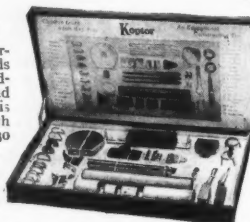
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SPORT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 644]

The New Cut-back Offense

[CONTINUED]

cut-back offense that can be adapted to any defense. The chief reason for not using this play as a complete offense is that it does not start until the ball reaches mid-court, thus preventing the attacking team from taking advantage of laxness in the formation of defense.

In conclusion, let me say that this play should not be used in the same manner as a signal play from the tip-off. No special formations on the floor are necessary to start the play. During our preliminary practices at Penn, the pivot man raised his hand to attract the attention of the man with the ball to the fact that he was starting his cut. The other men fell into position from this one signal. After the players were thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the play, this signal was dropped.

Attack and Defense

[CONTINUED]

other coach tells them not to do—to shoot from outside the foul line.

Such an attack readily lends itself to a strong defense, should the basket not be made. But Norgren uses a follow-up to it. Two players, other than the shooter, drive in toward the basket from either side of the court in order to play rebounds.

So the game on defense is to drive the attack into the corners of the court. Conversely, all attacks should be aimed for the basket. That goes, no matter what the system you play.

—S. M.

1928 Football Review

[CONTINUED]

manner of deceptive plays broke from this formation, and it suffered not a whit in comparison with the closer formations (those in which the fullback was from three and one-half to four and one-half yards back of the line). One of the backs in this more open formation was always placed so he could ram ahead, or slice either inside or off tackle.

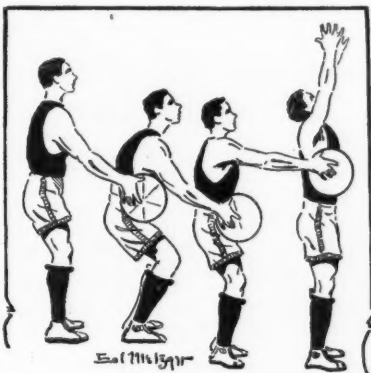
The advantages of this more open set of backs were two. First, it permitted the teams using it to pass with more accuracy, by reason of the fact that the back, standing so far from the line, was less likely to be rushed and thus forced to throw hurriedly. Second, the defense never knew beforehand when to expect a punt, although the closer formations in some cases offset this by employing the quick kick, a play that the Navy, Yale and Penn used quite effectively.

In the South, Georgia Tech continued to play its quarterback in the odd position he was placed in a year ago. He stands right back of center, facing the rear, and either takes the ball underneath, through his legs, or, if a direct pass is used, he is under way at top speed to make effective interference before the ball is snapped, as one man may legally do in football. Washington and Jefferson employed another odd formation. Its two wing backs, the backs designated to box defensive tackles, instead of facing straight ahead, faced each other. This permitted the one on the side from which the play ran to get more quickly into the interference than one could who had to make a half-turn at the start of his run.

More coaches recognized the great advantage to be gained from developing a large varsity squad. A decade ago only fifteen or sixteen men played on each side in a big game. As many as thirty participated on each side this fall. This is a most wholesome development, for many reasons. First, it gets more boys into the game. Second, it creates keener football, because each player knows he has to play his level best or else be taken out. Third, it lessens the chance for injury. Most hurts come when the player is tired and cannot instinctively protect himself. Fourth, it makes a far better game for the spectator, because all four quarters are played at top speed.

This factor, plus the greater stress on attack, was the cause of larger scores resulting in the earlier games and more scoring in the big games toward the season's end. In the matter of attack not only were players improved in the fundamentals that make for attack, but teams were better equipped in plays. Offense was more versatile. Power plays, delayed runs, reverses, spinners and hidden ball tricks featured the attack of every good team, which likewise had a varied assortment of passes.

The game reached a higher point than in many years. Upsets occurred in dramatic fashion from first to last, by reason of the fact that so many boys play football today that most colleges can boast of squads of almost equal power and skill.



Free Throwing

TWO methods are followed in making this all-important shot—the underhand and the chest shot. The former is more natural and, according to leading coaches, has the better record. As every basketball player must shoot free throws, it is well for all to perfect themselves in this art.

Sam Barry, the successful coach at Iowa, never lets his players do much practice at this stunt except after a hard scrimmage. The reason is apparent. Almost any athlete can learn to shoot free throws if he has not exerted himself previously. Barry's men do their practicing after a hard scrimmage so that they will face game conditions as nearly as possible.

To make the underhand shot place either one or both feet on the foul line with both pointing toward the basket. Crouch slightly and keep your eyes on the goal. Use your finger tips to grip the ball (not the palms), your hands on opposite sides. Rise on your toes and execute it with a rhythmic motion, the arms following through high.

It is well to know that the arc of the throw should be high, the ball either falling down almost vertically into the basket or bouncing in from off the backboard. In short, avoid striking the near rim of the basket. You have two chances on a high arc shot, none on a low one that strikes the near rim.

—S. M.

December Diet

THE boy who trains in winter time is indeed fortunate. Crisp, cold air is a tonic in itself. It leads to long hours of sleep. But at this season the basketball team faces a different problem in diet and habits than did football players, as many of the games and practice sessions are held at night.

For that reason it is well to watch the evening meal, which is the big meal in many homes. Go light on it before a work-out or game, or else you will likely fail to make the team. No one can be alert either mentally or physically after eating a big dinner.

That fact presents a problem. If the big meal is before practice, how is a boy going to get enough to eat? In the first place, few of them go hungry from the breakfast or lunch table, so there is no danger of starving. But if you do go easy on the evening meal before a strenuous session on the court, you are bound to be pretty hungry afterward. Again a problem faces the athlete. If he eats again late at night after his stint and just before retiring, his sleep will not be as restful as it should. One cannot gain the full benefit that slumber gives if his digestive tract has to keep itself employed with a late meal. It needs rest at this time, too.

The best thing to do is to drink a glass or two of milk or malted milk, or one of the similar products now on the market that tend to aid sleep. Any drug-store or soda fountain carries them, and most mothers have such nourishing food in the home. One can appease his appetite and still sleep like a log when he follows such a plan.

Milk and milk products have rapidly crept into favor in the sport field. Brown's great football team in the fall of 1926 drank milk after each practice. Basketball coaches are now beginning to serve it and other milk products following the night drill.

—S. M.

Character is built

by Training

BOXING is the manly sport for every red blooded boy. It teaches him the art of maintaining self-respect and respect for others throughout life. It builds a manly character.



No. 025 and 026 Glove

Christmas Special

two-tone

D & M BOXING GLOVES

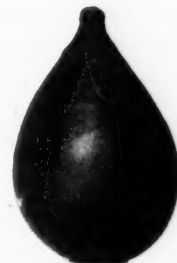
Made of soft vappa kid leather in green and red. A beautiful and serviceable glove with rolled grip and padded wrist.

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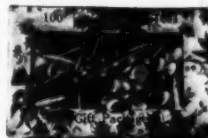
No. 025, for boys 7 to 16 years, 7.00 a set
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Boys' Gloves, per set, \$3.75 to 6.50
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No. 70P Striking Bag



No. 1WR Gift Box

D & M STRIKING BAG

... another

Christmas Special

for boys need indoor "gym" work in winter to keep body fit and muscles flexible.

Made of soft vappa kid with red and green panels. Very attractive and serviceable, packed complete with bladder, \$4.00.

... and for GOLFERS

Christmas Special

D & M White Rock Golf Tees made of Rock Maple-dry and tough, something every golfing member of the family needs and appreciates.

Packed 100 assorted colors in a neat holly Gift box with window top, \$1.00

Send for D & M folder "Useful Christmas Gifts"

DRAPER - MAYNARD CO.

PLYMOUTH, N. H.



TO SECURE THIS MEMBERSHIP INSIGNIA, THE FIRST STEP IS TO USE THE COUPON BELOW

The Y. C. Lab

THE WORLD-WIDE SOCIETY FOR INGENUOUS BOYS

THIS SEAL ON MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS CERTIFIES TESTS MADE BY THE Y. C. LAB



The ostrich and the hounds

PERMIT us to introduce to you a great new family—the Fuzzypups. Perhaps you have seen some of them for sale in the window of a dealer in clever novelties for as much as \$2.00. It would scarcely occur to you that with no equipment, little time and almost no expense you can make your own. But you can, and this article tells you how. The Fuzzypups have already achieved a tremendous popularity. No one can see them without wanting one. They are amusing for Christmas gifts, and any industrious Lab Member can clear a neat profit by making them to sell.

The basis of the Fuzzypups (which, as you will see later, need not necessarily be pups at all) is pipe cleaners—those fuzzy, cotton-covered wires which can be obtained for almost no cost. Other necessary tools and materials are a pair of scissors, a small pair of pliers, some black sealing wax for eyes and noses (and other colors for other uses), a large darning needle and a candle.

With these materials, a great variety of birds and beasts can be made, but probably the easiest and the most effective are dogs of all breeds. As an example, let us take the construction

A New Christmas Novelty—The Fuzzypups

The Lab introduces a clever and fascinating feature for the holidays

By H. B. Kane and W. B. Elmer

of a wire-haired fox terrier.

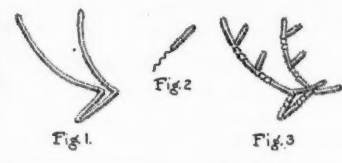
We shall need three pipe cleaners for this. First make the ears as shown in Step 1. The shorter end of the wire should be bent under the loop of the ears, then around

where an eye or a nose should be. If the first drop is not enough, keep adding to it until it becomes the right size. For a finishing touch, take a piece of red gummed paper (the edges of most Dennison labels are red), cut it in the form of an elongated V, wet the upper part and stick it on the fuzzy surface where the dog's mouth should be.

With this as a basis, we can work surprising wonders in securing expressions. We can cock the dog's head to one side or the other, let his ears flop down instead of standing straight up, make him sit down, lie down, or run.

Ducks and birds are very easy to make. They require only a loop for the bill, with one end of the wire wound to make the head and the other carried back for the body. The legs are fastened on as were the dog's, and the body wound with another cleaner. The bill and the feet present the only complication. In making the duck shown on this page, we used orange

REINDEER ANTLEERS



maimer of the bird. Wait until the wax barely begins to melt, and then remove it from the flame and let it harden. This gives a shiny, even surface.

Santa Claus to the Life

The making of a Fuzzy Santa Claus is slightly more difficult. Start first with four cleaners, and bend each of them double. Two of these will serve for arms and hands. The other two, turned up near the bend as shown on page 675, will be legs and feet. Place these last two side by side so that all four ends stick straight up. The two outer wires should then be wound around the two inner ones, beginning an inch above the ankles. We have now formed the body, very thin as yet. Repeat the same process with the arms, laying the body



Santa and the reindeer

to form the skeleton of the head, and back between the ears, as in Step 2. Now bring the other end up and wind it around the skeleton of the head until it is covered. Any remainder should be cut off and the end of the wire pushed in so that no sharp point will be left. Be sure to wind the covering on tightly.



Assorted Fuzzypups

Step by Step Directions

The end which was pulled back between the ears is now bent to form the backbone of the body and the tail, as in Step 3. Cut another pipe cleaner in half and bend each half in the middle to form the legs. Step 4 shows how these legs are attached to the body by winding them around the backbone.

Next we put a little flesh and fur on our dog by winding the third cleaner around the body. To start it, lay an end below the backbone, coming between the front legs, and take one turn in front of the legs; then make the remaining turns on the body. It is thus that we prevent

scaling wax, having first cut off the nap and exposed bare wire where the wax was to go. A fairly large amount of wax should be placed on the wire and worked with the fingers into the correct shape; then wax should be held over the flame, taking care not to scorch the nap on the re-



More Fuzzypups; the Flamingo and Oscar the duck

on the crossed arm pieces and winding one of the ends of each arm piece around it. Study the photograph on the next page.

Next, wind the two long remaining ends of the arm pieces around the adjacent arm. This makes a sleeve of proper thickness, and you can add a realistic touch by winding the end just a bit loose to suggest a fur cuff.

We shall now need another cleaner to supply Santa's knickers. Place it with one end just at the top of the leg and, starting below the knee, wind upward until the leg is covered; then continue winding around the body. To produce the proper fullness, two more cleaners should now be wound around the body. Build

Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

To be filled out and mailed to

THE DIRECTOR, Y. C. LAB
8 ARLINGTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

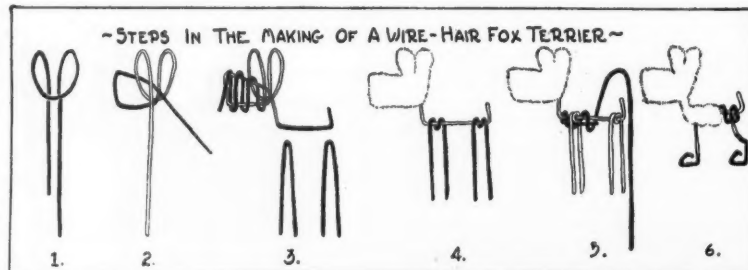
I AM A BOY..... YEARS OLD. I AM INTERESTED IN SCIENTIFIC, ENGINEERING AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK. PLEASE SEND ME YOUR BULLETIN ON Y. C. LAB INFORMATION GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF ITS FINANCIAL AND SCIENTIFIC BENEFITS TO ME, TOGETHER WITH AN ELECTION BLANK TELLING ME HOW TO BECOME AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

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STATE.....12-28



the front legs from twisting. Step 5 shows how this winding wire is brought around in back of the hind legs and pulled through between them, where it is cut off and pressed into the body. Bending up the legs to form paws completes the construction.

Now we have a dog which lacks only color and features. If we want to make him a black and white, all we need is a medium-size brush and some drawing ink. But if we prefer to make him in color, we first soak him in water and then with water colors we can secure whatever shades we desire. Soaking in water first makes the colors run and blend much better.

Now for the features. Heat the point of a darning needle in the flame of a candle. Run it along the end of a piece of sealing wax and pick up a good-size drop. Place this drop

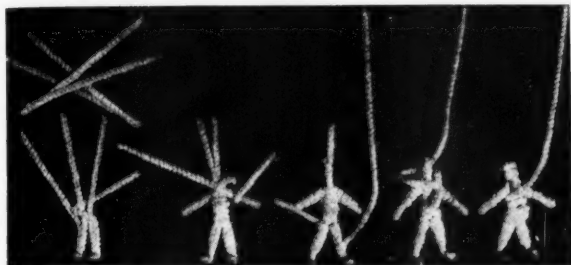


Progress photograph showing the stages in construction of a Fuzzypup

The Y. C. Lab—Continued

up an edge so that the bottom of Santa's jacket will look as if it were trimmed with fur.

The body is now complete, and there are two ends sticking through the shoulders. Bend one of these double one third of the distance from the top and then bend it back opposite the bent-over end. The other end should now be wound around this piece to form the head. To make the beard, take one more pipe cleaner and bend



Stages in construction of Santa Claus

it to the shape shown in the illustration just above. Place it against the chin and wrap the remaining end around the head until you reach the correct size—then up and back to round out the cap and form its fur edge. Santa is now complete except for color and features.

The process of using sealing wax, etc., is the same as was described earlier. Paint the cap, jacket, mittens and knickers red, leaving white

fur borders around legs, wrists, collar, cap and jacket. Paint his boots black and his face pink.

Santa's reindeer are constructed on the same general principles as the dogs. The antlers should be made first. Cut a cleaner to two-thirds length, as shown on the previous page. Untwist the tiny wires in one end for about half an inch and, after picking out the loose fuzz, cut off one of the wires. Now snip off the

prong by cutting it a half-inch farther. After attaching the prong to the antler, by winding the tiny wire around it, the antlers should appear as in the diagram. If the wires are pressed in tightly, it will hardly be possible to see where they have been wound up. The rest of the reindeer is made exactly as is the dog. The antlers are attached by winding

around the neck, which is thus made thicker than the neck of the dog.

A little practice in making the Fuzzypups will produce some wonderful results. Ingenious Lab Members can doubtless find other forms—and they may be quite sure that, when well made, they will provide a source of profit, particularly during the holidays, but at other times as well.

Questions and Answers

ANY Member of the Y. C. Lab is entitled to receive free of charge an answer to any engineering or scientific question which he may ask. Questions should be addressed to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., and accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The question will be referred to the proper Councilor for reply.

Q.—Why does a Meker burner produce a temperature so much higher than a Bunsen burner? Member Ferdinand Klopsch, 2803 Franklin Street, Michigan City, Ind.

A.—By Councilor Simpson: In the Bunsen burner the proportion of volume of air to gas is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, but for complete combustion of the gas about 6 volumes of air are needed. If such a mixture were sent through an ordinary Bunsen burner the flame would "strike back" on account of the formation of an explosive mixture in which the explosive flame can travel faster than the issuing gas. In the Meker burner, however, the air holes are much larger than usual and a deep grid at the top hinders the flame from "striking back." Since the gas issuing from the burner has enough air for complete combustion, the flame is practically a solid cone of burning gas, and there is no inner cone of unburnt gas. In consequence the temperature of the interior of the flame is very hot. The Meker burner gives a temperature of about 1500° and the Bunsen burner about 1200° .

Q.—Are the code flags which are used on battleships international code? Could you send me the different flags and their meanings? Are the aircraft carriers Saratoga and Lexington exactly the same as to size, speed, horsepower, etc? Is the modern stockless anchor such as is used on battleships and liners an outgrowth of the old style, or is it a separate invention? Can you tell me the name of the inventor, etc? Member Robert Gilmore, Warsaw, N. Y.

A.—By Councilor Magoun: The international code flags are used on all ships, so that the vessels of one nation can communicate easily with those of another nation. Of course, every navy has its own secret code, formed from different combinations of the same flags and many merchantmen have private signals.

The best and most inclusive treatment of flags that I know of was presented in the National Geographic Magazine, of October, 1917. Write to the National Geographic Society of Washington, D. C., for a copy. You will also find flags in the dictionary.

The Saratoga and the Lexington are sister ships and supposedly similar. But no two things

are exactly alike—not even twins. No two snowflakes are the same. But the two airplane carriers were built from the same plans and are very closely similar.

The modern stockless anchor was, of course, merely an improvement on the old type, the advantage being that the anchor was self-housing. The old type had to be hoisted on deck by a little derrick, since the stock prevented it from slipping up into the hawse pipe.

The stockless anchor came by stages from the work of such men as Martin, Inglefield, Hall, Marrel-Risbec, and later still Dunn and Balt.

Q.—I have a double lens taken from an old 4 x 5 in. Eastman kodak. Could you tell me how to make a practical enlarging camera from same? Member Robert E. Goodell, 5311 Encino Avenue, Van Nuys, Calif.

A.—By Councilor Shumway: You will have to mount your lens in some kind of bellows camera to make it fit for enlarging. You see, there must be some way to get the image sharp on the bromide paper, and a movable lens board is necessary. Of course this will be rather expensive. If you have a kodak or a Brownie bellows camera, these machines can be converted into enlarging apparatus. If you will write to the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., they will send you better information on the subject than I could give to you in a letter of many pages. The simplest way to enlarge is by using Brownie enlargers. These come already to use and do fine work.

Q.—What is the mechanism of the stop-and-go light? Member Philip Mack, 1343 E. 18th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

A.—By Councilor Townsend: Stop-and-go lights are either hand controlled or automatic. In the hand-controlled signal a switch handle or control lever is used to make and break the circuits to the various lamps. With the automatic signal a small electric motor or clockwork controls a rotating drum, which in turn operates the light switches. The levers on the rotating drum are adjustable to give different periods of light to the different lights. Several signals can be controlled from one machine.

Buccaneer for Christmas!

FOR a real Christmas present to a boy or man who likes working with tools, you may travel a long way without finding anything as good as our A. B. C. knockabout, Buccaneer. The parts for Buccaneer come in a crate sixteen feet long; and you can send them complete with sails, spars, outboard motor, oars, and everything else which a yachtsman needs.

Buccaneer was designed by the eminent naval architect, John G. Alden, for use on lakes, rivers and harbors; it is the fastest, safest and best-looking boat of its type in the world.

Full particulars and price list can be secured from the SECRETARY, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

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The Fifty Box of Gillette Blades

A perfect gift for Dad—
Every time he shaves in 1929
he'll thank you

HOW MANY TIMES have you heard wails from the bathroom because Dad had forgotten to buy himself a fresh package of Gillette Blades!

Well, here are fifty keen, new Gillette Blades that will give him months of solid shaving comfort. What more useful, welcome gift can you imagine?

Ten wax-paper packets of five blades each, all neatly packed in a sturdy, regimental striped chest that you'll want to "borrow" for yourself when he's through with it. It makes a fine box for collar buttons, stamps or other small articles.

You can get the new Fifty Box at your regular drug store or department store. See it today.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

Brand
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Fifty of the famous double-edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

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Ask Him for a Good Set of Tools

A hammer, saw, brace and bits, screw driver, plane, and of course, Nicholson Files including—

A Nicholson Flat Bastard for shaping wooden and metal surfaces—a Mill Bastard File for finishing work—and a Slim Taper for sharpening the saw.

You can find jobs in "dozen lots" to be done with Nicholson Files. Experience will teach you the value of these sharp cutting, durable tools. At hardware and mill supply dealers'.

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The Honors List for December

Nine new Members of the Y. C. Lab receive cash awards and national recognition for ingenious projects



1: Member Dolloff's project

AUTOMOTIVE projects seem this month to have absorbed the interest of Y. C. Lab Members. In this Honors List we present no less than three, all excellent for design and ingenious use of spare parts. Illustration 1 shown an engine truck built by Member Charles L. Dolloff, Jr. (16), of Exeter, N. H. It moves about at a satisfactory



2: Member Weems' project

speed through power supplied by an old, two-cylinder motorboat engine of a type no longer manufactured. Member Dolloff is a versatile constructor and has to his credit besides the truck a camp which he now uses as a rainy day workshop. He has done a number of woodworking projects on the lathe which he has installed there. Member John W. Weems, Jr. (12), of Meridian, Miss., is shown in Illustration 2 holding a sawmill which he has designed. It is operated by a steam engine, the stack of which projects above the housing at the left. If you look closely at



3: Member Harley's project

the photograph, you will see the miniature circular saw. A scale model of the transatlantic airplane Bremen shown in Illustration 3 is the work of Member Douglas Harley (16) of Paris, Ark. All Lab Members will remember the Bremen as the famous east-to-west plane which landed on Greenley Island early this year.



4: Member Burr's project

Member Alfred M. Burr (16) of Old Town, Me., is shown in Illustration 4 with his racer. Member Burr is to be warmly commended for the description of the methods of construction he used, and bill of materials which accompanied his project. It is such a good engineering report that the Director would like to publish it in full and regrets only that lack



5: Member Roberts' project

of space prevents. A copy will, however, be sent to any Associate or full Member of the Lab who requests it and encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope, for reply. The splendid example of housing construction shown in Illustration 5 was built, with the help of a friend, by Merwin Roberts (13) of Springfield, Pa. The constructor and his associate are shown in front of the building which Member Roberts modestly describes as a "hut." Headquarters ranks it as a "shack," at least, and congratulates Member Roberts particularly for having achieved so excellent a project at so early an age. He writes: "The hut is 7 ft. by 9 ft. 5 in. and



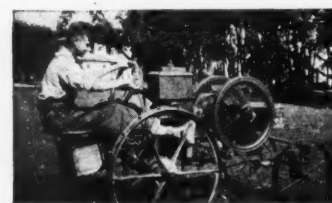
6: Member Haight's project

is 10 ft. 5 in. to the comb. We have a window on one side and a door on the end, as you see. The windows are screened and glazed. We have a flagpole fastened on the front at the comb, on which we fly the American flag and our pennant. Inside we have a small stove on which we can cook and which heats the hut in cold weather. We also have a small cot and a work-bench. We have a second floor at the height of the eaves, which we reach by a ladder fastened to the side wall, and this space we use for storage."

Another automotive project is shown in Illustration 6. It is the work of Member William H. Haight, Jr. (14), of Chicago, Ill.—another junior constructor whose work is worthy of an older designer. His vehicle is propelled by electricity, and the power source is an old automobile starter which Member Haight



7: Member Driver's project



8: Member Schroen's project

purchased for \$6. Member Denver Driver (13) of Delano, Calif., is at work on an unusual project, particularly for one of his years—a reflecting telescope shown with its constructor in Illustration 7. Illustration 8 shows Member Curtis J. Schroen (16) of Sherburn, Minn., riding the tractor which he constructed. The drive wheels and axle housing are from an old chain drive mower. The frame is part of an old corn planter. Member Selby B. Davis (13) of Washington, D. C., belongs to the rapidly growing ranks of Y. C. Lab chemists. Illustration 9 shows a view of his small but very well-equipped laboratory.



9: Member Davis' project



Boys! FREE! BULLS EYE BBs

Write your name on this advertisement and take it to your nearest hardware store. They will give you FREE a nickel tube of Bulls Eye Air Rifle Shot. Practice with this shot on the FREE targets the dealer will also give you and you'll soon be able to win some of the Fifty prizes, including three special Boy Scout prizes which are awarded each month for best marksmanship. To be an expert marksman you need smooth, shiny, steel Bulls Eye BBs. They won't stick in your rifle. And you can use them over and over because they don't flatten out.

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Take This Advertisement To Your Hardware Store
If your Dealer hasn't Bulls Eye mail advertisement to us with Dealer's name.

COUPON

Good for a Nickel Size Tube of Bulls Eye Steel Air Rifle Shot. Please deliver to this boy one Retailers: Nickel size tube of Bulls Eye Steel Air Rifle Shot and Free Target. Mail us this coupon and we will immediately remit to you the retail price of five cents.

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"Sure, I Built My Own Radio -and HOW!"

Best in the neighborhood! That's what your friends will say—and they'll want you to build for them, too. Great sport—a fine way to earn spending money and learn the radio business.

FREE course of instruction to ambitious boys
Write Dept. Y. C. 12.

Junior Radio Guild
Bellairs, Long Island,
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Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mfrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

HOW TWO BOYS WON A LIFE CAREER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 645]

engineers and scientists, upon whom would rest the necessity of making the choice. He promptly accepted, and with his aid the Governors created the following committee: Mr. Frank B. Jewett, vice-president, American Telephone & Telegraph Co.; Mr. Eli ha Lee, vice-president, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Paul W. Litchfield, president, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.; Dr. Arthur D. Little, president, Arthur D. Little, Inc.; Mr. Frank W. Lovejoy, president, Eastman Kodak Co.; Mr. James P. Munroe, president, Munroe Felt & Paper Co.; Mr. William E. Nickerson, vice-president, Gillette Safety Razor Co.; Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor, the Atlantic Monthly; Mr. Gerard Swope, president, General Electric Co.; and the Hon. Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics.

The assembly of such a group of men, not only nationally but internationally famous, was the first triumph in the Lab's plan. The second followed swiftly. A Bostonian, who wishes his name withheld, reading of the scholarship idea, was so impressed by it and the caliber of the men who had pledged themselves to administer it that he promptly offered funds to be used for a second scholarship, if the same committee would agree to pick an additional boy. This amazingly generous offer was promptly and gratefully accepted, and plans were revised accordingly. The funds for the second scholarship were given in the name of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, of Boston.

The Requirements

Meanwhile the competition had opened. Considering the magnitude of the prize, the requirements were simple—although it was evident from the outset that the competition would attract none but the more gifted boys of the country. The requirements were these: a 200-word letter telling in simple words, "Why I Should Like a Technical Education," and three projects showing original construction in any branch of science or engineering. Purposely, few instructions were given to the contestants, since one of the objects of the search was to discover boys with a maximum of initiative. Of course all contestants had to submit photographs, indorsements of character, and some demonstration of their ability to satisfy the scholastic standards of the Institute.

The total number of entrants in the competition was 981. Of these boys, 653 completed the official requirements for registration, by submitting their 200-word letter. Many of these replies were intensely interesting and showed a remarkable degree of maturity and a serious interest in a future career.

The increasing complexity of the later stages of the competition now began to thin out the contestants. Notwithstanding, 277 boys partially completed the requirements by submitting at least one original project. If we could publish it entire, the list would give you a new insight into the ability of boys in their teens.

By now the competition had reached the stage before the semi-finals. Ninety-four boys submitted the three necessary projects—and the work of headquarters in reviewing and sifting these began in earnest. It was necessary here to eliminate a certain number because of their inability to demonstrate that they could meet the exacting entrance requirements of the Institute. Governors, Directors and Councilors, with the aid of the Y. C. Lab secretarial staff, spent many hours in painstaking review of the projects that had been received from all over the United States and Canada.

Finally, from the 981 original entrants, the four best boys were chosen as semi-finalists. Every sheet of paper submitted by these boys was reproduced by the photostatic camera twelve times, so that complete facsimile reproductions of the work of each boy could be sent to every member of the committee which would make the final choice. This meant the sorting and assembling of 384 sheets—a task which in itself took forty-eight hours of hard work. In fairness to all contestants, it was necessary to hold the competition open until the last possible minute, and the projects were therefore not sent out until September 11, with a request to all committee members to vote on the four boys in the order of their excellence and return their signed statements within one week.

The truth of the maxim that "If you want something well done, get a busy man to do it," was never better illustrated. Mr. Gerard Swope gave up the business of directing the great General Electric Company for almost a day while he reviewed these projects. Mr. Frank W. Lovejoy, similarly, let the complicated work of the Eastman Kodak Company, of which he is president, wait while he studied the qualifications of the

boys whose careers turned on the decision he and his fellow committee members would make. The United States Navy did without the services of Assistant Secretary Warner for some hours while he made his studies. So it went, with every other member—with Mr. Litchfield, president of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Mr. Nickerson, vice-president of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, and all the rest.

Introducing the Winners

Within one week every answer had been received, some by letter, some by telegraph. And every answer expressed pleasure and gratification in the success of the Y. C. Lab idea.

What was the result? Who were the two boys who raised themselves above the millions of people who read of the competition?

For answer, let the Y. C. Lab introduce to you with pleasure and pride Elwood W. Schafer of Cleveland, Ohio, and Rodney D. Chipp, Jr., of New York City. The committee has chosen these two as the "best discoverable boys" worthy to receive a four-year technical education.

Member Schafer is twenty-one years old. He graduated from high school in 1924. For a year he attended Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, but lack of funds forced him to withdraw and go to work. For two years previous to winning the scholarship, he was employed by the incandescent lamp department of the General Electric Company in Cleveland.

Here is the thoughtful letter he wrote, stating his reasons for wishing a technical education:

"Having the experience of two years' employment with the General Electric Company and knowing from my previous schooling that I am capable of doing creditable college work, I am sure my reasons for desiring a technical education are of mature consideration.

"My reasons are: First, I can hope for little further advancement without a technical education. I am assistant to the engineer in charge of the experimental laboratory at Vacuum Tube Division, Nela Park. I realize that without a technical education I am not capable of filling a more responsible position. Second, I feel certain that with a thorough technical education I would be able to do original work in the field in which I am particularly interested. I realize that invention is not a matter of inspiration. And even imagination is of little benefit without a knowledge of the fundamentals.

"The course in which I am interested is electrical engineering. I am particularly interested in the study of electronic phenomena and radio communication. However, I desire a comprehensive electrical education and with that a broader cultural background.

"Although I see the necessity of it, I am financially unable to obtain a technical education. The award of this scholarship would give me the opportunity. And I sincerely believe that as your choice I would be able to prove that inventiveness is stimulated by a technical education."

Member Schafer's Projects

This is a thoughtful letter. And the degree in which thoughtfulness and earnestness in a young man are observed by his superiors is well illustrated by the two following extracts from Schafer's letters of recommendations.

This is what Mr. P. J. Pritchard, manager of the Cleveland Vacuum Tube Works, said about his young employee: "Mr. E. W. Schafer asked me to write to you with reference to a paper he is submitting for your kind consideration in connection with the Y. C. Lab scholarship competition. I have read Mr. Schafer's paper and have also had the same checked by my chief engineer and am pleased to state that the claims made therein are true. I trust that the paper impresses you, as it does the writer, as being neat, precise and to the point, typifying the impressions we have gained of Mr. Schafer from observations of his work with us. I cannot recommend Mr. Schafer too highly for your kind consideration. He is a good listener, has a pleasing personality, fine imagination and a diligence of purpose that should fit him ideally for research work."

This is what Mr. F. Roehm, registrar of Baldwin-Wallace College, said: "I can recommend Mr. Schafer most heartily and without any hesitancy as a fine type of young man and an able student."

Member Schafer's projects were highly technical, in the field of electrical communication in which he is particularly interested. They were "A Hum Test Set," "An Amplification Constant and Internal Plate Impedance Test Set," and "Design of a Tube Rating Laboratory."

Nor had any members of the committee

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 679]



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MODERN RADIO

Conducted by Y. C. Lab Councilor J. K. Clapp, S.B., S.M., Radio Engineer



Build Your Own Amateur Shortwave Receiver

Here are plans that every Companion radio enthusiast has been waiting for

I PRESENT to you this month "The Youth's Companion Shortwave Receiver." Judging from my mail it is the one radio construction project in which readers of this page are at present interested. Although this receiver has been termed an "amateur" receiver, and is an excellent one for the reception of shortwave amateur telegraph signals, it is also very satisfactory for the reception of shortwave broadcasting. The circuit is arranged so that, if desired, connections may be made to a plug for insertion in the detector socket of any standard battery-operated broadcast receiver in order that the amplifier of that receiver may be used.

A view of the panel is shown in Fig. 1, in which the various controls and terminals are given designating letters corresponding with those of the other photograph and wiring diagram. In operating the receiver, the "scale condenser," Cs, is set at a certain value, and then the stations are searched for on the "tuning condenser," Ct. The tuning condenser is purposely made quite small, with a consequent narrow range of wave-length (or frequency), in order that the full advantage of fine tuning may be had in searching for weak signals. When the tuning condenser, Ct, has been moved throughout its range, the scale condenser, Cs, is charged by an amount approximately equal to the range of the tuning condenser. The tuning condenser is again used throughout its range, on

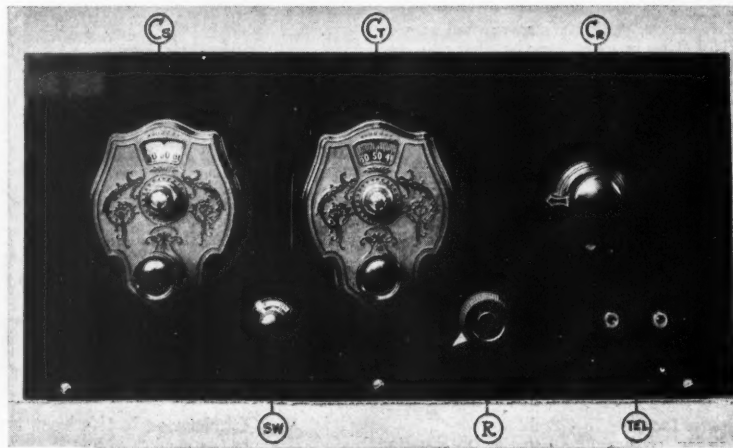


Fig. 1—The panel for The Youth's Companion Shortwave Receiver

coils (L1 and L3) a range of wave-length from 19 to 100 meters is attained.

Regeneration is controlled in this receiver by the familiar "throttle condenser" method, the throttle condenser being marked Cr. It is not

set shown in the photograph. In most instances several manufacturers make parts which may be used just as satisfactorily as those chosen; in such cases, some of the names are given in parentheses. In any event, if the part in question is of standard construction, there is no reason why satisfactory results may not be obtained; so utilize the material which may be easiest to secure.

No dimensions are given for mounting the apparatus, as the exact arrangement depends upon the parts actually chosen. Each constructor can follow the plan indicated, but make whatever modifications are necessary or desirable.

To make the coils, mark a circle two inches in diameter on a piece of scrap wood and drive in nine finishing nails (headless) at equal distances around the circle. Take number 18 bell wire and lace it around the nails opposite to the clock, "over one and under one," until the required number of turns (see next paragraph) have been wound on. Fasten the end of the wire around one of the nails and then raise the whole coil away from the wood, but not off the nails, by prying up with a flat screwdriver or a knife blade. Take some heavy twine or waxed thread and bind the turns together by passing the thread around the coil, winding between each pair of nails, where

the wires cross. Tie the coil securely at each of these points before slipping the coil off the form.

On taking the coil off the form, bend the ends of the wire at right-angles to the plane of the winding and to the same side of the coil and cut them off so that they project about one inch from the winding. These ends should be bared for insertion into the coil mounting-posts. Three coils should be made, one of 19 turns, and two of seven turns. One of the seven-turn coils is used as the feed-back winding, L2. The other coils are for the tuning circuit, the seven-turn coil for wave-lengths from 19 to 48 meters, and the 19-turn coil for wave-lengths from 46 to 100 meters. Either UX-199 or UX-201A tubes may be used.

The radio-frequency choke is made by winding about 100 turns of fine insulated wire on an ordinary spool. In winding the coil do not attempt to make a tightly wound single-layer coil, but wind it "helter-skelter," progressing from one end of the spool toward the other. The ends of the winding should be kept apart by the full length of the spool.

In operating the receiver for telegraph reception, slowly advance the regeneration control, Cr, until a soft thump or a faint hiss is heard in the telephones. These sounds indicate that the detector tube is oscillating. Next vary the tuning condenser, Ct, throughout its range; if no signals are heard, advance the scale condenser, Cs, about 10 degrees and again vary the tuning condenser throughout its range, repeating the process until Cs has been varied throughout its entire range.

The receiver may be used to extend the wave-length range of a broadcast receiver by arranging a plug to insert in the detector socket of the broadcast receiver. To do this, the equipment to the right of the dotted line in the diagram of Fig. 3 is not required. An old tube may be used to provide the plug, by drilling a small hole through the insulating base and pouring in some alcohol to dissolve the cement. The tube base is then readily removed from the glass. Connections should be made to the prongs in this base, as

sketched in Fig. 3. These three wires may be made in the form of a cable long enough to reach from the short wave receiver to the broadcast receiving set. The wires are connected to the "A" battery terminals of the shortwave receiver and to the point "X" of the radio-frequency choke coil. The wire between "X" and the transformer T should be removed.

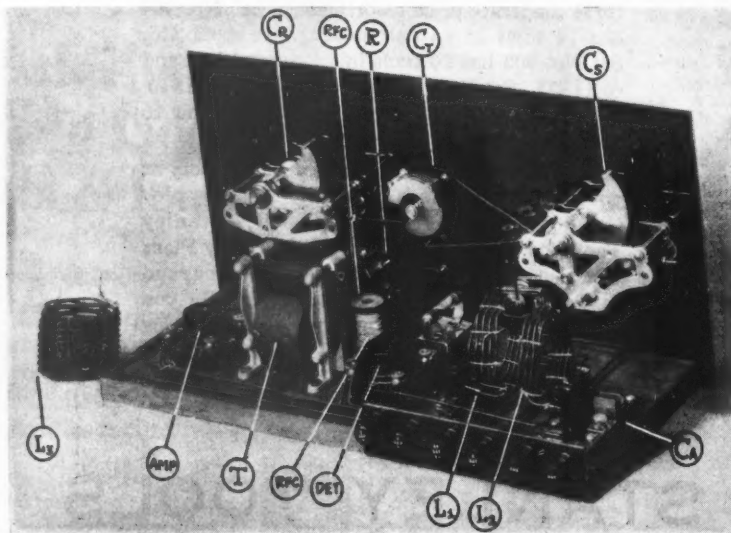


Fig. 2—Skeleton photograph showing layout and arrangement for all parts of The Youth's Companion Shortwave Receiver

a new range of wave-lengths (or frequencies). By this means we are able to cover a very wide range of wave-length without using a large number of coils, as is the standard practice among the amateurs. With the two tuning

necessary to have this condenser operated by a vernier dial.

In the list of parts printed in the box at the bottom of this page, the names of manufacturers given are those who made the parts used in the

PARTS LIST FOR THE YOUTH'S COMPANION SHORTWAVE RECEIVER

| Diagram Code Letter | Name of Part | Rating | Manufacturer | Number Required | Approximate Cost |
|---------------------|----------------------|------------------|--|-----------------|------------------|
| | Sockets | UX | | 2 | \$.50 |
| | Bell wire | No. 18 | | 1 lb. | .42 |
| Sw | Vernier dials | | | 2 | 1.00 |
| Cs | Variable condenser | 0.000135 mfd. | Yaxley (Frost) | 1 | .40 |
| Ct | Variable condenser | 0.000050 mfd. | Pilot (Hammarlund) | 1 | 1.00 |
| Cr | Variable condenser | 0.000250 mfd. | General Radio (Hammarlund) | 1 | .80 |
| R | Rheostat | 25 ohm. | Pilot (Hammarlund) | 1 | 1.00 |
| Cg | Mica fixed condenser | 0.00025 mfd. | General Radio (Yaxley, Frost) | 1 | 1.25 |
| Rg | Grid leak | 4 megohms. | Dubilier | 1 | .30 |
| T | Audio transformer | Ratio 3:1 to 6:1 | Durham (Daven, Lynch) | 1 | .20 |
| | Panel | 7 x 15 x 3/4 | Acme (General Radio, Samson, Thordarson, etc.) | 1 | 1.25 up |
| | Binding post | Engraved | | 6 | .85 |
| | Binding post | Plain | Eby | 4 | .36 |
| | Tip jacks | | Frost | 2 | .24 |

Scrap parts such as 15 feet of any fine insulated wire and a spool for making the radio frequency choke, RFC; screws for mounting panel on base; baseboard about 6 x 14 x 3/4; scrap sheet metal for making the small angles for Ca; scrap bakelite for mounting coil posts and terminal posts; scrap wood and nine finishing nails for coil form.

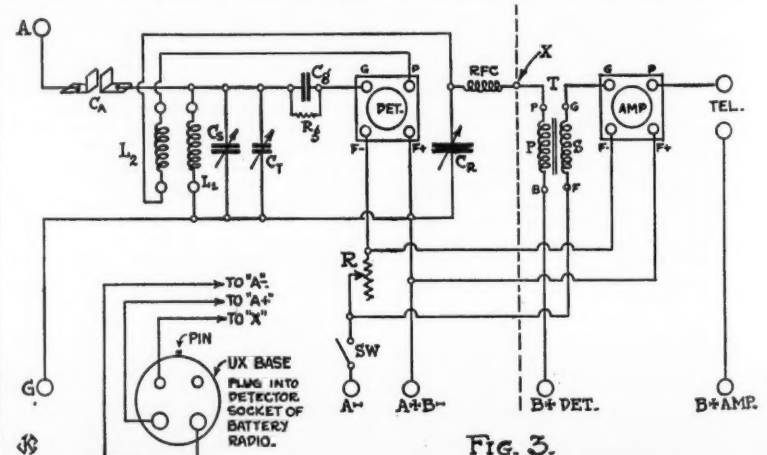


Fig. 3.

Diagrammatic scheme of hook-up for The Youth's Companion Shortwave Receiver

HOW TWO BOYS WON A LIFE CAREER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 677]

reason to be less enthusiastic about the other winner, Rodney D. Chipp, Jr. Like Member Schafer, he came into the competition with excellent recommendations. The head master of his school—Dr. Frank S. Hackett of Riverdale Country School—had this to say:

"Rodney Chipp, who is applying for a scholarship under the conditions of the Y. C. Lab scholarship competition for 1928, graduated from this school in the class of 1927. He received the award of 'Head Boy'—the highest honor in the power of the faculty to bestow. The definition is as follows: 'That boy who, in the opinion of the faculty, is considered to have contributed best to the life of the school.'"

"Need I say more?"

"It is only to be added that, after having qualified himself with excellent marks in the examination of the College Entrance Board for admission to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he refrained from entering in order to relieve his family of the expense."

"Throughout this year he has been working and studying and is now qualifying himself as a licensed radio operator and will shortly be leaving as a ship's radio expert."

"This student spent his entire school career beyond the fourth grade with us, so that he is known to us thoroughly. We have only praise for his steady intellectual growth, his scientific imagination and originality, and his general wholesomeness and influence."

The extent to which men of affairs were interested in this scholarship competition is well attested by this letter from Mr. Charles M. Muchnic, vice-president of the American Locomotive Sales Corporation of New York, last February, when the first newspaper announcements came out:

"I happen to know a 'best discoverable boy' who would be worthy of receiving the four-year scholarship offered at the Institute. This boy is Rodney D. Chipp, Jr., whom I have known since his childhood. He graduated from the Riverdale Country School last June with the highest honors. He was seventeen years old then, and his parents decided that he should work for a year before entering college. I have known his entire family favorably for many, many years."

Rodney Chipp's willingness to get on in the world is demonstrated by the fact that the year of work to which Mr. Muchnic refers in his letter was spent largely on the United Fruit Steamer Mayari as wireless operator. He wrote us:

"The reason why I should like a technical education is essentially this: I believe that I am better fitted naturally to undertake technical work than work of some other nature. In school I always got the greatest enjoyment from such subjects as physics, chemistry, and mathematics. Consequently I feel that technical training would help me to enter a suitable as well as a congenial avocation. Aside from this seemingly selfish reason, however, it is generally conceded that, if one pursues an occupation that is agreeable, with the proper training, one's work is of good quality. So, to look into the future, if my tasks inspire me to a certain extent, there is a greater chance than otherwise that they will amount to something."

"With reference to the course I would prefer to take: my choice is electrical engineering, with the communications option. I choose this because I have already had some experience in radio operation, which I feel will provide a good background."

"In conclusion, then, I would like a technical education because I am sure that I can contribute more to the world's progress through scientific endeavor than in any other way."

Member Chipp's projects were "Short-Wave Layout to Eliminate Body Capacity Effect," "An Auxiliary Foot Throttle for Automobiles," and "A Portable Buzzer Set for Code Practice." All three were put into final form by Member Chipp during the months when he was radio operator of the S. S. Mayari.

The Committee's Comments

And now, what did the illustrious committee of scientists and engineers think of these two young men and of The Companion's plan to offer them a life career? Two extracts must suffice. The first is from a letter written by Mr. Swope:

"I received your letter of September 11 in regard to the award of the four-year scholarship at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and took the papers home with me yesterday."

"I found them of such interest that I had eight other people go over them independently, and I think you will be interested to know that seven out of the nine, including myself, were agreed on both first and second choices."

"I find that Mr. Schafer is working for the General Electric Company in Cleveland, and, as we have a loan fund for our employees and sons of employees, I am taking up the question of whether he could be awarded one of the loans under the General Electric fund; then you could give your two scholarships to the next two ranking men if you so wished."

"I think the Y. C. Lab has prepared this very well indeed, and so well in fact that I am going to bring it to the attention of the Board of Education at St. Louis, where I have established memorial scholarships, and to the authorities of Union College, where I also have established a loan fund to assist students, and to the Educational Committee of the General Electric Company, who have under their charge the loan fund to which I refer above."

The other letter is that written by Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics:

"I was much interested in your report of the result of the Y. C. Lab's scholarship competition, and especially in noting what unanimity of judgment appears to have existed in the choice of the two young men best qualified for the honors. I have already expressed my admiration of the public-spirited action of The Youth's Companion in making these awards. It has been a real pleasure to assist you, and I should be only too glad to have the opportunity of acting again as a member of such a committee. Were there no philanthropic aim ultimately to be served, the revelations of the characters of so talented a group of young men through their application and their own descriptions of their own work would be of enough interest to justify manifold the time spent in examining the papers."

This, then, is the story of how two boys won a life career. Both arrived in Boston several days before the opening of the fall term at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and were accepted as members of the freshman class. Schafer is now started on the process of becoming an electrical engineer; Chipp will study in the broad field of general science and expects to specialize in higher mathematics. If the high hopes held for them are fulfilled—and there is no reason to expect otherwise—two young graduate engineers will leave the Institute in June, 1932, to begin the practice of the professions they have learned. The Youth's Companion's interest in them does not cease now; in a way it has only begun. It will follow their careers within and without the Institute with the keenest interest. Who knows but that some day some young man like either one of these will open up new scientific worlds?

"The foundation of every state is the education of its youth," said Diogenes. In this scientific age it is scientific education that seems most likely to remodel the world nearer to the heart's desire. To have been able to contribute however slightly to its spread—to have been able to offer an education to two gifted youthful minds from which otherwise its benefits might have been withheld—in this The Youth's Companion takes a pardonable pride. To the two winners of its competition we offer our most admiring congratulations. They are, literally, two boys in a million. We shall hear more of both of them during the coming years.



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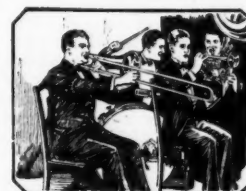
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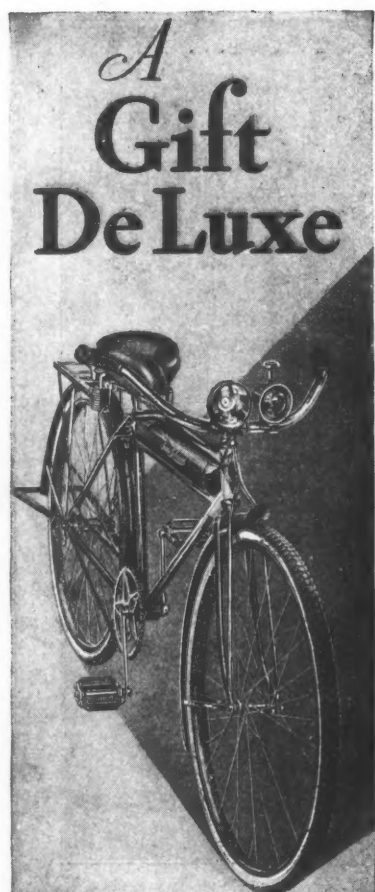
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JIMMY TAKES THE LEAD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 627]

by the two Tippecanoe unemen who had been sucked in to charge Richwine; and Jimmy now flung himself headlong at the knees of the Tippecanoe left halfback, who went flat on his back before he knew what had hit him.

Billy raced for the goal line, and the Tippecanoe safety man sprinted to head him off. Billy veered toward the corner of the field, and was almost over the line before the safety man caught him with a long, flying tackle. They staggered and tumbled forward, stopping finally on Tippecanoe's two-yard line, only half a dozen feet from the sideline.

The unrehearsed play had worked, and it was by far the prettiest play of that game, or of that season, either. Jordan's rooters set up a new chant. "Touchdown, touchdown, touchdown!"

Running down the field, Jimmy found big Jake Hilligoss. "Jake, this next one's the same play, but to the left. Signal for double pass, wide. See? But I'll be right behind left guard. Give me the ball."

"Sneak right in behind me," panted Jake. "C'mon, we'll take it over."

"Signal, signal!" called Jimmy: "16, 84, 92, 7—hey!"

The whole team, except Jake, thought it was a wide play designed to get the ball out in front of the goal. Tippecanoe thought so, too. Everybody but Jake and Jimmy, who lay side by side together across the Tippecanoe goal line a second later, was surprised. Then Les Moore kicked the goal, and the score stood 13-7.

For the remaining few minutes of the half, Jimmy marked time with the shift and double-pass formations. One more touchdown was needed to win.

COACH GOODWIN said little during the intermission. He congratulated Billy on his nice catch and run, and then coached the linemen on the necessity of holding harder against the knifing tackles of Tippecanoe. Jimmy said nothing, though he was already basing his strategy on the ability and the desire of the Tippecanoe tackles to knife their way through.

The third quarter opened like the start of the game. Jordan and Tippecanoe played each other to a standstill for some time. Tippecanoe battled as if fearful of another lightning thrust from Jordan, and as if they could only protect themselves from it by rolling up more scores of their own. But Jordan met and stopped their plays. And husky Les Moore, averaging nearly fifty yards to his punts, drove the ball deep into Tippecanoe territory when Jordan was forced to give it up.

Tippecanoe linemen had been coached between the halves to be careful to guard against fakes, and leave no openings for trick plays. They began to come through hard and fast again, breaking up Goodwin's elaborate shift and lateral-pass plays. It was late in the fourth period, with only a few minutes left, before Jimmy saw his chance. Moore had punted. Tippecanoe started an old-fashioned drive at center, on her own fifteen-yard line, and Jake Hilligoss smashed into the fullback so hard that he fumbled. Dan Atwell, left guard for Jordan, fell on the ball.

"Let's go!" came the old cry, from players and rooters alike. And again, from thousands of voices in the stadium, came the thundering chant of "Touchdown, touchdown, touchdown!"

"Here's the break!" shouted Les Moore.

But Jimmy had again called for time out. "Richie," he said, "do you want to make us a good halfback for next year, to take your place? This next is your play. When it's over, you've had enough. Captain Ellis wants you to go out, and Hogan will come in. Will you? Last play for Jordan! Attaboy! Let's go!"

He called a signal. It was the usual Goodwin play, a shift and a double pass. Moore took the ball from Jimmy, and then flipped it to Richwine. In came the Tippecanoe left tackle and guard, and they nailed poor Richie for a three-yard loss. Bo Ellis looked over to the bench. Then, putting an arm around Richwine, he started to walk with him toward the sideline.

Time out! Goodwin had seen that a substitute was needed. Goodwin remembered his promise to send in Hogan if Jimmy Byers needed a halfback. So in came Hogan, reporting to the referee.

Byers, looking hard at Hogan, called a signal. A double lateral pass. Hilligoss to Hogan to Moore, after which Moore was to run to the right and either try to gain or pass to Armstrong. But Tippecanoe knew that stuff. It was soft, easy pickings for them. They spoiled the play for a loss of one yard.

While the Jordan stands looked on in despair, seeing their team registering losses instead of gains, Jimmy had Hogan by the arm, telling him the next play. Hogan stared in surprise.

"They'll come through like a ton of bricks to nail Les," Jimmy said. "You do what I tell you. Signal!"

He called the familiar signals. Both teams knew them well. The same old stuff. Shift, count, set for a pass, another pass—all to the right. Tippecanoe gloated. Her left tackle and guard fought through like wild men, and swarmed upon Les. What? Where? He did not have the ball!

A ROAR of surprise and glee went up from the Jordan stands. A groan of dismay rose from the Tippecanoe crowd. With Jimmy Byers slanting ahead for interference, big Teddy Hogan shot through the gap left by the charging tackle and guard. He ran through a one-hand tackle essayed by the Tippecanoe fullback, who came over too late. Then, with Jimmy tangling up the left halfback, he raced over the goal for a touchdown. The goal? Les Moore took his time and kicked it. Jordan 14, Tippecanoe 13.

Coach Goodwin's hand was the first that fell on Jimmy Byers's sweater. Together they raced for the gym, before the crowd could swarm over the field.

"Another new play, and a beauty," gasped the coach. "What I can't understand is why you let Hogan have that touchdown. You could have made it yourself. Richwine says he's not hurt."

"Well, Coach," said Jimmy, slowly, "Richie's a fine guy and has played a lot of fine football. He's a senior, and we need a good man to take his place next fall. I think Hogan's the man. He'll turn in a great game against Tippecanoe next season—and you know what he's done to Michigan already."

"I know what you did," admitted Goodwin, scratching his head. Jimmy's forethought and generosity were a little too much for him. But there was no doubt in Bo Ellis's mind.

"Hey, gang!" he called. "My last job as captain of this great big winning football team is to call a meeting to elect a new captain. This meeting will come to disorder! Nominations for captain. I nominate Jim Byers!" he shouted, ignoring loud yells and whistles. "I second the nomination! No other nominations? What, four others naming Jim Byers? Nominations closed! Ayes have it. I announce that Jim Byers is unanimously elected captain, and the meeting stands adjourned to follow the old Jordan custom of ducking the new captain. Where's that little shrimp?"

Jimmy fought hard, but was caught and thrown, football underclothes and all, into a cold shower. Only after that could his election as Jordan's new gridiron leader be deemed official by all.

Charles J. Allison dined that evening at the Alpha Omega house, with his son Charley, and his friend James P. Armstrong, and Dean Warrenden. Jimmy came in a little late, with Billy Armstrong; they had been to the victory banquet of the team.

"And that's what I've been telling you, Dean," Mr. Allison was saying. "This boy Byers—"

"Captain Byers," broke in Charley. "Yes, Captain Byers took what tools he had and produced an irresistible force to crack through an immovable object, see? I don't know much football, but I saw that. That may be football, but it's railroadng too. So let him play football. He'll get plenty of railroadng later. Hey, Armstrong?"

"Hey, what?" queried Mr. Armstrong. "Oh, yes, of course. Leave the boy alone, Warrenden. But say, did you see my boy grab that old ball and lug it up the field?"

Jimmy, glad to have the weight of embarrassment shifted to Billy's shoulders, grinned happily at one and all.



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"LUBBER'S LUCK," by Edith Ballinger Price, starts in The Youth's Companion for January. Everyone who read her earlier story, the magnificent "Ship of Dreams," will hail this new serial as one of the events of the new year. Somehow or other, "Lubber's Luck" is crammed even fuller of adventure on the high seas and in strange places than the earlier story, although we shouldn't have believed it possible. One more reason why you should

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EMPTY BREAKERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 631)

into the radio room. Both uttered exclamations of disappointment when the lantern revealed the fact that the big sending set had been taken out. But Ed sprang to a low bench on one side which held a small case and battery box.

"Anyway, we can receive!" he cried.
"All right, honey," grinned the other.
"Tune in on WJZ. I always like a little music after dinner."

But it was an hour before the first faint dots and dashes came trickling into the makeshift receiver that had been left by the last operator.

"Navy news broadcast," said Ed.
"Coast Guard reports failure to find old U. S. destroyer that had been sold to Star Wrecking Company of New York and alleged to have gone adrift from tug below Montauk, Long Island, during recent hurricane. As the craft was in bad shape she probably foundered."

The two men eyed each other in silence.
"So we're sunk," observed Larry.
Before Ed could reply, the news broadcast went on:

"Another disaster resulting from the great storm is revealed by an announcement from the Navy Department that two officers, Lieutenants Edward Haines and Lawrence Van Wyck, were lost from the battleship Texas when that ship was overtaken by fog and heavy wind. No details are given, but it is assumed that the victims were washed overboard by the heavy seas."

Larry gave vent to a long whistle when his friend paused.
"So we're no better off than the poor old crock on which we're riding!" he exclaimed.
Ed rose and stepped close to his friend.
"It's a tight jam, old man," he said slowly.
"I don't see any way out, do you?"

It has become almost an axiom that all great plans are simple. And it is the custom of people who finally get out of scrapes, either by luck or their own ingenuity, to exclaim: "Why didn't I think of that in the first place!"

All this held true in the predicament of Ed Haines and Larry Van Wyck. The scheme by which they finally eluded death was one that any good sailorman would have worked out. Yet they deduced their brains for a week before the details of it were perfected.

"Water," declared Ed for the twentieth time during a day filled with mostly futile talk, "is our biggest and most vital need. We have fuel for a few days of distilling at the most. Yet the water we could make in that time wouldn't see us through the month."

"Not even if we rationed it?" asked Larry hopefully.

"Not even if we rationed it."
"Then it's got to rain!" exclaimed Larry with such vehemence that his companion laughed.
Ed sprang to his feet. "You're right, old top! Only you didn't finish. When it rains, we've got to be on the job and catch it."

Whereupon began a search of the ship for every strip and rag of canvas that could be found in order to make a large spread for catching rain. And the pair were amazed to discover just how many fragments of the precious fabric even a decommissioned ship has about her.

First they pounced on two hatch covers that had apparently been regularly used to protect the after ladders. An old forecastle awning turned up in the port chain locker. Canvas covers for the ice-plant, main feed pump, thrust bearings and half a dozen other mechanisms all proved to be in fair condition, even though slightly oily in spots. A boat cover was found jammed down the port engine-room ventilator. A few yards of brand-new canvas that must have been used for repairs turned up in a store-room they broke into.

Yet all of this would have been nearly useless had not Larry discovered (with a wild cheer) an old ditty box tucked away in a quarter-master's locker. In it were a sailor's palm and several large needles. With this heaven-sent equipment and twine unraveled from the new canvas, both set to work on sewing their collection of canvas rags together.

On the seventh day after boarding, a heavy downpour gave them more gallons of water than they had containers, though Ed madly rigged fragments of pipe to carry the overflow to a tank below.

It was but a step to turn their rain-catching spread into a series of sails. As the destroyer no longer drifted stern to windward, it was evident that she had lost whatever she had in the way of propellers during the storm. This meant that with favoring trade winds on quarter or beam she could make a westing worth while. And the North American continent was somewhere on the west.

The crude sort of staysail they were able to rig to the upper foremast gave them steerage way. From that moment they spent the better part of three days decorating every available upright and brace with canvas, not excluding the smokepipes.

"Talk about your Flying Dutchman!" chortled Larry as he surveyed their handiwork from the forepeak. "If we aren't the greatest floating nightmare I'm a liar!"

The next moment his face fell.

"But how in thunder are we going to steer a course?"
With a knowing smile, Ed led his friend to the after deckhouse that had once been the galley. On the bench that crossed its forward half lay some sheets of paper, a book, a watch, and an instrument that looked strangely like a sextant.

"Holy Neptune!" exploded Larry. "You're a magician!"

"Not so's you could notice it. That is my torpedo watch, which I had set to Greenwich mean time before we left home. Luckily it was in a waterproof bag in my pocket. Spray flies, you know, even when a fellow isn't ship-wrecked."

"But the tables?" Larry fondled the book as if it were made of gold.

"You saw 'em yourself the night we came aboard. They were up in the pilot house. Guess the fellow who was there was studying navigation in his off hours."

Ed picked up the instrument with a look of pride. "This is not my own idea, Larry. You remember the wreck of the Saginaw, don't you, back fifty years or so? Well, her engineer made a sextant out of the face of a steam gauge and a couple of mirrors. That's what I've been doing to surprise you. Only I was lost until a couple of small mirrors turned up in that ditty box we found the other day."

As the sun was near the meridian they presently computed that their latitude was only a little below that of Bermuda. A few hours later another set of sights gave them a longitude roughly that of the Virgin Islands.

TWO months later the battleship Texas was rolling southward to join the Pacific Fleet for winter maneuvers in Panama Bay. The big man-of-war had run well eastward in order to complete her annual steaming trials off the track of ocean shipping.

"Twelve o'clock and chronometers wound, sir," reported the officer-of-the-watch as the sun crossed the meridian.

But the skipper did not reply. He had his glass on a queer-looking craft that had been in sight off the port bow for nearly an hour.

"Strange," he said to the watch officer, "that fellow has the lines of a destroyer, yet he's wearing canvas."

"Funny-looking canvas, sir," agreed the watch officer after a look through his binoculars.

Half an hour later the Texas slowed and hailed the craft, which turned out to be, as the skipper had suggested, a destroyer with sails.

"Ship ahoy!" the watch officer hailed her.
Two bearded scarecrows appeared at the destroyer's bridge-end. One cupped his hands and yelled hoarsely back: "Texas there! We need food and water!"

A few moments later the scarecrows came aboard and reported to the captain.

"Who are you?" snapped the old man, eyeing them with suspicious gaze.

"Your watch officers, sir," said Larry before Ed could speak.

"What!" bellowed the skipper.

The next instant navy formality was forgotten. The Old Man proceeded to wring the hands of both while shouting to the watch officer: "Tell my steward I've got guests! Steak smothered in onions is what they want! And shake a leg!"

Neither castaway could suppress a grin of anticipation.

"Sound all right?" added the skipper. But before they could reply he added: "What on earth did you eat during your cruise? You don't look starved."

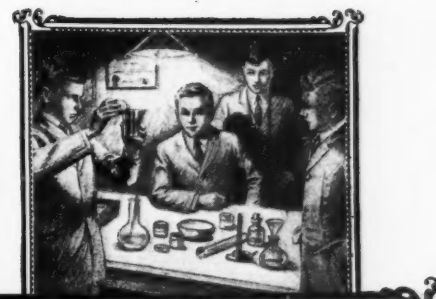
Ed grimaced while Larry explained: "Looked like starvation for a while, sir. Finally we opened the double bottoms in hopes of finding more tools. Instead, we turned up three cases of Canned Willie!"

Just then the executive officer hurried on the bridge, and warmly shook the hands of both his watch officers, whom for weeks he had given up as dead.

"Welcome home!" he cried. "What can I do for you? A barber? Bath?"

Larry shook his head. "No, sir, not yet. Let's get the fellow who was supposed to keep the dinghy's water breakers full."

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HARDER THAN PHARAOH'S HEART

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 643]

early next morning, and Matthews was at his heels everywhere he went. The lode seemed to be fine black ore, and apparently there was plenty of it.

There was no doubt, indeed, about the quantity of it; and from all appearances it was black, pure iron all the way through. Addison broke out specimens in half a dozen different places, and during the afternoon applied the blowpipe test and such other tests as could be employed on the spot. It occurred to him that the ore was somewhat refractory to the blowpipe flame and fused very slowly; but at first he attributed that to the snapping cold weather; the rock was like ice, and the room chilly.

He then went out to look at the slag that had been dumped down a bank, from previous charges of the furnace. From such observation of it as Addison could make, he thought that the slag looked glassy, and that there were a good many "shadrachs" in it; but the latter might be due to imperfect smelting.

He got rid of Matthews and took a walk round the place. The chimney shaft of the furnace had impressed him at first sight as being a remarkably tall one, but he had seen it in the midst of a snow squall, and at the time had not given second thought to that feature. But now, standing at a little distance, he looked at it with curiosity. "They must have had a strong draught up so long a flue," he thought. "Wonder why they built it so high?"

Blast furnaces at the time rarely had chimneys over fifty feet high—they were generally much shorter; but this one looked to him to be as much as eighty, and, as he stood estimating the height, he noticed, from the color of the brickwork, that originally the shaft had been shorter, and that at apparently two different times it had been topped out and carried higher by as much as fifteen feet. Evidently they had felt the need of a more powerful draught to accomplish the smelting of the ore. It must be that the ore was hard to smelt.

That set him thinking in earnest, and he remembered what he had noticed in using the blowpipe. He went back indoors and lighted the pipe again. Beyond question the ore was unusually obdurate to the flame. This circumstance and the tall chimney shaft coincided very suggestively; and Addison began to "smell a rat," so to speak—a very large rat, indeed!

He said nothing to Matthews, however, for he had determined to hold his surmises in check until he could make a more exact analysis of the ore. There appeared to be no necessity for remaining longer, and he packed up his specimens in preparation for taking them home with him to the college laboratory.

AN accident to his train, in the Berkshires, prevented him from reaching New Haven till late next day—Christmas Day—but there were few holiday claims on his attention at New Haven, and, shutting himself up in the

chemical laboratory, he attacked his specimens with great zeal. This was his first call as a mining expert, and visions of future calls stimulated him to make a fine report, correct in every detail. If he thought it a drab and lonely way to spend a festive day, he kept his thought to himself.

Addison found what he had already, while still up at the mine, surmised he would find. He went over the tests again and again, and got the quantitative percentages as exact as possible. It kept him busy until nearly midnight. Nevertheless, he took the early train next morning for New York.

Mr. Bushrod was at his office, and looked up expectantly when Addison entered. "Well, well! What did you find?" he asked.

"I found what seemed to be a very promising property," he replied. "The ore deposit is extensive. There is a great amount of it, and plenty of limerock close by. The deposit appeared to be magnetic ore, and it looks to be nearly pure iron."

"And—and—you think it's all right?" Bushrod cut in.

"No, sir, I have not said that," replied Addison. "For I find that this ore contains, throughout the whole extent of it, 26 per cent. of titanium—titanic oxide."

"What's that?" Bushrod exclaimed. "Titanium is one of the metals sometimes associated with iron. It is not quite so infusible as platinum, but pretty near it."

"That ore is hard to smelt, then?"

"Harder than Pharaoh's heart."

"And that means—" Bushrod cried.

"So great a percentage of titanium in the ore means that the high cost of smelting it would, with present methods, render the mine hopelessly unprofitable. It would cost a dollar and more for every dollar you got out of it."

Bushrod looked nonplussed. "Well, I know I ought to thank you," he said. Then he paid the customary fee, with expenses, and they parted.

THAT might have been the end of the story. But three days later Addison received a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand. He opened the envelope to find a letter from Mr. Bushrod.

"The more I think this over, the more convinced I feel that you got us out of a very serious scrape," he read. "If this is the first consulting experience in your career, I should say that you have every reason to look forward to a life of unbounded professional usefulness. I want to express my gratitude a little more fully than I did in my first flurry over your report. Please consider it a belated but sincere expression of the good wishes which should accompany this Christmas season."

A colored slip of paper fluttered to the floor. Addison picked it up and turned it over slowly. It was a check for five hundred dollars.

THE BIGGEST CHRISTMAS WREATH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 633]

"that you're not yet strong enough to do—"

"I'm busy remembering that, thanks to Miss Fix-It and her family, I'm myself again," he told her. "I can't say 'thank you' now—I can never adequately thank you, but some day I shall try. Good-by."

Joan waved him away gayly from the porch, then turned back to the house with that horrid let-down feeling inside her that comes after the story is ended.

And then Joan remembered something else: Courtney Mitchell, Jr., had disappeared into the blue without so much as mentioning money. He was probably the kind who never thinks of money except in vast amounts.

She was cross at supper. When she heard Gran whisper to Mother, "Joan's overtired—she's been under a great strain," she was crosser yet.

Next morning Gran's judgment that Joan was tired out was justified, for she woke with a bad cold, which kept her housed and listless for two days. On the third afternoon she announced that all she needed now was fresh air, and went for a brisk walk in the sunshine. When she got back there was a big, low car outside the house and inside, waiting to see Joan, was Courtney Mitchell, Jr., and a fascinating little mother, who first hugged Joan and then grew very businesslike and ordered her tall son to get out his check book.

Joan could be businesslike too; she produced her account book and showed them the pages headed "Christmas Guest." Mrs. Mitchell scoffed at the total as entirely inadequate and wanted to double it at least, but Joan was

adamant about everything except a munificent tip for Mary Ellen Chase.

"And of course," she added sweetly, "you won't refuse the Christmas gift we've brought you. It's in the car. Go get it, Courtney. Oh, it really is a Christmas gift!" she insisted.

Deepdene's big door was none too big for the box that Courtney Mitchell, Jr., was bringing in. As soon as it was on the floor before the fire, little Mrs. Mitchell became suddenly in a terrible hurry to leave; she had promised her husband to be home by dark, she declared. And so in a swirl of "good-bys" and "thank-yous" and "see-you-agains" they rushed off, and Joan was left alone with the present.

Such a present! In the top of the box was a wine-red velvet dress, as soft and light as thistle-down, with a card pinned to the shoulder that said, "For a merry maiden." In a small box by itself was a little felt hat to match the dress, with a card that said, "To keep the cold from your curls." Another box held a pair of shiny black pumps with big silver buckles, labeled "For dancing feet," and a package of shimmery silk stockings boasted "Not a mend in this boxful." Underneath everything, so surrounded by tissue paper that Joan nearly overlooked it, was a tiny leather case. Breathlessly she opened it, disclosing a slender chain with the loveliest pearl and jade pendant that Joan had ever seen; pearl berries and jade leaves—yes, unmistakably mistletoe! And the card said: "Always clasp the necklace on tight, Miss Fix-It, for if I could ever get you under the mistletoe instead of in it I should certainly try to kiss you."

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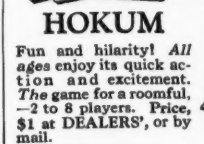
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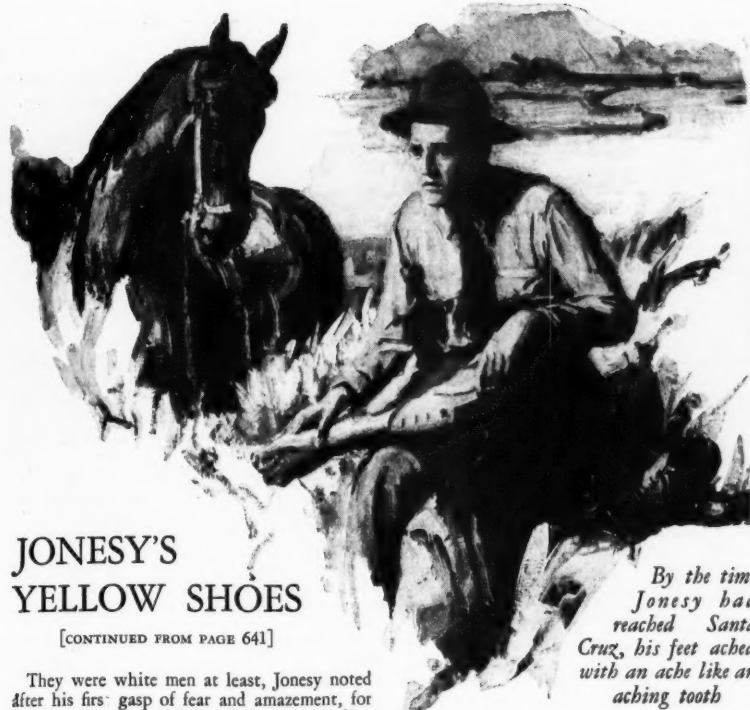
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JONESY'S YELLOW SHOES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 641]

They were white men at least, Jonesy noted after his first gasp of fear and amazement, for his first thought had been of Mexican bandits. But they were by no means friendly. A big man on a bay horse told him sharply to drop his gun—which Jonesy did at once.

"What d'yo' know!" cried the big leader of the band. "A white man, and a soldier at that!" There was disgust in his tone.

"Made a good job of your pinto, Bill," said another. "Rode him out and then killed him."

"Wait a minute, here," said Jonesy, finding his voice at last. "I shot him, but I didn't ride him. I found him all in, and I put him out of his misery."

"Uh, huh," said the big leader skeptically. "Jes' happened to be strolling along and stumbled on him? Lucky for you you're white, or you'd be dead by now!"

Jonesy's anger was greater than his fear now. "Say, I'm no horse thief—and no deserter!" he exclaimed. "The man that owned this horse stole mine."

"You're wrong there," drawled a new voice. "That happens to be my cayuse you shot."

But now the big leader came to Jonesy's rescue. "See here, Bill," he said. "He took your saddle too, didn't he? Yours wasn't no McClellan."

"Might have changed it," answered Bill, unconvinced.

"Keep it up! Waste time and let him get away!" retorted Jonesy bitterly. "I'm telling you that this fellow stole my horse to take the place of yours. He changed saddles, and now he's beat it."

"What did he look like?" asked Bill suspiciously.

"I—I didn't see him," faltered Jonesy.

"You're some liar or some soldier," drawled Bill. His glance lingered on Jonesy's feet. "Stole your shoes, too, didn't he? Took 'em off your feet, an' you didn't even know it."

Red of face, Jonesy appealed to the big leader.

"Say, let me tell you how it happened, will you? Then you can hang me and go about your business if you want to," he added with angry sarcasm. "I had on some new shoes. They hurt my feet, and I took 'em off and left them on the bank while I soaked my feet. When I came back they were gone. While I was looking for them someone swiped my horse. I followed the trail to here and found my saddle and the cayuse."

"Why didn't you say so?" demanded the big leader unreasonably. "This kid's telling it straight," he said impatiently to his followers. "Mike's headed for the border. He's following the river. We'll short-cut him and head him off."

Horses were gathered. The riders wheeled off. A rush of wings sounded above the tops of the cottonwoods, and Jonesy saw a great vulture against the sky. It had scented the dead horse.

Jonesy left the spot, following the shade of the cottonwoods upstream, swinging in under the near bank.

Parting the willows at the edge of the bank, Jonesy suddenly stiffened. A horse and rider had just come round the upper bend of the river bed close to the bank. The rider was hidden beneath a huge sombrero, but even at that distance there was no mistaking the animal. It was old Prince!

Along with the wave of excitement that swept over Jonesy was admiration for the cleverness of this horse thief. From a point of vantage he had no doubt seen the dust of the cavalcade cutting across the desert to head him off, and, like an old fox, had doubled back on his track.

Even now, as he approached, he was using his senses. Jonesy saw a swarthy face lifted skyward and the sombrero tilted back. Mechanically the bugler looked up through the trees. Two black vultures had joined the first. The three swept in great circles, as if fearful of danger below, yet jealous lest one should reach the feast before the other. But ever they dropped lower. Jonesy's gaze returned to the horseman. He had stopped and was gazing at the great birds. Jonesy guessed his thought. If they settled to earth, there was no danger; if they hovered aloft, it would be either because the feast was not ready or because man was near. Jonesy wondered fearfully if he were far enough away. He considered moving on, but decided against it. It seemed better to remain motionless rather than take the chance of alarming the birds, and so the horse thief.

The minutes went by—hours they seemed to Jonesy. The horseman sat as motionless as an equestrian statue. The vultures soared lower. Once they flapped aloft again with creaking wings. Then the boldest dropped suddenly down through the tops of the cottonwoods and was lost to sight. A few seconds and the two others shot earthward.

JONESY'S glance returned to the horseman. Old Prince had taken up the march and was plodding steadily toward his owner's hiding place. He anxiously scanned the approaching rider for evidence of a weapon. The man had nothing in his hands and carried no holster. If he had a weapon it was concealed. Jonesy now saw with some apprehension that the bandit, although short, was exceedingly sturdy. Jonesy set his jaw. The bandit's feet were encased in the bugler's bright yellow shoes!

As the rider came on, his shoulders were on a level with the bank. He seemed to be satisfied that whatever danger there was lay ahead and not on the banks of the creek, for his black eyes searched the winding river bed before him. Jonesy, crouched like a lineman waiting for the ball to be put in play, saw the huge sombrero march along the bank toward him and heard the soft thud of Prince's hoofs in the sand and the champ of the bit. Now was the time. Jonesy took three running steps and launched out into space.

The horse thief fought desperately, but this sudden attack had taken the heart out of him, and Jonesy's shoulder the wind. In a few quick moves the little bugler had his man face down in the sand with his forearm doubled behind his back.

An hour later the band of horsemen returned. They were open-eyed with astonishment as they drew rein under the cottonwoods. Mexican Mike sat securely bound to a tree, and Jonesy lounged beside him.

"Here's your horse thief," the diminutive bugler of Troop X said, nonchalantly. "Where you been all this time?"

By the time Jonesy had reached Santa Cruz, his feet ached with an ache like an aching tooth



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 639]

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Jim kept as far away as he could. But she didn't seem aware that he was on the ice; she continued to skate at her end of the pond, while Jim sulked in his embarrassment at the other.

After a while, he was horrified to see that she was coming in his direction, and looked as if she meant to speak to him. In his dismay, he tried to bring himself to a sudden stop, lost his balance, and fell backward on the ice.

"Don't you want to skate with me for a while?" called the girl. "It's a lot easier to learn if someone helps you."

Jim was standing up again. He shook his head, looking so dejected that the girl did not ask him again, but floated away from him in a long series of outer edges. He had an instinct to warn her against going near the opposite shore, where he knew the ice was weak. A spring came in there. At last, seeing that she was approaching a very thin place in the ice, he did shout to her. She looked at him, waved her hand, and came sweeping in his direction on a backward outer edge, squarely across the weak ice.

An instant later, there was a cracking sound so loud that it startled him. The girl seemed to disappear, like a ghost.

Slipping, lurching, and swaying, Jim Dennis skated up to the spot where the black water contrasted with the dazzling brightness of the ice. The girl's cap was floating on the surface, but she was nowhere to be seen. She must be under the ice. Jim took a long breath. There was no time to take off his skate shoes. He skated clumsily up to the edge of the water, and splashed in.

Before he had taken three strokes his fingers clutched the fabric of her sweater, and he struck out strongly with his feet, and with his other hand. His head came up again, close to the ice. He pulled her head to the surface. She gave a deep, almost convulsive cough. Jim swam with her across twenty feet of open water, toward the shallow side and the shore. His feet touched bottom before he reached the ice on that side. By exerting all his strength, he was able to smash through the ice and lift the girl out.

ALL this happened very much quicker than it takes to tell it. The girl had not lost consciousness. She continued to cough, and Jim slapped her hard on the back. Very soon she was able to speak.

"Isn't it queer?" she gasped. "But we've always spent our summers at Campobello, where it's so cold that I never learned to swim."

Her courage, the almost casual tones in which she said these words, somehow relieved Jim Dennis of all the desperate anxiety which he had felt. His own lungs were heaving so hard that he could hardly bend over and untie the laces in her skating shoes. He was shaking, too, with the cold. But he tore off her shoes, at last, and his own. And then, feeling a reaction that sent the blood surging through his veins, he said, "Come on—let's run back to the house and get warm!"

She ran at his side; and, perhaps because she had used so much less strength than he had, she was a pace or two in front of him when they reached the headmaster's house where she was staying.

"I want you to come with me to see Dick this afternoon," she said.

"All right," said Jim, slowly. "But don't say anything to anybody about this—this business."

The girl laughed. "You'll have to leave that to me. You can't be a hero without paying for it, you know. And you are a hero—the first real live one I've ever met."

Then she was gone. Jim stood in front of the closed door, too dazed to remember that he was cold, too busy with his thoughts to realize that he should be shivering. Never had any phrase sounded so sweet in his ears. Never had he supposed that his forlorn Christmas vacation would hold anything as thrilling and, in spite of its brief moment of terror, so delightful as this.

That afternoon he went with Marjorie to the infirmary, and was admitted to her brother's room. Dick looked pale, but otherwise pretty well. He chatted for a minute; then he turned abruptly to Jim.

"Marjorie told me, over the phone," he said.

"I—I can't find anything that's enough to say to you. And in one way that makes it all the worse."

"What's all the worse?" asked Jim, puzzled. "What I did to you. I'm the one that was the poor sport—not you. I spoiled your vacation for you, and then you turn around and save my sister from drowning in the lake."

"You didn't spoil anything," said Jim, hoping desperately that the conversation would take another turn. "Everything turned out pretty well, it seems to me."

"Did Harry Bennett invite you to his house party?"

"Yes." "Well, it was no fault of mine. I did a nasty trick. Just before I was taken sick I advised Harry not to ask you—and then I wasn't able to see him again and tell him not to mind what I'd said. It's worried me ever since I've been well enough to worry."

"Never mind that now," said Jim philosophically. "When you don't like a fellow you naturally don't want to have him around."

"I do like you; that's the funny part of it. I was jealous of you, I guess—you came in and sort of grabbed things away from me. And then the way you handled me in that football game—I thought you weren't quite fair."

"I slipped, and my arm slid down behind you, but it didn't more than touch you. I don't believe it could have been called holding."

"Maybe sometimes in the excitement of a game I claim too much," admitted Dick. "I felt your arm touch me, and I thought that it was holding, and so I claimed it and made a fuss about it. I guess I didn't show a very good spirit; I know I didn't when I asked Harry not to invite you to his house party."

"Forget it," said Jim.

Mrs. Tremaine came in at that moment. To Jim's vast relief, he found that Marjorie had spared her the shock of knowing of her narrow escape. She was a friendly, kindly lady, and her rejoicing over her son's convalescence shone in her eyes. She expressed sympathy with Jim on account of his inability to go home for Christmas, and said that he must celebrate Christmas with her family.

"Are there any other school boys who weren't able to go home?"

Jim told her that he was the only one who had remained.

"We must have a party," she said.

SO on Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine and Marjorie entertained Jim at a sumptuous dinner at the local inn, and afterward brought him to Dick's room in the infirmary, where there was a Christmas tree decorated and lighted and bearing gifts for everyone. Jim received from Dick a pair of skis.

"Something for you to tumble about on now that you've got all done with tumbling about on skates," Dick said.

But more thrilling to Jim, and also more embarrassing, was the discovery of a present from Marjorie herself—nothing more romantic than a necktie, but that was a gift poignant enough to one who had thoughtlessly neglected to offer so much as a flower or a box of candy.

"What a goat! What a boob!" Jim silently addressed himself while he assured Marjorie that it was the prettiest necktie he had ever owned.

When, a few days later, the Tremaines took Dick home to Boston, for the remaining week of the vacation, they took Jim with them. And when he and all the others had returned to school the skating was still good, and on the first afternoon Jim joined in a hockey game and amazed everyone by his speed if not his skill. Harry Bennett was still talking about it at the supper table that evening.

"Anyone can learn to skate if he has a good teacher," said Jim.

"Who was your teacher?" asked Harry. Dick grinned and said, "Jim came down to Boston and stayed with me for a while. You can learn anything in Boston very quickly."

"Huh!" said Harry. "Yes," said Jim. "Boston's almost as good a town as Los Angeles."

"Huh!" said Dick.



The girl came floating out on the ice, describing the most graceful curves

GOOD MANNERS and GOOD FORM

HAVE you, too, some questions about etiquette? If you have, send them in, and as many as possible will be answered here. Those below have already come in from our readers, and with them many requests for suggestions about the writing and answering of invitations. Every party which any of us gives is either informal or formal, and which yours shall be, you and your mother will decide. Most of us give informal parties, but we wish to know whether even for these the rather formal kind of invitation or the informal note is correct.

This, too, is a matter for you to decide. Whatever choice you make in the form of your invitation will be acceptable, provided you word it nicely. If a boy is to be the host, his mother will write and send out the invitations; if a girl, either she or her mother may do it, depending on your own preference. It is good form for these informal invitations to use your mother's visiting cards, writing in ink in the lower left-hand corner the details of the party, as "Wednesday, December 26," and under that, "Dinner at seven." If you wish to add your address in the lower right-hand corner, you may do so. And if you wish a reply, place the letters "R. S. V. P." also in the lower right-hand corner.

If you prefer an informal note for your invitation, make it truly informal, wording it cordially. Remember to include in it all the details which your guests will wish to have—the date and time of the party, and a hint as to just what the occasion is to be. A girl will wish to wear a different kind of dress to a candy-pull from the one she would wear to a dinner-dance. HAZEL GREY



Q.—When a boy is introduced to a girl, shall he shake hands with her? A. W., Utah.

A.—This rests with the girl herself. She will extend her hand if she wishes. The boy's part is to follow her lead.

Shall he shake hands?

the street? N. A., Connecticut.

A.—The girl speaks first; the boy acknowledges her greeting.

Q.—How soon should a reply be sent to an invitation to a party? C. O., Minnesota.

A.—The rule is, reply to an invitation as soon as possible. This is thoughtfulness for your hostess, who will naturally wish to know the number who are planning to come to her party. If circumstances keep you from an immediate reply, a telephone call explaining the situation is a courtesy which she will greatly appreciate.



Where should he walk?

Q.—Where should a boy walk when accompanying two girls? M. D., Florida.

A.—The courtesy which good form asks from the boy walking with one girl also applies in this case—he walks nearest the curb, not between them. This custom arose from the desire of the escort to serve as a protection, and, while the matter of actual protection is not so urgent these days, the good form of an escort's walking nearest the curb remains.

Q.—Is it necessary for a hostess to be served first at a dinner party? B. A., New York.

A.—It is not necessary, but in most places it is considered good form to do so. This, too, arose from a custom in the old days, when a hostess' tasting of the food was proof that it was safe for the guests to eat it. Like many other old customs, it is not obligatory, but good form.

Q.—How long should a boy keep his hat off when talking to a girl or a woman outdoors? F. L., Mississippi.

A.—If his friend is of his own age, he may replace his hat at once. If he is talking to an older woman, he may follow his own best judgment. A cold wind or rain would make it obviously unsuitable for a boy to keep his hat from his head more than the few seconds needed to lift it courteously.

Q.—What shall I do when a guest is the last to arrive and does not know many of the people who are already there? H. B., Pennsylvania.

A.—Receive her quietly at the door, welcoming her and introducing her to those nearest. Never stop the party for a wholesale introduction. This would embarrass the guest who is being introduced and throw an atmosphere of formality about the introduction which does not help any party.

CHRISTMAS ON BILLY GOAT ISLAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 635]

much waiting. But we had permission to go out unguarded that night to do our work.

We did it. Cecil and Andy and I hung a pair of stockin' for every native on the door of their huts. In the girls' stockin' we put dolls—and the sleds we leaned up against the walls for the boys. Of course all the grown-ups got was a stockin'. We went to bed, wonderin' what would happen.

Christmas morn dawned bright and clear, and about one hundred in the shade—where there was any shade.

"Cheerio, me lads," piped up Cecil. "Let's get out and see what's happened."

What a sight met our eyes—and what a change! Everybody on Billy Goat Island had on some sort of stockin'! And they'd begun to swap at once. Can you imagine how funny a big savage would look with a baby-blue golf stockin' on one black leg and a green plaid one on the other? But they liked 'em that way—odd ones.

But the change in the savages! They were tickled silly over everything. Nothing was too good for us now. They brought us food and smiled until I thought their faces would crack.

The King showed up with some bright-red golf stockin' on his fat brown legs. He was goin' to open the celebration with a speech. And he did. All the people gathered around us and cheered. He thanked us for bringin' Christmas to Billy Goat Island and said the people ought to be grateful to us. They certainly tried to be.

Cecil presented the special doll which he had made to the King. And his Royal Highness was the happiest man you ever saw. He never let go of that big doll after he got his hands on it.

But the big event was a surprise. Andy and I had built a special sled for the King. We presented it, and the King was as tickled over it as a little boy.

We all went over then to open the church officially. The King was to make the first

slide, and we hoped he wouldn't fall off. He made a speech, and everybody applauded.

"Ladies and gentlemen of Billy Goat Island," he declaimed, "we are met this glorious Christmas to dedicate our new slide, built and donated by our distinguished visitors. I will now take the first coast. One side, everybody!"

King Aiti sat down on the bamboo slide, and the head medicine man gave him a push. Away he went with a zip. At the end he shot up in the air and came down kerplunk in the pile of soft grass, as I had planned.

It was a great success. Everybody wanted to try it, and the slide got so hot we had to pour water on it to keep it from getting afire.

Well, those Billy-Goaters couldn't do enough for us, once the Christmas spirit softened 'em up. They wanted us to stay with 'em forever—even offered to make me Assistant King; but of course we were anxious to get away and return home.

We had tools, so we set about building a craft big enough for the three of us. There was another larger island some five hundred miles away where, the natives said, ships sometimes called. So one day we launched our new ship, which we called Billy Goat I, and sailed away. A queer adventure, that was, but it turned out all right in spite of such an alarmin' beginnin'.

CAPTAIN PEN," observed Larry Dodd, "could you show us how to build a slide like that one?"

"Why, certainly. But there's snow on the ground now."

"Yes, sir. But I was thinking what fun it would be in July, when there isn't any."

"It would," agreed Captain Pen. "And maybe next summer we'll build one. Why, bless my soul, it's six o'clock, already, boys. How time flies. And tomorrow is—"

"Merry Christmas, Captain Pen!" cried the boys.

The Captain laughed. "The same to you, boys—and a Happy New Year!"

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Do Come Again! By Rowe Wright

How to make yourself a guest whom hostesses will want to invite

CHRISTMAS vacation and house parties just naturally go together. And this is the time of year when everyone is either giving one or going to one—all kinds, those for which you go to another town and where there are several guests; little overnight parties where you merely go to spend the night in your chum's home; and the week-ends in the country that you spend at a friend's house for a winter sports party. No matter what kind of house party yours is, getting ready and packing up your things to go off is exciting. I myself used to get so excited thinking about all the fun I was going to have that more than once I forgot to plan for

Saturday evening, if you don't go on the hike, and if there is to be a party in the evening your hostess will have told you so that you will have had the opportunity to bring along your party dress.

In this way you go through the days and the hours before you start packing your bag so that you will see what you will need to carry along. Next, be sure that what you are taking is clean and neatly pressed, that your underwear is mended, that ribbons and buttons are where they belong, that the ribbon in your bloomers hasn't all the stretch out of it. Having your clothes all right and ready to put on will give you a sense of peace and security when you are visiting.

Besides your clothes, there are your toilet articles, which are very important. Again think of what you will need, for you do not wish to make a bad impression by having to borrow from your hostess or from another guest. Plan to arrange your toilet articles neatly in a bag or a box or a towel so that you can find them easily and that there will be no need to paw through your suitcase in order to find your nail file. Tuck in, too, the little mending things, black and white and perhaps tan thread, darning cotton, needles and a thimble,

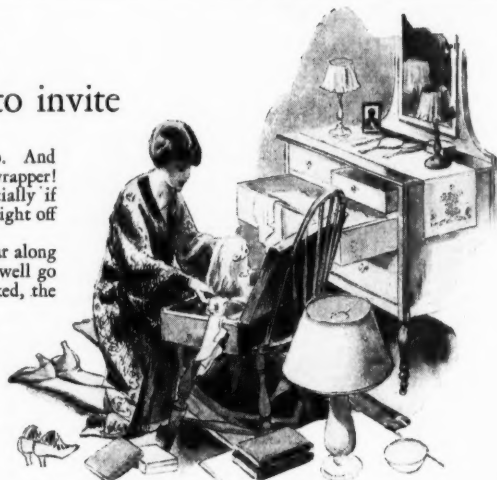
with perhaps a button or two. And remember your slippers and wrapper! They are easy to forget, especially if you have a bathroom at home right off your bedroom.

Now that we have gone so far along in the game, we might just as well go on. With our suitcase all packed, the next thing is our arrival. The tortures I have endured because I didn't learn before I did that the nicest thing to do was to be simple and natural and myself when I was introduced to someone! I was always being too shy to say, "It was lovely of you to ask me here, Mrs. Brown," when I arrived at a friend's house and was introduced to her mother, whom I hadn't met before. And then because I didn't find my tongue and my senses at the start, I had a terrible time finding them later.

I think it a really sad thing that it takes us so many years to learn to be simple and natural with people. For when we go to a friend's house, we go because she wishes to have us there. So why should we not say to our friend or to her mother or whoever it is who greets us that we are glad to be there? And as soon as we have said a perfectly natural thing like that, the ice is broken and we are at ease.

Be Simple and Natural

The same thing is true—that is, being simple and natural—when we are meeting the other guests, and especially any of the guests who happen to be boys. I don't know why it was that I always acted so inane when I was introduced to a boy. It wasn't because I didn't know



You must plan what clothes to take

boys or like them. I had plenty of boy cousins with whom I loved to play. What I wanted to say when I met boys was, "Hello. We're going to have piles of fun out here, aren't we?" Or, "It's nice being out here in the country, isn't it?" But I never said anything but a stupid kind of mumble.

Not only should the guests be happy together. All the family where you are visiting should be happy because the guests are considerate. Consideration is one of the most important things in a guest. For instance, the considerate guest does not forget to inquire from her hostess before she goes to bed at what time breakfast is served, and then she does not fail to get up in time for breakfast. In leaving her room in the morning she does not forget to throw back the bed-clothes. She remembers to say good-morning to all the family and to the maid. If there is no maid or only one, she does not forget to go upstairs after breakfast and make her bed and straighten up her room. Haven't you heard your mother say after you have had a friend at your house, "How nice and considerate Mary is. I like having her here. She isn't a bit of a bother." Or this, "Goodness, I can't see where that girl learned to behave. She left her things all over the place. Deliver us from having her here again."

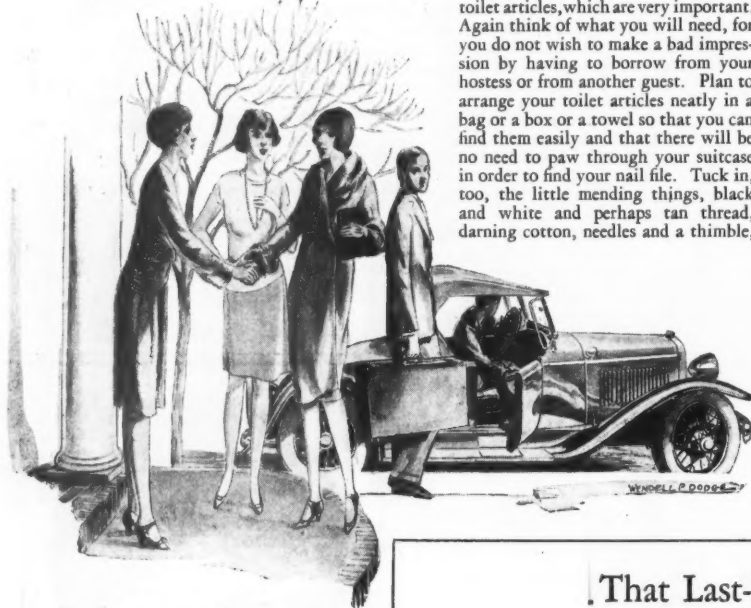
It is only fair consideration for other people to leave the bathroom spick and span when you are through, to be on time for all meals, and to remember if there is no maid to ask your friend and her mother what you may do to help them.

Leaving is Important

And last, in order to have the whole time a happy one for everybody from beginning to end, there is the leaving. You know for how long you were invited. Your responsibility then is to be ready to leave when the time comes. You surely can run off to your room some time during the day to pack your bag, to lay your traveling things so that they will be ready at the last minute, to look into the closet and the dresser drawers to see that you have not forgotten anything. If you spend the last few minutes of your visit hunting for mislaid belongings, you will not have time as you come dashing down to tell your hostess what a success her party has been or how much you have enjoyed being there. There are not enough words in the language for us to find new ways to thank people for kindnesses, so we must be content with thanking a hostess in words that have been used many times before us. But we must put sincerity into them.

Like all accepting, going visiting requires one thing more of us—and that is a word of appreciation after the gift has been accepted. For hospitality is a gift which we have accepted. Which is why we have "bread and butter" letters. Perhaps writing a note to your hostess began long ago when travel was dangerous, so that it was important to send back word that you had arrived safely. Now we write back, not so much to say we are safe as to say that we have not forgotten her kindness.

And to the guest who remembers these things a hostess is sure to say, "Do come again!"



Tell your hostess what a success her party has been

all the little things I was sure to need. And then later I would be as embarrassed as could be because I had forgotten something or hadn't brought along the right clothes.

Nothing helps me more when I am packing up for a house party than a game any girl can play with herself. I begin by thinking through from the beginning everything I think I shall do while I am away and just what I shall need for each part of it. I start by packing my suitcase. I want to take along everything I shall need, but not a lot of extra stuff to clutter up my bag. Let's see—I am invited for a week-end. The invitation said to come Saturday morning. That means I shall be there for lunch on Saturday and until late Sunday afternoon, when my hostess says she will motor me back to town. Let's pretend your invitation is like mine.

The Clothes to Take

Of course you must plan what clothes to take. You know what clothes you have, and there is no use wishing for things you haven't, even though you are tempted to do so. In order to make your choice—for naturally you cannot take everything you own in one suitcase for one week-end—it is well to think through each day. What did your friend say when she invited you? That Saturday afternoon, if the weather is pleasant, you are to take a hike and perhaps cook supper outdoors. Well, your bloomers or a rough skirt, middie, sweater and tam will be just the thing for that. And if the weather isn't pleasant? You will be doing something indoors then and your simplest school dress which you will wear on the train will be very suitable. You will no doubt wish to change your dress for dinner

NO matter how carefully you plan your Christmas list ahead of time, isn't there always a last-minute gift you simply must have? It is that way with me, and my own experience has been that an attractive memorandum book fits into any number of such holiday emergencies. The materials are inexpensive. In fact, they will cost you nothing at all if you already have some lovely fancy paper. And the book itself can be made in a few minutes.

The book illustrated here is one I myself made, using a book of blank pages which someone had given me. It is six inches wide and nine and three-quarters inches high, and there are about three dozen pages in the book itself. If you haven't such a book, make the pages yourself out of drawing paper or any other kind you wish, sewing them together with a bright bit of thread.

After deciding to use the blank book, I secured some rather stiff cardboard and cut it just a bit larger than the pages of the book, six and a quarter inches by ten inches. Then I covered this cardboard with the

fancy paper you see here. Have you seen the new fancy papers? They are fascinating and beautiful, brilliant in color, quaint and old-fashioned or typically modern. Perhaps you have some sheets of this paper put away in your desk drawer that will be just the thing for the cover.

I cut my fancy paper just half an inch larger all around than the cover and spread glue on the cardboard, a strip at a time.

In making your book, be sure to use the best quality of liquid glue—then you may count on its staying on well. After you have spread the glue on the cardboard, let it become dry, what we call "tacky." Then press the paper down on the cardboard, smoothing out the wrinkles from the center. Proceed in this way until the entire surface is covered. Then draw the extra edge of the paper to the under side of the cover and glue this in place.

It is then a simple matter to glue the first leaf of your book to the inside of the front part of the book, and the last leaf to the inside of the back cover—and your book is finished.



Paper by Amy Drenstedt

That Last-Minute Gift

By Ethel Gilmore

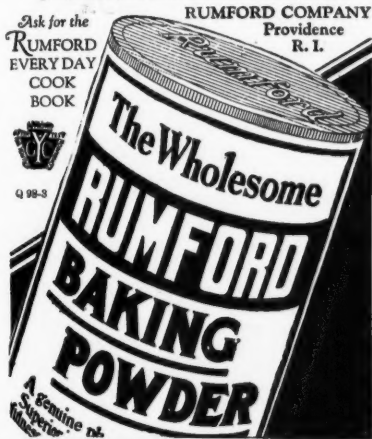


Griddle Cakes

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Cookies for Your Christmas Gift Boxes

Made from G. Y. C. recipes

Tested by ALICE BRADLEY,
Principal of Miss Farmer's
School of Cookery

Do your first memories of cookies center around a cookie jar, that treasure chest in your grandmother's house, or in the pantry of your own home? Nothing can quite take the place of a really good homemade cookie. And I know that many of you know how to keep the cookie jar full, because your G. Y. C. cookie recipes are so delicious. G. Y. C. cookies are just the thing with which to fill the fancy boxes of which Mrs. Curtis told you last month. So I shall give these recipes to you, with every good wish for a most Merry Christmas.

And here are some special cookie suggestions which will, I think, help in making your efforts successful. If you are still in the beginning stage of cookie-making, I suggest that you try one fourth, one third, or at most one half of the recipes given here. Be sure that all your measurements are level, with no slightest bit of rounding. Sift all flour before measuring, since unsifted flour is closely packed and gives one fourth to one third of a cup more flour than when sifted. These recipes are for sifted flour. Do not add more flour than is called for, or the cookies will be tough.

In making rolled cookies, chill the dough thoroughly before rolling, since if this is done, less flour is needed, the dough does not stick so easily, and the cutters leave cleaner edges. If possible, procure a pastry cloth for rolling. Pastry cloths are made of heavy canvas and are sold with a white knitted cover for your rolling pin. In our school we have used these pastry cloths for years, rather than a marble or a board, since the dough does not stick so easily to the cloth. You can fashion your own pastry cloth with a square yard of heavy duck. And for the cover of your rolling pin an inexpensive white stocking, baby's size, may be used. Cut the foot from the stocking, slip it on your rolling pin, and you are ready for work.

Almost all cookies, with the exception of those made of meringue mixtures, are baked in a moderately hot oven. If the heat is too intense, your cookies will burn around the edges before they are thoroughly done. Cookies keep best in stone crocks or tin boxes.

MY MOTHER'S COOKIES

From Margaret Glenn, Santa Ana, Calif.

1/2 cup drippings 1/2 cup sour milk with
1/2 cup commercial 1/2 teaspoon soda
shortening 1/2 cup sweet milk
1 cup white sugar with 2 teaspoons
1 cup brown sugar baking powder
2 eggs 3 cups white flour
1 teaspoon salt 6 shredded-wheat biscuits or
1 teaspoon vanilla 1 1/2 cups shredded-wheat crumbs

Cream drippings and shortening and blend with sugar. Add eggs, well beaten, and sour milk in which soda is dissolved. If sweet milk is used, add the baking powder to the flour. Sift in flour and salt and beat well. Add shredded-wheat biscuits, rolled very fine. Flavor



with vanilla and drop mixture from tip of spoon on greased tin sheet, having cookies at least two inches apart. One tablespoon of the mixture makes a cookie three inches in diameter. Bake in a moderate oven or at 350° F. for ten minutes. Remove immediately from tin to wire cake rack, to remain there until cool. Store in tight-covered tin container or stone jar. This recipe makes five dozen medium-sized cookies.

DROP COOKIES

An original G. Y. C. recipe. From Ruth Harper, Colorado Springs, Colo.

1 cup shortening 2 teaspoons baking
2 cups sugar powder
5 eggs 1/2 teaspoon clove
1/2 cup milk 2 teaspoons cinnamon
Enough flour for stiff 1/2 teaspoon allspice
batter, or about 3 1/2 1 package seeded rais-
cups ins or 3 1/2 cups
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and continue working until well blended. Add beaten eggs and beat mixture with spoon until light and smooth. Add milk, 2 cups flour and salt, and mix thoroughly. Mix 1 cup of flour with baking powder and spices and sift into first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Stir in raisins, cut in small pieces if necessary and mixed with 1/2 cup of flour. Drop batter from teaspoon or greased and floured pan or cookie sheet, keeping them two to three inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven or at 350° F. for fifteen minutes. Remove to wire cake cooler. This recipe makes eight dozen cookies about two and one-half inches in diameter.

FLAKE MACAROONS

From Mary J. Ardapple, Morrison, Ill.

2 egg whites 1 cup finely shredded
1 cup sugar coconut
1 cup cornflakes, whole- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
wheat or rice flakes

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar gradually while still beating. Then add flavoring and coconut and stir. Add cornflakes and stir again. Drop on buttered pans and bake in a slow oven or at 275° F. for thirty minutes or until delicately brown. Remove from pans as soon as taken from the oven and put on a wire cooler. This recipe serves twelve people, and makes two dozen macaroons.

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FOR the GIRL of CHARM

FASHIONS ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THE G. Y. C.

Little Things Do Count

Or what to do with your Christmas check

By Elizabeth Lee

I IMAGINE that by this time most of you have gotten your winter frocks and your winter coat. But have you planned what you are going to do with your Christmas check? Have you looked over your wardrobe to see what a pair of just the right kind of gloves will do for it? Or a bag that adds a delightful finishing touch?

The ensemble suit which I am showing you this month illustrates very well the idea of how much little things do count. The dress is charming in light-weight wool, crepe satin, or one of the new reversible silks, with the reverse side for the tie and the circular flare. It is made from Butterick pattern No. 2221, costing forty-five cents. The coat may be made from homespun material, cashmere, broadcloth, camel's-hair, tweed, or one of the novelty woolsens. It is Butterick pattern No. 2151, costing forty-five cents.

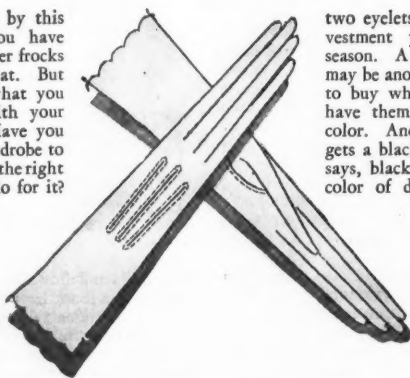
But that is only the beginning of the story. Imagine this ensemble in wine-red color for the dress, made of satin crepe with the reverse side for the tie, and a buckle—bought from the Christmas check, of course! Imagine the coat made of wine-red velour with a beige-fox collar, and a hat of the same red shade. For the finishing touches, natural-color plain slip-on gloves, black patent-leather pumps or—if the check is large—beige-lizard pumps with high luster, and a lizard bag or one of wine-colored suede—can you see what these finishing touches would do for the wine-red ensemble?

Or imagine the girl in the picture as dressed in an everyday outfit, perhaps of slate-blue with a gray wolf-fur collar. Her dress would then be of light-weight wool, her coat of tweed. The finishing touches for this suit could then be gloves of washable chamois in natural color and a bag made of the same material as her coat, with the bag top bought especially for it.

This, then, is just the time of year to look over your wardrobe with an eye to the little things that can be effectively added to it. I think gloves come first of all. Those on this page are the slip-on variety, stitched with long stitches in a darker color. Look for gloves of this kind next time you go shopping. They are effective and practical. A bag—of course! I especially like the one I am showing you here, because of the straps which give a smart touch and because of the strap for your hand which is on the back. The idea of a bag of the same material as

your coat is most attractive for a tweed or rough-wool suit. For your best dress I would advise you to stop and consider. I imagine you will decide that a bag like the one on this page is better for that.

Shoes are always interesting and important. Spending your Christmas check on a pair of low oxfords with



two eyelets may be the best investment you can make this season. A pair of satin slippers may be another good plan. I like to buy white satin slippers and have them dyed just the right color. And one of my friends gets a black pair because, as she says, black looks well with any color of dress, and by buying

black she can wear her slippers as long as they are presentable. Another of my young friends always has a pair of black patent-leather strap slippers in her wardrobe for the same reason. She, however, buys her slippers not for her party dresses but for her afternoon frocks.

And how I should like to sit down and talk with you about stockings! I am very partial to those in the soft, natural colors. And with tweed suits and everyday winter dresses I do like lisle and light-weight combination thread stockings so much better than silk stockings, and I hope you do, too.

Hats, too, call for special consideration. In our illustration this month the color of the hat blends with that of the dress itself, with the band of a darker shade of the same color. Whether it is better to have your hat match your coat or of a lighter or darker shade, blending with it, depends upon the effect which you wish to gain. I always advise buying your hat last and trying all three effects before you decide. And never forget to consider the dresses which you will be wearing with the coat, for frequently you will remove your coat and your hat, and dress will then comprise your costume.

I have been delighted with the lovely letters so many of you have been writing me about our October Charm Page and wish to announce that the following have been awarded first place in our "What's wrong with this picture?" contest: Dorothy Frances Griswold, Waltham, Mass.; Lois M. Johnson, Volga, S. Dak.; and Elsie Topping, Okotoks, Alberta, Canada; with Honorable Mention to Mary Elizabeth Adams, Mansfield, Ohio. To each of the three in first place a copy of Hazel Cades' book, "Any Girl Can Be Good-looking," has been sent through the courtesy of the publishers, D. Appleton and Co. Thank you, too, for all your suggestions for this page. Next month I shall show you new party dresses, at your request, together with the latest ideas from Paris for party dress materials.

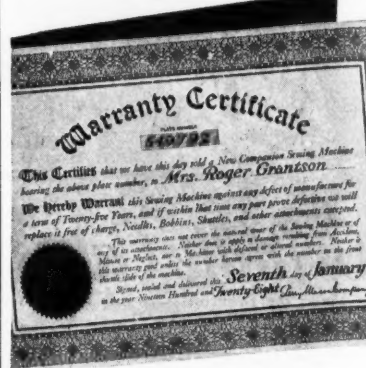
The patterns mentioned on this page may be obtained from your nearest pattern shop or directly from the Butterick Company, 223 Spring Street, New York City. And if any of you have special dress problems, I shall be delighted to have you write me about them.

Watch next month's issue for another Charm contest—entirely different from our other, and one every girl may enter.

Or picture it in slate-blue tweed trimmed with a collar of gray-wolf fur



Imagine this ensemble in material of wine-red color with a beige-fox collar



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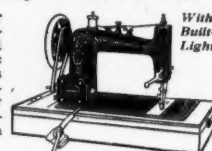
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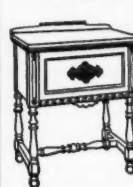
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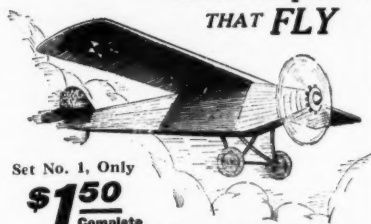
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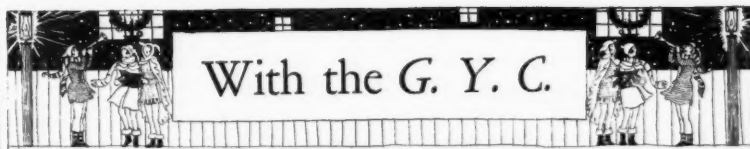
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With the G. Y. C.

We Make Christmas Presents

This is our December Honor Roll. A publication prize of one dollar
has been awarded to each girl mentioned here



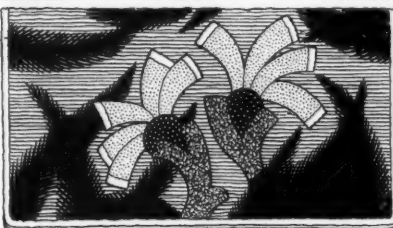
Adele Bosko
Waterville, Me.

everyone would get a stockingful of ideas. So many of you, in fact, have been writing to tell me what you are doing for Christmas that this month we have a Christmas Honor Roll. Every girl whose

CHRISTMAS presents! I wish there were room on this page for the picture of every G. Y. C. Member who is making them, and for a description of what she is making. I know

and five-eighths inches long. Cutting a piece of blue gingham into Keystone shape, she embroidered our letters, G. Y. C., upon it in gold color, embroidering the completed Keystone on the front.

Green Blue Orange



Brown Purple Red

The bag design used by Mary Anna Myers
of Marshalltown, Iowa.

picture you see here is making Christmas presents and has sent in to the G. Y. C. an excellent account of what she is doing.

I know you will be as interested as I in their plans. Helen Bright and Adele Bosko are planning on making

cakes. They don't say whether they are making Christmas boxes for their cakes, such as Mrs. Curtis suggested in November, but I hope so. Helen's specialty is cup cakes for which she gives a recipe that reads deliciously. I am passing it along to Miss Bradley to test for us.

Hettie Pitman describes coat-hangers which would be welcome in any girl's closet. The only materials necessary, Hettie says, are plain wooden hangers, which can be bought in any household furnishings store, coarse crocheted cotton and ribbon. She knits her covers on steel needles, making a strip long enough for the wooden part of the hanger.

This strip, which is about ten inches wide, is then sewed tightly to the hanger with the same thread of which the strip is made. Another strip for the handle is about five inches wide. And Hettie's finishing touch is a bow of ribbon on the handle.

Margaret Watkins has great fun making sock dolls. She makes them from silk socks about ten inches long, which have lisle tops. Cutting off the foot, she shapes each sock into doll form,

making the hair of yellow or brown embroidery thread and the face of white cloth, on which she embroiders the features of the doll. Margaret says all these materials may be found around the house, and the present itself is especially appropriate for a very small child because it is unbreakable.

Gail Phillips suggests a G. Y. C. headband for a Member friend, making it either of blue ribbon, on which is embroidered our Keystone pin in gold color, or of unbleached muslin. Gail made hers of unbleached muslin, hemming a strip three and three-quarters of an inch wide and seventeen



Margaret Watkins
Macon, Ga.



Gail Phillips
Nauvoo, W. Va.



Helen Bright
El Centro, Calif.



Dorothy Edmunds
Beaver Dam, Wis.

Mary Anna Myers made the envelope bag the design for which is reproduced here.

The bag itself was from canvas, on which the pattern was stamped. Mary Anna, however, worked out



Hettie Pitman
Yarmouth,
N. S.

her own color scheme—a blue background, green leaves, flowers shaded from lavender through pink to orange and with a border of orange at the edge.

Sue Richards has just completed a buffet set embroidered in the stem, lazy-daisy and French knot stitches, while Dorothy Edmunds has made dressing table novelties which will be an artistic touch in her friends' rooms.

And so Merry Christmas to you all! I am especially happy this Christmas because so many girls who read The Youth's Companion have joined the G. Y. C. during 1928 and are now

wearing our blue and gold pin, presented to them by our magazine. Just think, over eleven thousand girls are now in the G. Y. C.! And if you haven't yet joined, won't you sign the coupon below and send it to me, so that I may write and tell you all about how these girls joined?

Your friend,

Hazel Grey

Executive Secretary of the G. Y. C.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TO

Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR HAZEL GREY:

I am a girl who enjoys what the G. Y. C. Members do, and I am interested in worthwhile achievements.

Will you please write and tell me how I may join the G. Y. C., earn the right to wear the blue and gold Keystone membership pin, and enjoy all the advantages of being an Active Member?

My name is.....

My age is.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

12-28



The Year Around This Gift Brings Joy to Young and Old

SEARCH as you may through the endless list of possible gifts—you will find nothing that assures so much genuine, lasting pleasure, to everybody, as the modern harmonica.

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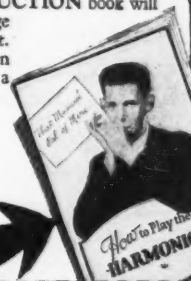


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FREE INSTRUCTION book will be mailed, postage paid, on request. Just use the coupon below, or send a penny post-card.



M. HOHNER, Inc.
114 E. 16th St., Dept. 507-M, N. Y.

Please send free Instruction Book

Name.....

Address.....



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You are now planning your Christmas gifts -

Here in this number is an order form which will help you to present the best gift of all!

Send The Youth's Companion to the boy and girl you love best - you will be remembered with grateful affection every month of the year to come

Not our special gift rate
\$1.50 a year each
for two or more
and
a copy of "We" free

Handsome announcement cards supplied on request.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

The Companion will pay \$1.00 for each original joke that is accepted for this column. Only the best of the thousands that are sent us can be used and paid for. We can not undertake to return those that are not accepted.

TEACHING THE TEACHER

THE following conversation passed between a young colored girl just out of school and her little brother:

Little Brother: "I want some 'lasses."
His sister: "You should say molasses."
Little Brother: "Well, how can I say molasses when I ain't had no 'lasses yet?"
—Virginia Churn

little man," said the lecturer, "you tell us."
"Soap," replied the boy. —W. R. Samp

A WISE PHYSICIAN

BOY: "One of our little pigs was sick, so I gave him some sugar."
Second boy: "Sugar—what for?"
Boy: "For medicine, of course. Haven't you heard of sugar-cured hams?"
—Ernest Ralph

THE WHIRLPOOL

TEACHER: "Tommy, what is a whirlpool?"
Tommy: "A whirlpool is a merry-go-round for fishes."
—Anita Hebert



NO TIME TO WAIT

IN Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered an old master bridge-builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."
—Carl C. Johnston

SOLID IVORY

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was teaching a rural school, a lecturer came one day and offered to talk to the children about Africa. He described the country and products, and also how ivory was obtained. Then he said: "Now, children, who can tell us what is made from ivory?"

One little fellow raised his hand. "Well,



NOT HIS PURPOSE

A SMALL boy had fallen into a creek, and a kind old lady had stopped until he was rescued and safely on the bank.

"Dear me, how did you come to fall in?" she asked of the unfortunate boy.
"I didn't come to fall in," he explained, "I came to fish."
—Ernest Ralph

A LARGE EXCEPTION

A T least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

"And when was that?"

"After my first trip in an airplane."
—Sarah Curtis



NO ESCAPING IT

THEY were climbing a lofty peak of the Alps, and she was standing a few feet above him. She turned around and gazed in wonderment.

"What," he asked, "do you see?"
"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long, white sheet stretching like a paper ribbon almost back to our hotel."

"Ha, ha," he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."
—Ernest Ralph

NUTS TO CRACK

THE BEST PUZZLES OF THE MONTH

1. A JUMBLED PROVERB

Saw away there.
Where? There's ill!

If the words in this conversation be slightly rearranged, and then the spaces between the letters be changed, a familiar proverb will be discovered.

2. RIDDLE

I am that which used to fare
Upon the ocean everywhere.
But, though no longer useful there,
I'm useful still upon the hair.

3. MISSING LETTER

W X P C T S H L L F
L B T T R N X T W K

If a certain letter is inserted among the letters given above, the result will be a readable sentence.

4. LETTER-CHANGING

1. PIPE 5. ****
2. **** 6. ****
3. **** 7. ****
4. **** 8. ****

9. BOWL

After Old King Cole had received his pipe one day, his bowl was not forthcoming; so he proceeded to change PIPE to BOWL as outlined above. He changed one letter at a time and formed a new word at each change, without rearranging any word. Can you tell how he did it?

5. WORD-DIAMOND

1. A letter. 2. A unit of energy. 3. Water pitchers. 4. To burn. 5. A companion for meat. 6. A fenced-in enclosure. 7. A letter.

6. CHARADE

We'll let you go first, and second we place Not one, but a full half a score;
And, ending with part of a window, we find We do not need anything more.
These make up the whole. You will find when you're through
What we call anything that is useful to you.

7. A RIDDLE

It is said that a lie is still a lie, no matter what excuses are used to cover it up; for when you take away the covering it is still false.

Can you give the explanation of this clever play on words?

8. LETTER-CHANGING

1. BABY 4. ****
2. **** 5. ****
3. **** 6. DOLL

It is possible to change BABY to DOLL in the number of steps given, by changing one letter at a time, and forming a new word at each change.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES

1. Never-the-less. 2. "M" on "OT" on "Y." Monotony. 3. 9 times 8 plus 7 plus 6 plus 5 plus 4 plus 3 plus 2 plus 1 gives 100. 9 plus (8 times 7) minus 6 minus 5 minus 4 plus 3 minus 2 minus 1 gives 50. 4. Insert O. "GO ON TO LONDON, LORDS OF YORK. 5. O. Bus, Batch, Outdoor, Score, Hoe, R. 6. A POUND AN IOWA: A LB. AN IA: ALBANIA. 7. Columbus, America, Danger, Pirates, Oceans, Mediterranean, Pirates, Punishment. 8. King, Kink, Kick, Lick, Lack, Jack. 9. A, Ar, Par, Reap, Paper, Rapper, Prepare. 10. Raid-I-U; Radius; Radii.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL CHANCE! We will give free, for every dollar sent us for stamps bought from our unusual 50% approval sheets, 50c out of U. S. stamps. Hub Post. Co., 45 Bromfield, Boston.

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FREE 20 GOOD STAMPS including GOLD COAST, 2 NEWFOUNDLAND. All free with trial Bargain Approvals. F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.

EGYPT at Old Price: 1929 Catalog Values Increase. Navigation; Cotton Congress; Agricultural auroch; each 30. Prof. Melville J. Boyer, 603 N. Sixth St., Allentown, Pa.

1000 DIFF. STAMPS to App. Applicants 55c. JOHNSON STAMP CO. (Y.C.) Jamestown, N. Y.

Approval Sheets 50% Discount. Sent Anywhere Youth's Companion Goes. Frederick B. Driver, 1430 So. Penn Square, Phila., Pa.

500 World stamps, old U. S. Commemoratives, 10c. ARCO STAMP CO., 3206 W. 95th, Cleveland, O.

Confederate Assay to approval applicants. Patapoo Stamp Co., Dept. 9, 4911 Penndale Ave., Baltimore, Md.

FIRST STAMP ISSUED—Gt. Britain 1840, 1d black \$1.40. R. H. A. GREEN, 315 17th Street, Wilmette, Ill.

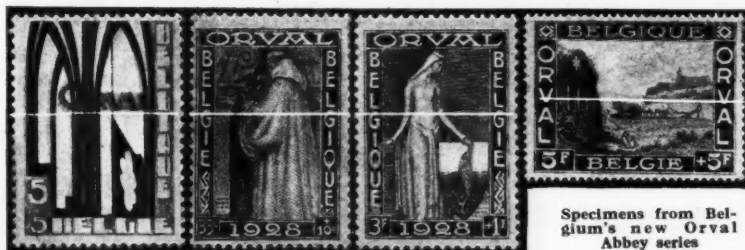
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STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c, 1000 hinges 15c. List Free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

STAMPS TO STICK

A DEPARTMENT FOR STAMP ENTHUSIASTS OF ALL AGES



Specimens from Belgium's new Orval Abbey series

BISECTS

OCASIONALLY it happens that the stock of a stamp denomination becomes exhausted. The earliest recognized instance of this among the United States general issues was in 1847, when at certain post-offices there was a depletion in copies of the 5-cent red-brown. As an emergency measure a number of the 10-cent black stamps were authorized to be cut in half, and each section did postal duty to the value of 5 cents.

Hence the philatelic term "bisect," sometimes called a "split"—illustrating the case of where half of something is worth more than the whole!

A used copy of the 10-cent black of 1847 is valued in the 1929 standard catalogue at \$35. A canceled diagonal half which prepaid 5 cents' worth of postage is chronicled at \$500, a vertical half at \$600, and a horizontal half at \$1500. The horizontal halves in existence today are fewest of these three, and the catalogue value of one jumped \$250 during the past year.

Of course there have been half-stamps used which, paying postage up to half the amounts of the full stamps' face values, were not sanctioned by the governments. Such unauthorized bisections are not listed in the catalogue.

Only recently a postmaster in this country permitted half of a 10-cent air-mail stamp to prepay the fee on a letter requiring the new 5-cent air rate, and the letter went through to its destination. That postmaster violated a Post Office Department ruling which forbids the acceptance of portions of stamps for postage, and the half-stamp will not be chronicled in the catalogue, though the cover will be prized by the owner.

There are 26 bisections listed in the United States section of the catalogue, none dating later than 1909. In all, there are approximately 500 varieties of bisections, the first having appeared in 1843 and the last in 1923.

STAMP NEWS

Commemoratives

COLLECTORS have noted with interest a statement widely printed in foreign and American philatelic journals that Uncle Sam's most recent commemoratives—United States current 2 and 5-cent values overprinted "Hawaii" and "1778-1928," to recall the discovery of the mid-Pacific islands by Capt. James Cook—are a result of politics in a Presidential campaign year. The inference is that the Republican administration made a "play" for votes in Hawaii for Herbert Hoover by issuing these stamps in connection with the August celebration of the British navigator's adventure a century and a half ago.

Any assertion that politics was involved would appear ridiculous in the light of the facts. Postmaster-General New did not take the initiative. The request for commemoratives emanated from Hawaii. Governor Farrington and others prominent on the islands wanted them, and it will be recalled that a bill to authorize Mr. New to issue stamps of special design was introduced in Congress. Congress did not pass it; so Mr. New, without power to have special designs prepared, met the wishes of the people of Hawaii by resorting to the overprinting, as he was in sympathy with their belief

that the celebration of an event so important in our country's history should receive postal recognition.

Venezuela's long period of internal strife virtually came to a close with the battle of Ciudad Bolivar on July 21, 1903. That was a quarter-century ago, and Venezuela has this year been celebrating that dawn of peace. A commemorative stamp was issued—10 centimos, light green, with the design including a feminine figure, symbolical of peace, a view of the port of Ciudad Bolivar, and a portrait of Gen. J. V. Gomez, prominent in the struggle of 1903. The stamp bears the two dates and the inscription "25th Anniversary of la Paz en Venezuela."

Ahmed Bey Zogu, who was President of Albania as a republic, is now King Zog I of Albania as a monarchy, and this development in the affairs of the smallest of the Balkan lands has been commemorated philatelically. A surcharge significant of the change, and including the date August 28, 1928, has been placed on a series—ten values, scaling up to one franc—which previously had been prepared in Paris. The inscription "Republika Shqiptare" (Republic of Albania) is on these stamps. They were never issued, however, without the overprint that heralded the monarchy. The commemorative set is a forerunner of definitives to bear the native word for "kingdom."

When a national philatelic exhibition was held in Reval recently Estonia reissued in light gray the 10-mark stamp which appeared originally in deep blue in 1922, and the new-comer was placed on sale at a special post-office set up at the exhibition.

Air Posts

AIR-MAIL stamps continue to appear in connection with routes newly established in various countries, and an interesting development in this line is the issuing of Canada's first "flying machine" adhesive, which many collectors consider the most beautiful air-mail product thus far. The design is the northern section of the globe. Two feminine figures at Canada's western and eastern coasts hold a shield inscribed "Air," above which is a mail plane. Value and color are 5 cents, olive.

Meanwhile Roumania has put forth definitive air adhesives.

Other Newcomers

STAMPS without precedent appeared when the French steamship Ile de France left New York for Europe with mail which included certain letters which, toward the end of the voyage, were transferred to an amphibian plane for transport by air to shore. The stock of 10-franc stamps in the ship's postoffice was insufficient for all the mail thus to be expedited, so the French consulate in New York authorized the surcharging of this value on 3000 copies of the 90-centime bearing the head of Berthelot and 1000 of the 1-franc with the likeness of Pasteur. They were for use on this voyage only, and probably they will take rank among the near-rarities.

The Belgian semipostal stamps issued to raise funds toward the restoration of the ancient abbey of Notre Dame d'Orval are among the prettiest pieces of postal paper. There are nine values in the set, ranging from 5 plus centimes to 10 plus 10 francs.

For Christmas

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FREE—Send for a sample copy of the world's most beautiful stamp magazine. All the news about stamps and stamp collecting. You will be delighted with it. Send for your free sample copy today. Address THE STAMP COLLECTOR, Dept. Y. C., 719 Lodi St., Syracuse, N. Y.

OK DECEMBER SPECIALS! Here are some real bargains for approval applicants. 25 diff. Air mail, 25c; 25 diff. Africa, 10c; 50 diff. 20c; 1000 OK Hinges, 10c; 3000, 25c. O. K. STAMP CO., P. O. BOX 581, UTICA, N. Y.

LINDBERGH AIR MAIL and 25 diff. other Air Mail stamps, only 15c to approval applicants. Special Bargains: 100 British Colonies 25c; 100 Africa 45c; 100 French Colonies 30c; 1000 diff. from all over world 75c. All 4 packets for \$1.50. L. W. HUDSON, 1439 East 7th Street, Plainfield, N. J.

For Any Amount, 10c to \$2.00. I will send 4 times as many stamps, catalogue value in British Colonies. No junk. Money back guarantee. Name countries preferred. A. B. Moss, 8449-164 St., Jamaica, N. Y.

Old Coins Bought and Sold. Roman Silver Coin 1650 yrs. old 40; English Silver Penny 650 yrs old 40. Retail List, Coins & Curios, 6c with Coin. Elder Coin Corp., 8 W. 37th St., N. Y.

70% DISCOUNT Stamps sent on approval at 70% discount from standard prices. Reference required. J. Emory Beall, Dept. AB, Haverer, Pa.

MEXICO: 14 diff. 10c; 30 var. India 15c. postpaid. Lists free. Allison, Angola, Ind.

60% Dis. APPROVALS—100 Diff. Stamps Free. CHAS. GIVENS, 25 N. Faxon St., Phila., Pa.

50 different Portugal Colonies 10c; 200 different World 10c. Louis Morrison, Glenolden, Pa.

600 different stamps, 50c; 1,100, \$1.00; 2,000, \$3.50. F. L. Onken, 630 79th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Approvals at reasonable prices. Reference please. Premium given. Scott's 1929 catalog, \$2.00. J. N. Clarkson, Jr., Dept. Y., Ridgewood, N. J.

100 diff. stamps free. 500 diff. 35c. Album holds 2400 stamps 60c. Michael, 1222c Carmen, Chicago.

STAMPS 29 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c. Y. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

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STAMPS. 103 China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (300 pictures) 3c. A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A8, Boston.

California Gold, \$1/2 size, 27c; \$1/4 size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shmits, Salt Lake, Utah

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE CHILDREN'S PAGES

Andy's Christmas Tree

By Margery Bianco

Illustrated by C. E. B. Bernard



THAT year there wasn't going to be any Christmas tree at home. It happened this way. Andy's little mother had a cousin who always spent Christmas with her, but this year she had been quite sick, and, though she was much better, the doctor wouldn't let her go out of doors yet. So Andy's mother was to spend Christmas at the cousin's house instead, and of course the Christmas tree would have to be there too. There wasn't any sense in having two Christmas trees.

The person who minded most was Andy. Andy was going to the party. She always went everywhere, went though she was just a doll, and she had a new dress all ready, and a beautiful blue candy-box ribbon to tie round her. But that wasn't the same as having a Christmas tree at home. It wasn't nearly so important, and Andy liked feeling important. So she just sat there propped up against the work-basket on the table, and sniffed and sniffed.

"I wish you'd stop that horrid noise," said the cockatoo. "It goes right through my head!"

"I can't stop it," said Andy; "I have to!" And she went right on sniffing.

"Then go and sniff somewhere else," said the cockatoo crossly.

"There isn't anywhere else."

"You could sniff in the umbrella stand," the cockatoo said. "Or there's the linen closet. There's lots of places to sniff in, if you *have* to sniff. You're just too lazy to look for them, that's all!"

"You're very mean and unkind," Andy said. "I guess if you weren't going to have any Christmas tree—"

"So that's it!" The cockatoo opened one eye wide and began to sidle along his perch. "Well, if you want a Christmas tree so much, why don't you make one for yourself?"

"Make one?"

"You heard me," said the cockatoo. "And if you'll wait till I get this chain off my foot, I'll help you; only we'll have to be quick about it. Anything to stop you sniffing!" he added.

And he began at once to peck and wrench at the chain with his beak till he twisted one of the links open and could shake it off. It was quite easy, and, to tell the truth, he usually did it every night so that he could go and steal bananas from the dining-room table. But the family never knew this. It was one of his secrets.

"Now I'm ready," he said, stretching his wings and making one big hop to the floor, "and while you collect

the things to put on it I'll be getting the tree ready."

There were plenty of small trees growing in the garden, but the cockatoo had no intention of going out into the cold to look for one; so he chose the biggest and strongest of the house plants that stood all winter on the kitchen window sill. It was branchy-out with nice leaves on it, and some buds just beginning to open, which looked very well; and after a good deal of pushing and tugging he dragged it into the parlor, pot and all, and stood it up on the floor in one corner. Meanwhile, Andy, hopping with excitement, had been rushing about here and there to see what she could find to trim it with. She discovered some skeins of colored wool in the work-basket, and a bit of ribbon and a little fat red strawberry made of cloth, for sticking needles into, and a roll of lace; and as soon as she saw the tree she dropped everything on the floor and began to clap her hands.

Now all the other toys came running to see what was going on, and they all wanted to help too. While they were hanging the lace first, because there seemed more of that than of anything else, the china dog was running to and fro, fetching all sorts of things that Andy didn't want at all, like an egg-cup, and clothespins, and pieces of coal, and half an apple which had somehow got into the wastepaper basket; and the clockwork seal tried to undo the wool and got it all tangled round his wheels. So the cockatoo told them they must leave



Andy was so excited by now she didn't mind what she took for the tree

everything alone and look on, and when it was finished they might come and group themselves underneath; and they had to be content with that.

Andy by now was so excited she didn't mind what she took for the tree. She found a silver pepper-shaker somewhere, and a lovely string of beads, and two shiny rings, and the lid of a cold-cream jar from a bureau drawer that had been left open, and a dear little pair of scissors with curly-up ends that she knew perfectly well she wasn't allowed to touch. And there were two carrots and a bunch of grapes, which was the cockatoo's idea, because he liked them himself, and they really looked very well.

Soon the tree began to complain.

"I'm not strong!" she whimpered.

"You mustn't hang all these things on me. I shall snap!"

And she did, but it was only one tiny spray with two leaves on it, and the cockatoo stuck that back again so it wouldn't show.

"You mustn't make a fuss," he said. "You've got to stand still and behave, because it's Andy's party!"

"And think how beautiful you look!" Andy added; and that pleased the tree so much that she didn't mind.

Now the toys came, one by one, and grouped themselves under the branches, standing so that their broken places wouldn't show; only the little plaster rabbit from last Easter was chipped all over, and felt rather unhappy about it, because he didn't want to spoil Andy's tree. But the cockatoo fetched a lace doily and draped it all over him, so in the end he looked better than the others.

Presently the cat came strolling in. "H'm—" he said. "What's all that?" "It's Andy's tree!" they all cried, very proud.

"I don't think much of it," said the cat. "What's that—carrots? That pepper-shaker belongs on the table, and you've no business sticking feathers in it. And the diamond rings and the manicure scissors are Cousin Anna's, and she'll be hopping mad when she finds out! The beads aren't bad; where did you get them? But the rest looks silly!"

At this all the toys looked scared, and Andy very nearly began sniffing again. But the cockatoo ruffled up his feathers and made a sudden pounce at the cat and nipped him hard.

"That'll teach you!" he said. "Why can't you help, instead of being so disagreeable about it?"

"You never asked me," said the cat. "But I tell you what I will do," he added, for he was really afraid of the cockatoo. "I know where there's some shiny stuff from last year's tree. It's put away in the top of the guest-room cupboard, and if you like I'll get it for you."

And he went away, walking very secretly, and came back with a whole bunch of shiny stuff and three tinsel roses.

Now the tree really did look like Christmas! And as a finishing touch the cockatoo fetched the flour-dredger and made real snow all over the branches, and all over the toys as well, till they sneezed so hard he had to stop.

"All you want now is a Christmas angel," said the cat, with his head on one side.

"I'll be the Christmas angel!" Andy cried.

So they took all the rest of the



The cockatoo chose the biggest and strongest of the house plants

sparkly stuff that was left over and wound it all round her, and put a tinsel rose on her head; and then they helped her up into the branches, very carefully, and there she sat at the top, spreading her skirts out and looking terribly grand and important.

When Andy's mother woke up next morning and came down in her nightgown to see if it was really Christmas, the very first thing she saw was the Christmas tree, and she called all the family to come and look.

"We've got a tree! We've got a real tree!" she cried.

"But what funny things it has on it!" they all said at once.

"I don't care," said Andy's mother, "I think it's perfectly lovely! And

there's my own Andy, and she's the Christmas angel!"

So the tree stood there all day, and everyone admired it, and when they took the presents off at last they gave the grapes to the cockatoo and the carrot to the cat, and the cook had the egg-cup, and Cousin Anna had her own rings back again and was much pleased and surprised. And Andy's mother got the red cloth strawberry, and Andy had the string of beads—and she's wearing them yet.

You will be glad to know that Andy, the doll, has a book all her own, which you may get. It is called "The Adventures of Andy," by Margery Bianco, and it is published by Doubleday, Doran & Company.



Creamer Visits Santa Claus

Now Creamer the Dreamer was thinking of Toys Which Santa Claus makes for all Virtuous Boys.

And nightly, so lightly, his Dream took him forth To Santa's Toy Workshop far up in the North.

"You can paint," said the Saint, and he tried with a Will, But the Horse was so lively he wouldn't stand still.

The Giraffe gave a laugh, and the Bear took a run, And the Workers all stopped for a moment of fun.

In a second they reckoned Confusion had come, And one of them tumbled, ker-plunk, in the Drum.

The man on the Derrick (named Eric) rejoiced To discover a Fellow caught tight in the Hoist.

But Santa called loudly and proudly: "Now stop!" (You can't see the Saint, for he works in the Shop)

And Creamer the Dreamer woke up with a jerk, But he knows that they're all going on with their work.

In December, remember, they make all the Toys For Well-behaved Girls and for Virtuous Boys!



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SEND now—don't wait! For this book will help you bring more happiness this Christmas than almost anything else you can think of. It will give you ideas for gifts that mean days and days of pleasure for your boy and girl friends. It shows page after page of wonderfully exciting toys—speed toys of steel, the most lifelike you've ever seen. Racing cars. Aeroplanes. Fire engines. Busses. Trolleys. Tractors. Trucks. All sorts of wheeled vehicles copied in toy size and equipped with strong, powerful clock-spring motors. You've never

seen more fascinating colors nor more lifelike details—disc wheels with real rubber balloon type tires, bumpers, license plates and all sorts of such natural details. Save hours and hours of shopping time this Christmas by sending for this free catalog of Kingsbury Motor Driven Toys—at once!

P. S. Enclose 10c and we'll include a Kingsbury Balloon Tire Eraser made from the disc wheel from a Kingsbury Toy. Set of four, 35c.

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Part the hair and gently rub in Cuticura Ointment until the whole scalp has been treated. Let the Ointment remain on for some time, over night if convenient. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. (Do not rub Soap on the hair.) Rinse thoroughly. A light application of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp between shampoos is often beneficial.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 117, Malden, Mass."

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

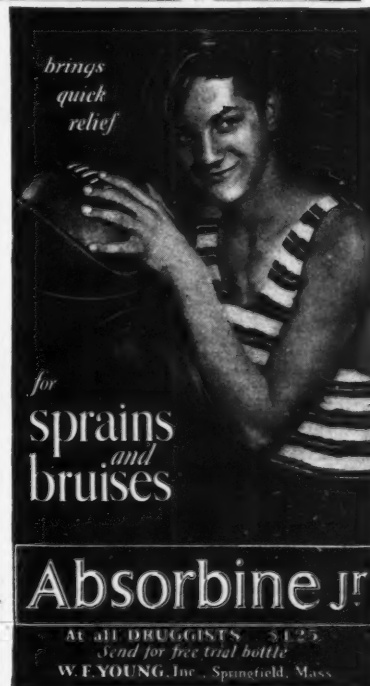




Among those presents

RIGHT up in the front rank of things to give for Christmas put Eveready Flashlights. Not only because that's one of the easiest and most successful ways out of the Christmas-gift dilemma, but because it's the *sensible* thing to do.

Everybody, from six to sixty, wants a genuine Eveready. Not just "a flashlight," but a genuine Eveready. Yes, it's important to insist on this point. Genuine Evereadys have ALL the newest and best features. There are models and types for every possible purpose.

This year, brighten the lives of all to whom you give. Start them *right* with the flashlight habit, that national movement to save skinned shins, banged heads and ripped clothes. Give them the world's best portable light-maker—a genuine Eveready Flashlight.



Frank L. Chance
Stockton, California

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Wollaston, Massachusetts

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A Milk Modifier

Phosphatic Salts and Iron

One of the many good reasons for using Mellin's Food as a modifier of milk for infant feeding is an assurance of a constant and adequate supply of Phosphatic Salts and Iron, for these elements are a necessary part of the diet—Phosphatic Salts that work together with Calcium of cow's milk to form bones and teeth, and Iron for enriching the blood.

The Phosphatic Salts and Iron contributed by Mellin's Food are derived from wheat and barley from which Mellin's Food is made and are therefore natural salts capable of being appropriated by the body for the important purposes mentioned.

Babies who are fed upon cow's milk properly modified with Mellin's Food receive in the daily diet full measure of the natural salts so essential for continued growth of the framework of the body and so necessary for normal blood supply.

Mellin's Food Biscuits

Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle.

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

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The finest indoor game. Become an expert at home. Entertain your friends. We furnish construction sets and tables in many sizes fully equipped. Save 1/2 cost by building your own.

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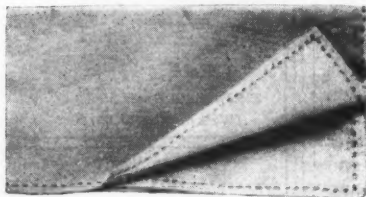
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The Magic Merry-Go-Round



For Daddy and Uncle Jim

By Helen Perry Curtis

JIMMY and Betty had the idea all by themselves of making a calendar for Uncle Jim for Christmas, but they couldn't think of a single thing for Daddy. But when they told Aunt Jane about it, she had a fine idea right away. Of course it was to be something they had made themselves, for they knew Daddy would like that best. And they wanted to pay for it, too, out of the money they had earned pulling up dandelions in the summer.

"Why don't you make him an automobile duster out of colored cheesecloth?" suggested Aunt Jane right away. "You could cut it out, Jimmy. And Betty could sew it in big stitches. I am sure he would like it." Jimmy and Betty thought he would, too, so that was settled.

Aunt Jane went with them to buy the cheesecloth. They picked out bright green, and bought three quarters of a yard. Then they went to the wool counter and bought some bright-blue wool. When they got home, Aunt Jane helped Jimmy draw threads so that the edges of the duster would be even, and she showed him how to make a perfect square. Then Betty folded over a quarter-inch hem and creased it with her finger, and threaded a big needle with the wool. When Betty sewed it, she made what Aunt Jane called a running stitch about a quarter of an inch long. This held the hem in place. There is a picture of Jimmy and Betty's duster at the top of this page, and if you will look closely at it you will see just how the stitches looked when Betty had finished with them.

Jimmy and Betty were glad they had enough dandelion money left over to buy everything for Uncle Jim's calendar, too, because they couldn't find any cardboard in the house, and naturally there weren't any 1929 calendars around. But they did have the Christmas picture. In fact, they decided on it before they went to the stationery store to buy the cardboard and the calendar, because, as Aunt Jane said, in order to have everything the right size and looking nicely together they must have the picture in mind first. They chose the one you see here because they knew it would remind Uncle Jim of them every time he looked at it.

So they took the picture to the store with them and tried several calendars beneath it to get exactly the right size. Then they bought a small sheet of bright-red cardboard and hurried home. Jimmy cut the cardboard, making a paper pattern first and laying the picture and the calendar on the pattern. Then Betty pasted on the picture and the calendar—and there they were all ready for Daddy's Christmas and Uncle Jim's.

"I wish Christmas came tomorrow," said Jimmy.

"So do I," said Betty.

"Never mind," said Aunt Jane. "It's coming mighty soon, and Daddy and Uncle Jim aren't the only ones who are going to be surprised!"

"I like to make presents," said Jimmy.

"So do I," said Betty.

"I do, too," said Aunt Jane.

A Surprise for Jimmy and Betty

Here is Santa Claus trimming Betty's and Jimmy's Christmas tree. He has put some of the presents in plain sight, but others he has hidden. How many hidden presents can you find?



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For Xmas—

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Complete Construction Set

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No. 211A—Beautifully finished, silk wings. Price \$10 ready to fly.

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No. 20—Flies fast and far. Made of balsa wood; main wing lacquer finished; yellow stabilizer; green rudder. Detachable metal hanger; wire landing gear, with celluloid wheels. Length 19". Packed in box with flying instructions. \$1

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HERE is one gift you can make your friends this year with a great deal of pleasure and a great deal of pride. You can count upon its bringing delight wherever you may send it. You can be sure it will have no rivals and no substitutes on the Christmas tree of your hardest-to-please friend. **THE COMPANION's** magnificent reproduction of the famous painting "We" makes this gift possible for you. Look at the black and white picture above and imagine how it would look in its full size of 18 x 24 inches, printed entirely free of type on art paper and in full colors! It is the painting which has forever immortalized Lindbergh's glorious flight—and **The Youth's Companion offers it to you free!** Simply use this coupon to send \$2.00 for the renewal of your own subscription to **THE YOUTH'S COMPANION** or for a new or renewal subscription for a friend. We will send you this

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30c with the coupon in this advertisement will buy the new Baby Ruth Family Package—a full pound of the most delightful and purest candy made.

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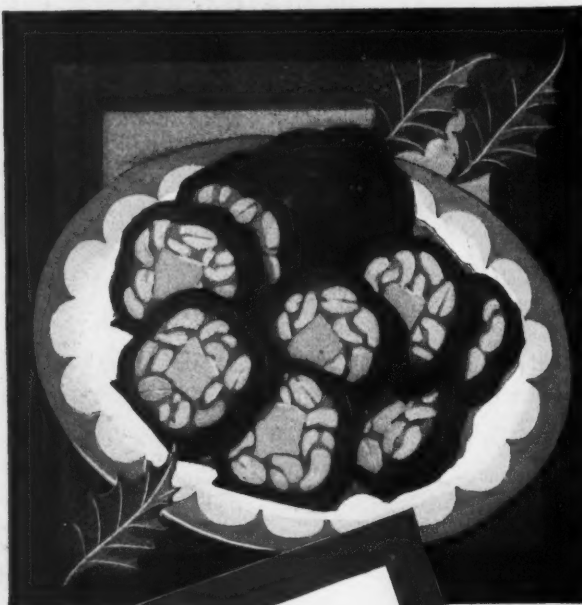
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Now it comes in a pound box for home use, new this Christmas. The gayest, Christmasy box you ever saw. A gift you will be proud to give.

What better, more appreciated gift could you make to mother, father, sister, little brother or that true blue pal you want to remember? And by buying this wonderful gift package for only 30c, you will make your Christmas money go farther.

Never again will this beautiful box of dollar-a-pound quality candy

Amazing holiday one-time-only offer to introduce new Baby Ruth Family Package. The perfect gift for mother—father—sister—brother—friend—at a big saving!



Slice and
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be sold for 30c. This special, one-time-only introductory price is our Christmas gift to our millions of friends. Don't delay. Clip coupon now!

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CURTISS
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Just tear out this coupon and sign your name and address below. Present it at any candy counter in the United States with 30c and receive one full pound Christmas gift box Baby Ruth, without question. VC

To the dealer: Please give the undersigned one full pound Baby Ruth Family Package in exchange for this coupon and 30c (Only one box to a person). Sign your name and address below, and attach the Master coupon which is in the 12 box carton.

Notice to dealers and jobbers: Your jobber will redeem each signed coupon at ten cents cash value, when accompanied with Master coupon applied to each dealer. The Curtiss Candy Co. will repay the jobber on presentation of coupons to the Curtiss Candy Co., 750 Briar Place, Chicago, Ill., on or before March 15, 1929. No payments to coupon brokers.

Your Name..... Address.....
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